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I, PATIENCE

BY HERSELF

(With the Occasional Collaboration of Richard and Johnny)

[PATIENCE is eleven years old; Richard is nine, and Johnny eight. Their father, James Abbe, is an international press photographer whose camera has led his American family a merry chase through Europe. The story of their upbringing — 'Around the World in Eleven Years' — is printed just as the children told it, except that the spelling has been made recognizable. — THE EDITORS]

I

RICHARD, Johnny and I were born in Paris. I, Patience, was born in a hospital and so was Richard on the Boulevard de la Saussaye. Johnny the littlest was born in the Rue de Val de Grace in a Studio. Johnny has red hair, I have blond hair and Richard has brown hair. Our servant Antoinette carried me, Patience, on a pillow, to Monsieur le Curé so I could get my name, Patience.

Now the reason why I am called Patience is this. When Mamma was in the hospital waiting for me, and that was quite a while, her nurse told her

she must have patience and so did the doctor. She tried her best, so when I did come Mamma looked in my basket and said to herself, 'Well, there is my patience' and so that is why I am called Patience. But Mamma told me that Monsieur le Curé said there was n't any such name as Patience in France. It was a word.

Mamma took us to see the first house that I, Patience, ever lived in after I got born. Mamma called it a 'hut.' She brought me from the hospital wrapped up in a long red Italian shawl to this hut. It was all hidden behind a tall stone wall, and you had to walk up a long, long lane to it, and the walls were covered with vines and honeysuckle. Then you came suddenly to a door like in 'Hansel and Gretel' and this was the hut. You could n't take a bath in that place when you had company because the bathtub was right at the head of the stairs which went up to the two bedrooms, and there was a dining salon and little kitchen which opened up right into a lovely garden

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and all hidden away. Papa got this hut from a Russian lady who escaped from the Revolution and next door lived a Baronne and Baron and they had all the pictures of the Czar's family hanging up because the Baron had been an officer of the Czar. He was working in a bank and could speak every language, and she was saleslady at Patou's. Her brother spent all his day teaching tennis and he was very unhappy because he could do better than this. They lived on their pearls and by now they must be all gone because when they were escaping from Russia the Baronne sold one pearl after another of her long string so they could get bread, and she lost all her three children from the pest, because sometimes in Turkey they had to work burying dead bodies that died of the pest. But they were very valiant.

Mamma's femme de ménage used to clean up the house and cook the lunch and then when she was leaving she would collect all the snails on the garden wall for her own lunch. The Russian lady whom we got this hut from died and her little daughter was taken in by the Baronne. She was very pitiful.

Then Mamma showed me the second house I ever lived in and this was a little pavilion behind Madame Darzans' house. This was also in a beautiful garden and flowers were all around. But Mamma said Madame Darzans said she thought Mamma was either a very cruel woman or else insane because Mamma used to leave me out in the garden all day long in my berceau. And when it rained then Mamma said she wrapped me up in the lovely Italian shawl and left me in the berceau only she put an umbrella over me. And Mamma said the nice wet air made my cheeks as red as the shawl, but Madame Darzans used to come and argue with Mamma when it rained even though Mamma said I loved the

umbrella. But Mamma said I stayed out in the rain with my umbrella no matter what Madame Darzans said.

Mamma said I, Patience, was supposed to be born, because while I was waiting to be born, Mamma fainted and fell off a bus on the Champs-Élysées. When Mamma woke up a crowd was standing around her and arguing, and she could n't understand one word they were saying. Then suddenly a voice said in an American accent, 'My husband is a doctor and we live right around here.' So this lady took Mamma to her husband, and he made Mamma walk up and down for twenty minutes, and I did n't get born then, so this man said Mamma was all right.

This was the time Mamma did n't have any place to live. She and Papa were living at the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne on the Rue Caumartin but one day the clerk cashed a check for 35 pounds for Papa into francs and when they collected they found that they had made a mistake in the exchange from pounds to francs and the hotel had given too many francs, and Papa did n't have the money to make up the difference, because he and Mamma had spent the 35 pounds. So since it is a crime to make a Frenchman lose anything, they thought it was a crime about this, and locked Papa's and Mamma's luggage in their rooms, and Papa and Mamma were on the street without even a toothbrush and not one sou in their pockets. And it was Easter and all the English were on holiday in Paris and all the small hotels were full, and you could n't go into a big hotel without any luggage without paying in advance. So Mamma and Papa were on the streets. So Papa finally got his lawyer and borrowed fifty francs, and they went to two hotels, one each night, but they were rented after that. Then Mamma fell off the bus. So this lady said, 'I shall put you in a taxi. What is your

address?' Mamma did n't want to go in the taxi because she did n't have a sou. So Mamma said, 'Oh, I live over there,' but she could n't think of the name of any hotel. So then Mamma said, 'Well, send me to the Café de la Paix,' and Mamma was sweating all the way for fear Papa would n't be there to pay for the taxi, if he had the money. But luckily he was there watching the world go by and he rescued Mamma and then took Mamma down and bought her an ice-cream soda with the last three francs he had.

So then Mamma and Papa went over to a hotel in the Rue de Seine, and Mamma looked up at the little window in the ceiling and said, 'If I am dead when I wake up, all will be well.' Then the lady at this hotel stopped Mamma and Papa in the morning, and Mamma and Papa had n't had any dinner the night before, and this lady said, 'You don't look as though you are accustomed to coming to a hotel like this,' and she gave Papa 100 francs, and Papa and Mamma went to the Deux Maggots and ate ten croissants apiece and four café au lait, and then after three days Papa paid this lady the 100 francs, and all this happened just before I was born.

But Papa had a good time before Johnny was born because he discovered how to stop all the traffic in Paris. He would take Mamma out in our Citroën and yell to the agents de police, 'Femme enceinte,' which means, 'Woman with child,' and the agent de police would stop all the trolley-cars and autos until Papa got by. Once Papa ran into a trolley-car and Mamma was on the trolley-car side and our Citroën went up, up in the air, but it did n't tip over, and then Papa and Mamma and all the agents de police and all the people began arguing, and then Papa said, 'Femme enceinte,' and everybody stopped arguing

and the agent de police raised his stick and made way for Papa and Mamma, and everybody was saying, 'Pardon, pardon!'

Mamma and we the children could get on all the buses and trolley-cars first because she had children with her, no matter how long the people on line had to wait and no matter how first their numbers were. The conductor would push everybody aside to let ladies with children on first and no one ever argued about it. Because you can go to jail for hitting anyone in Paris, that is why the French people argued so. You can't do anything to the French for arguing.

When Johnny was about to be born Lindbergh flew right over our studio at Val de Grace, so Mamma and Papa got into the Citroën with Aigner his secretary and they went racing out to Le Bourget to see Lindbergh land. And Papa said on the way a lot of other people in Paris had thought of the same thing so that the road was full of cars and no one could move an inch backwards or forwards. And all the French were arguing and talking. Then Mamma suddenly got some pains in her belly and Papa and Aigner got sweat on their heads because they could n't get out of the car with Mamma, and even if Papa yelled 'Femme enceinte' it would n't do any good, because all the cars were packed in like sardines. So while they waited to get somewhere they picked out the house they thought it would be nice to have Johnny born in on the side of the road, but Mamma then did n't get Johnny that night, but she nearly did, Papa said. Then suddenly down the line of buses and cars the French began, 'Il a arrivé, Fantastique!' etc. And everyone was talking very excited. Then, Papa said, suddenly they were all very quiet thinking about this nice little fellow who flew over the ocean like an eagle, then suddenly one man said to the

crowd, 'Well, Messieurs, how do you think he—' And everybody laughed until they were hysterical. Of course, the French would think of a thing like that.

When Johnny came into the world Mamma had a new carriage because the one she had for Richard and me was like a gondola with big high wheels and the part you sat in was like a boat. But every time we moved in this carriage it tipped over, so Mamma said to save our skulls she had to buy a new carriage which had little tiny wheels and a big high box which you could n't fall out of even when you stood up. But Mamma loved the gondola and we did too. Mémé, who was Mamma's Mamma, pushed Richard and me all over Paris in that gondola.

II

We lived in lots of places in France besides Paris. We lived in Normandie, Cannes, Juan Les Pins, St. Cloud and Neuilly. Whenever we moved we moved in two taxicabs, and once when we were moving to Le Touquet we had four taxicabs and just as we were getting into the gare our pot-de-chambre fell out of our luggage and rolled all over the gare. Aunt Hope Williams who was J. D. Williams' wife, and they were lovely people, came with us, and when we got into the train Aunt Hope said, 'If we had n't caught this train after I got up at five this morning to help you get off, I would not have gone with you.' And Mamma said, 'Well, you don't have to go even yet; the train is n't going very fast yet,' and Aunt Hope said, 'That's right, I did n't have to come, but I'll see it through.'

When we lived at Val de Grace, Mahonri Young and Paul Manship lived in the court by us. This was a marvelous rich place. The best thing about it was that you could go in through three doors. You could go in

through the kitchen, or a door into the dining-room. Then there was a winding staircase that went around and around made of iron, and on the second floor was Mémé's rooms, then you went up the winding staircase to the third floor and there was the maid's room and a bathroom and another room and a cabinet, then Mamma's room which had blue carpet on the floor which your feet sank into. The walls were all yellow silk and the bed, which did n't have any tops to it, had a yellow satin thick cover on it and there was a golden mirror behind the bed on the wall. And there was a fireplace. Then you opened the door of Mamma's room and went down three steps into an entrée which the staircase of the studio came into and then there was the studio all glass with a balcony inside and out. And there was a large piano and a round table with benches which Harry Lachman found on the floor of a castle and made into this table and benches. It had designs on it. You did n't have to go out the same door you went in at if you did n't want to in that house, just like our house in St. Cloud. Harry Lachman was an artist who rented us the studio, and now he is a director in Hollywood.

M. Perrin one day got the Nobel prize and M. Clemenceau came in our garden and saw me, Patience, and said, 'What is your name, little cauliflower?' And I said, 'Patience.' And he said, 'Tiens, tiens.' And then he said, 'How is your papa called?' And I said, 'Abbe.' So he said, 'What a family.'

Lélé and her husband lived next door. Her husband was a professor in the Sorbonne. Lélé was very nice and she and Mémé our grandma used to take us out in the Luxembourg gardens every day. Lélé could n't speak English and Grandma could n't speak French, so I, Patience, explained things to them.

We played with three children in

that court and Jacqueline wrote a note to Lélé and said, 'Paquit est très gentille quand elle dort. Richard est très gentil. Il est plus gentil que Paquit.'

Downstairs under our studio lived a sick lady whom no one knew what was the matter with. After she died Mahonri Young came to live there. But this sick lady looked like a queen and came from Tennessee. One day she came in to Mémé because she loved Mémé and said that Ambassador Herrick had come to see her that afternoon and she was mortified because our *bonne* had all the diapers out in our garden. But she was only imagining this because our diapers were hung in the drying-room and no Ambassador had come to see her. Gardens in France are to sit in and no one EVER hangs clothes in them.

This lady loved Mamma sometimes and sometimes did n't. One night she screamed and broke all her windows and Mamma ran in to her, but she said, 'I don't want you. I want Mémé.' So Mémé went in and sat with her all night. And this lady lay in her bed all night and stared at the ceiling and said to Mémé, 'If I could only die so that my husband would not have a scandal.' This lady then went out on a stretcher one day, and she died and no one knew how she did it.

I had a birthday at Val de Grace, and Aunt Henriette Metcalf and Aunt Thelma Colman, Ronald Colman's wife, brought us dishes and books. We liked Val de Grace. L'Hôpital Militaire was on the corner and there were lots of soldiers' funerals. Once a soldier took out an *avion* and drove it right under the Tour Eiffel. He hit a telegraph wire and was killed. We saw the funeral.

One evening at Val de Grace Mamma was coming in and she saw a little old lady hunting in the garbage pail for food for her fifty cats. She lived on the Rue St. Jacques around the corner in

an attic with another poor lady who was crazy. Her name was Anna. Mamma said to Anna, 'If you will come to our kitchen every night we shall give you food so you won't have to go in the garbage can.' Anna was good to us and insisted upon washing our dishes for us instead of the *femme de ménage*. Mémé always saved our coffee for her and eggs. One day when we came back from Paris Plage Anna was dead. They found her sitting so quiet in her attic with her fifty cats crying, and because she was so good everybody all around went to her funeral.

Mamma took us to the Louvre in Paris when we were very little. I remember a picture of a Prince with a collar around his neck and a lady was painting him.

We went to the circus often in Paris. It was much better than the American circus because they show one show at a time and we sat in a circle and could see everything. We were frightened of the Fratellinis because they had their faces painted white. We liked Grock because he was quiet. The Fratellinis had sixteen children, but Papa said they did n't own all of them. They took some in off the streets, and made clowns of them.

We liked the agents de police because they were kind to you. Once Mamma had to get an agent de police because Tina our cook was giving all her money to the boys in the bistrot. I remember she used to sit in the bistrot with the boys and let us play outside on the street. Mamma thought she had us in the park. We all cried when Tina went away with the agent de police because Tina used to read stories to us.

But once the agents de police took Papa to jail. Mamma did n't like Michelle, the Italian who attended to our chauffage Central. So one day Michelle did n't do right and Mamma

hit him with a broom and beat him real hard, and Michelle ran out and got an agent de police. Then Mamma put her fist in Michelle's face and Michelle jumped and then Michelle and the agent de police began to argue, then Mamma argued and it was a big argument. Then Papa came rushing down from the studio and there was a terrible argument. Then the agent de police took Papa and Michelle to jail, and Mamma said she was going to go around and fight all the agents de police and Michelle and everybody. Papa said, 'You are acting like a fish-wife.' And Mamma said, 'Well, I don't care.' And she wanted to go and hit Michelle again. But in Paris you go to jail if you hit anybody, so that is why the agent de police took Papa and Michelle to jail. And Mémé said, 'Imagine acting like that to Mamma,' and Antoinette looked very scared. But then Mamma kept saying, 'I don't care, I don't care, I wanted to hit Michelle for two years, and now I have done it.' And Michelle was very big and fat too, but he ran away from Mamma. Then Mamma ran up the studio stairs and pretty soon we heard her arguing in the studio and soon Aigner, Papa's Hungarian secretary, came rushing down and said, 'Madame is very angry.' So then pretty soon we heard Mamma taking a bath and the shower going very hard. After awhile I, Patience, went up to her yellow silk room and there was Mamma sitting in bed putting pretty pink on her nails and in her black nightgown you could see through and the yellow satin cover over her. When she saw me she said, 'Bon jour, Madame,' and I said, 'Bon jour, Madame, will you have your tea now?' So Mamma said, 'Please, Madame, tell Antoinette to send it up on a tray.' Mamma always apologizes when she loses her temper with us, but she never did apologize to anyone for Michelle. Then Papa came back from

the jail, but he nor anybody else bothered Mamma again all that day.

Mamma is very excitable. Once when Tina was dressing us in the morning Mamma came in and left her bedroom door open and Papa was naked taking his exercises and Papa slammed the door after Mamma, and Mamma opened the door and was mad, and Papa slammed the door, and then Mamma kicked the door and then went out to school with us instead of Tina, and would n't have breakfast with Papa. Of course, I, Patience, would never live with a man who slammed a door in my face.

Of course Mamma is always mad at Papa. And she always says she made a mistake to take up with a photographer. We asked her why, once, and she said, 'Oh, photographers think you can live on air.' Papa is a very poor business man, but he does no one any harm. He just does n't understand about money. He is always spending a lot of money and when Mamma says, 'Where is some money?' he says, 'What money?' Then he gives Mamma all the money and then after a while she saves it, then he says, 'Mamma, have you any money?' So then Mamma groans.

Of course when Mamma gets VERY mad Papa says, 'Well, you still think you are a showgirl. You just won't forget that. You did n't get anywhere on the stage.' Then Mamma says, 'Is that so! Well, if I had n't had the MISFORTUNE to meet you and you had n't run all over the place after me and I just could n't shake you, maybe I'd have got somewhere. Besides, if you had n't been in the way I might have married that Ambassador.' And Papa laughs and says, 'Poor Mamma!'

And Papa says, 'You must n't mind Mamma, children. She's Irish.' Then Mamma says, 'And if it were not for the Irish, where would you be?' Then Papa says, 'Well, look at my scrap-

books,' and Mamma says, 'Yes, look at them. But I don't see any money in the bank. What I want is money in the bank. And the next trip you go on don't think you are going to leave me holding any more bags.' But then these fights don't last only a little while and then everything is all right again, and we go on a trip. And Papa says, 'I'd rather have this Mamma for your Mamma than any other one,' and we think the same.

III

Once Papa went off on a trip to Mexico for Uncle Szafranski. So we moved to Hennequeville which is in Normandie. Our house was a very rich house and we had Denise and Antoinette and Emil and later a cook working for us. The people who owned this house were our laundry people. Her sister was Madame Thereau who lived next door. She had been a *femme de chambre* for thirty-four years to a marquise, so now she was rich and owned her house and some other houses around and was 'bourgeoisie.' She did n't speak to everyone in the village. Only to special people. And when she went to church every Sunday she wore a black silk dress, ten petticoats, a hat that sat way up on her head, and black gloves. She used to come to our *barrière* and say, 'Are you ready?' and we would come out all dressed up very chic and march behind her up to the church and sit in her pew which was the richest in the church.

Madame Thereau was 74 years old and very tall and had a mustache. She had a big breast and always walked with her hands on her belly. She adored Johnny because Johnny was singing the whole day long. And she used to take the three of us into her kitchen and divide one apple in equal parts between us.

Monsieur Thereau was 74 years old and never had been twenty miles away

from home in all his life. He could cook. So when Mamma did n't have a cook, he bought Mamma's *lapin* and chicken and roasts and cooked them for her, because he said to eat is an art and to cook a religion.

But finally we got a cook. She was a woman as old as Mémé and when Mémé got sick she was very good to Mémé because Mémé could n't have salt in her food, so she used to set Mémé's place with leaves and flowers and make it look nicer than it tasted.

We never ate at table with Mémé and Mamma and Papa. We had our own table, and we were very polite then. We are not so polite in America now.

Our cook was very strict and used to say to Mamma, 'Madame, I do not care if lunch is at four o'clock, so long as the family is here to eat it at the hour you say they will be here.' So Mamma had to worry all the time we were at the Deauville Plage to get us home in time for the cook. Because this cook made good food and considered it a sin not to be respected.

Our house in Hennequeville was called *Le Clos Fleuri* because we had lots of flowers in our garden. We had a donkey cart. Emil used to drive us in it to the *marché* at Deauville. The fishwives would say, 'Eh, voilà, Madame. When you see the ear of the fish dripping purple and splendid then you know you do not offend God by eating the stale fish that the English eat.' And she would pull up the ear of the fish and have Mamma look good and hard and then sell Mamma the fish. The butcher would say, 'Eh, voilà, Madame. Do you need a lovely new fresh beautiful heart to-day? Renew your heart, Madame. Cannot you refresh yourself with a new set of brains? Delicious cooked in golden butter. I have also new kidneys to sell, and creamy, juicy magnificent tripe.' This market was very gay.

We used to go to Deauville every morning at eleven and bathe, and there we saw Mistinguett and Von Dongen and all the people people know. Mistinguett took pictures of us for the cinema because Johnny would never wear his culotte on the beach. Gilda Gray and Gil Boag came to see us and took us up to Saint Simeon where we had tea, and played croquet on the lawn. Aunt Gilda became very angry at the English people because they played too much croquet during tea-time, and we almost had a fight.

Once we met an artist, and so he invited us all up to his villa for tea. When we got there the next day his wife was Scotch and had eight children, six hers and two his. They had a pool in their garden and had lots of funny people from England 'dropping in,' and this Frenchman would say about some of them, 'Such bounders. All puffed up and bragging about knowing Augustus Johns, the painter.' 'No real dignity in life.' But he liked us, and his French children had a nurse who was very old because she had been their mother's nurse too, and once this nurse went on holiday and she got sick and came running right back because she thought she might die away from her folks.

Sylvia Chen came to see us in Hennequeville. We were rich then. We had twelve rooms in our house. Her father Eugene Chen came also but he did n't live with us like Sylvia. He wore light silk suits and because he was Chinese wanted to live in peace in a hotel by himself.

Sylvia Chen went with Mamma to baccara. She wore a black Chinese pajama, very soft and silky and her hair was all black and hanging down and her eyes were black. But she said she was a Communist and would n't stay in the baccara room even after paying 150 francs to get in because she said the air was polluted with Capitalism.

These people in the baccara spend lots of money, so I suppose they were Capitalists. But Mamma said lots of them were there trying to be Capitalists. Then we went to the cinema at the Casino and saw our pictures on the plage and Mistinguett showed us the ones she took too. She just loved me, Patience, and said Richard looked like a Prince and Johnny was 'droll' because he walked up and down the plage without a stitch on, and no one could make him keep his culotte on.

Once Johnny caused some excitement at Hennequeville. The boy from the bistrot on the corner came running and said Johnnie was walking on the cliff down below our villa. Everybody in the two bistrots came running with Mamma, and we found Johnny walking along just as they said, so he came home with us, but after that we tied him up with a rope to a tree, and he did n't walk on any more cliffs after that.

When we went to the Bal d'Enfant, Mamma put a smoking on Richard and dressed me in my baptism dress with real lace from Malta and it trailed on the ground. Then when we got to the Casino Mamma sent us marching across the dance hall, my arm in Richard's and the orchestra played and everybody was having tea and said, 'Regarde! Regarde!' and right then Richard had to go and slip on the floor which was very slippery and fell on his derrière. But then we went in and walked up to the judges at the Bal d'Enfant, my hand in Richard's arm. Then we danced and then suddenly they rang a bell, and the judges said, 'Le Petit Marquis Abbe et son épouse, le premier prix,' and we got a gold snake bracelet and a satin handkerchief case with perfume, which is still in Mamma's trunk in Paris with her African blankets, Mexican blankets, sheets and everything and the hat that the Spanish Count took off his head

and gave Mamma. Some day we shall get these things again.

Once Mamma and I, Patience, went on the little schooner over the channel to Le Havre. All the French were very seasick, but there was one man who was English and he sat himself down and put a robe over him, placed a vomiting pan under his chin and then began to read his paper. He was n't a bit excited, but the French were groaning and saying, 'Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!' and they were all green. Mamma and I stayed well.

Madame Thereau always took us to church on Sundays. Monsieur l'Abbé had many funerals in his church and weddings. His church was two hundred and fifty years old and he never asked the people to come to church.

Emil made cider in our garage from apples. He had a machine, but he used to walk on the apples. The cider was very good. All the people in Normandie had rotten teeth from drinking cider and Mamma would n't let us have any.

Monsieur and Madame Jeanne who were our laundry people were very careful like all the French and money was very good to them. So when they built this house we lived in they put rich furniture in it and had lovely curtains and a kitchen with a brick floor. But they forgot about being careful about the water pipes and so to save money built all the water pipes on the outside of the house and so saved a lot of money.

But one night it was very cold in the winter and all the French were groaning with the cold and the highway was all icy from the cold rain, and suddenly about two o'clock in the morning Mémé called out and said we were all drowning. We all had our own bedrooms and slept alone in them in our own beds. So Mamma came out in her slippers and dressing-gown and we all stood up in bed and our beds were

floating in a river and the water was rushing down the stairs from the attic. So Mamma rushed out, Papa was in Mexico, and yelled up to Emil next door, and she yelled for twenty minutes or so and then threw stones up on the shutters. In France everyone shuts themselves in with shutters at night and shut their windows too and then pull down their curtains, so that is why it is hard for anyone to hear you on the outside. So then Emil put his head out the window and wanted to know what was the matter. And Mamma said, 'Where is the robinet to shut off the water? We are drowning in Le Clos Fleuri!' So finally after another fifteen or twenty minutes Emil came down all dressed and went into the garden by the barrière and dug up a big stone, then shoveled out some straw and then turned off the robinet, but by that time our house was drowned and Mémé could n't get out of her bed and we could n't get out of ours because if we had we would have drowned. So Mamma and Emil took brooms and swept the water down the stairs and it ran like a dam, and the Jeannes did n't save any money at all by putting their pipes outside, because the house was ruined.

IV

Mémé we loved and she loved us. One day Mamma said to Mémé, 'We shall all go to the cinema at Trouville.' So Mamma got a little carriage and took Mémé down to a café and gave her Eau gaseuse. Then we went to the cinema and all the time Mémé was very quiet. But when we wanted to go Mémé could not get up from her seat and three men carried her out into a taxicab and we were all crying and Mémé's mouth was hanging down funny and she could n't speak. Then Madame Thereau and Mamma helped Mémé to her room and our old doctor came up. He was 70 years old and very

strict but good. He said, 'Stroke.' So that night Mamma took the car out, Papa was in Mexico. Mamma went down to Deauville and woke up the Pharmacy and got a bottle of leeches. Then Mamma tried to put these leeches on Mémé's leg because we could n't get a sister from the hospital. But the leeches crawled all over the floor. So Mamma got these leeches again into the bottle and one by one made them bite Mémé by holding them on Mémé's leg with a piece of cotton. We were all crying because Mémé was maybe going to disappear soon.

But Mémé's mouth got better the next day and pretty soon she could walk, so she sat all day in the garden and was very sick and looked sad. Then Papa came home from Mexico because we could n't go to Mexico because of Mémé's heart and took Mémé to Paris and we went on the train. Then Mémé got all purple in our room at the Hotel Excelsior, and Madame Pages owned this hotel and loved Mémé and made Mémé lovely rice. Papa said, 'Let me persuade Mémé to go to the American Hospital,' because Mémé was afraid of hospitals. So then Mémé said, 'Yes.' So then Papa put Mémé in our car and we went to the door with her and Madame Pages and Mémé looked back and smiled so sad like as though she would never see us again, and she said, 'Goodbye, little loves, goodbye.' But the next day we went to the American Hospital in Neuilly and Mémé said, 'I thought you were not coming.' So we went every day to see Mémé and she was in a lovely white bed and she wanted all our pictures which she kept in a big bag for herself.

Then one day Mémé saw Richard whom she loved more than anyone else in the world and she called him Johnny. Mémé was out of her mind. We said, 'This is little Johnny, Mémé. Here is Richard.' And Mémé looked at Rich-

ard and said, 'How are you, little Johnny my love?' And she always kept calling Richard Johnny.

Then one day Madame Guignard whom we called Lele because Richard could n't pronounce her name and called her 'lady' and pronounced it 'lele' was there and crying and Mémé got out of bed and sat on a chair and said, 'It is beautiful, the sun.' Then Mémé disappeared. But Mamma said she waited even though she was dead for Mamma to come once again to see her. After that she was really dead. But we saw Mémé in an avion riding on top of the sky and an angel was driving it. So we never saw Mémé again, and she was the only grandma we ever had. We did not know Mémé disappeared until after the funeral, and Mamma should have let us walk in the procession behind Mémé because she was our Mémé and no one else's. And no one ever had a better Mémé than we had and we shall never forget her. But anyway Mémé is sitting on a golden chair with God in God's house and has no pain and sees that we come to no harm and still loves us. It was only her body that went in the box.

So we did n't go back to our house in Hennequeville. But we remembered how we could see the great ships that went to America from Le Havre from our windows. We could hear the sea from our villa and see it from all our windows. And the great ships would go BOOM, BOOM, BOOM and then go off and we would n't see them any more. So then Madame Thereau must have heard us when finally we went to America because the Europa went also BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

v

We went to live in St. Cloud then and Richard and I went to school. We had to say our prayers every morning in that school. We all got a prize in

that school. Everybody in the school, no matter whether you were good or bad. My prize was for recitation and reading. Richard's was for 'tranquillité.'

Our house was small and lovely and it had a garden. We had a garden party at St. Cloud and it was also a birthday party. Murray Anderson who had n't seen Mamma since she'd been in his show brought Mamma twelve red roses with long, long stems and some beautiful candy. Marc Connelly came with his Mamma. Irene Franklin also came with her Papa. And there were lots of other people. Doc Hunt was also there. He was working in the Pasteur Institute and stayed with us a month. When he came our cook left and so he cooked our meals for us. Doc Hunt was very nice. He even found some bread on the top of the shelf in our kitchen which our cook had left there and he said it was the most beautiful mould he had ever seen in his life, and he never could have hoped to get anything like that in his life for the Pasteur Institute. Doc Hunt was a very tall man whose head reached up to the top of the door, and he was too thin because he drank cognac every twenty minutes for his health. He used to go around our house in St. Cloud and say, 'This is stunning, simply stunning! The whole idea is stunning. These Abbés!'

One day Dr. Poe who is professor in Boulder was at our house for tea with his people and Eugene Chen who is a Chinaman and nearly had his head cut off once and escaped on the Gobi Desert from a General who also is a Chinaman was also at our house for tea and Doc Hunt and us were having lunch in the dining-room while Mr. Chen and the Poes had tea in the salon. Doc Hunt kept still saying, 'These Abbés are stunning. They have such stunning ideas.'

Doc Hunt could make wonderful spa-

ghetti and always bought the meat and if it smelled he said it was tender, and it tasted all right. He should have been with us in Russia. He would have known what to do with our Russian meat when it smelled. He knew about germs.

When we lived at St. Cloud Pavlova danced at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. She saw me and liked me. Pavlova was a beautiful lady with beautiful thin legs and eyes that looked as though they had a lamp in them. She spoke to me also at the Théâtre de Deauville when we were in Normandie, and from that day on I have chosen to be a dancer, because Pavlova was like a flower and her legs danced so beautiful and so like music and she was a great lady, so I am going to be the second Pavlova. We all cried when she went to God's house.

One day in our garden in St. Cloud Mamma found a dog. She was a police dog. She had St. Vitus dance, but Mamma got a dog specialist. He said, 'If I were you I'd kill that dog.' But Mamma said, 'No.'

So he took the dog, which we had by now called 'Waif' and kept her for eight days and Waif came home then and had two sets of pups and not one of those pups had St. Vitus dance.

Jimmy Abbe stayed with us in St. Cloud. Jimmy Abbe is Papa's son. One day we were on the beach at Mr. Frank Gould's house at Cap d'Antibes. We decided we'd go up to have tea with them. After tea we went on his motorboat. Johnny was very afraid when the motorboat started. Johnny wanted to come, so he got on and we went off. Jimmy Abbe and Richard sat in the back. Mr. Gould was driving the boat. I was sitting in front with him all alone. Johnny and the steward sat in the second seat. Richard and Jimmy Abbe were very wet in the back seat because the water was splashing on them. Johnny

fell asleep. All this time Mamma was in the hospital because that day they carried her out on a stretcher. We were all waiting outside, and when they carried Mamma out Richard said, 'Mamma's dead,' but she was n't. She had a pain in her stomach. In our garden at Juan Les Pins there were many fig trees. We went to the house of Jean Gabriel Doumergue at Cannes and he had a marble table in his dining-room. He also had a Russian wolfhound, beige color.

Bedford was Papa's valet. Papa found him on the road in England and brought him to St. Cloud. He was always trying to kiss our bonne, so she left because the English and French don't get along. But that was all right because Doc Hunt came then. He said he was only going to stay the week-end, but he stayed a month.

Bedford went away one morning very early before we went downstairs because he said the house was haunted. He said he shut the cellar door and went to fix the garden and when he came back the cellar door was open. And this kept right on happening. And our house had a service entrance with a service gate and a master's gate and a staircase ran right up the service entrance through our bedrooms and down the master entrance. Bedford said he heard a man in boots thumping up, over and down this staircase. Doc Hunt said he acted like that because everything was too stunning for him. So Bedford walked to Boulogne from Paris and is now safe in England.

When we left St. Cloud we have never been back to France since. We went in our car to Salzburg and left Mamma to finish the packing.

(To be concluded)

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PAROLE?

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

FOR the best of reasons, the American people are highly interested to-day in prison parole, and the working of our parole laws. The newspapers have been filled, from time to time, with the operations of desperate criminals who were on parole when their new crimes were committed.

Here, for example, are the Waleys in the recent Weyerhaeuser kidnapping. Waley had broken his parole in the State of Washington, and he and his wife were wandering about the country, living from hand to mouth. Finding themselves in a small town in New Jersey, they applied for financial help to get themselves sent home. Having received the necessary assurance that if they came home they would be welcomed as prodigals, they returned to Washington, at the Government's expense — and two days later were at work with Mahan, another parolee, on the Weyerhaeuser kidnapping.

Here is a case which came to light in New York last summer. It is that of a man, probably insane, who should have been kept permanently in an institution. He had been convicted and imprisoned for a crime against children of a most revolting character, then turned loose upon parole, and finally found and captured in New York, whither he had come after having assaulted, murdered, and buried another child.

Dillinger, the most sensational of our

recent gunmen, was on parole when his career reached its murderous climax and finish.

It is unnecessary to repeat such illustrations. There are too many of them. As a result we have clamorous voices demanding that the parole principle be abolished and parole systems be discarded as just so much sloppy sentimentality, evolved by maudlin theorists and applied by complacent politicians. We must meet crime, we are told, by stiffer sentences, without quarter, and with no changes in the fixed punishment laid down by judges. Time and again, parole systems in recent years have been suspended in their operation by pressure of demands resulting from aroused public opinion due to evidences of the failure of parole in practice.

There were, according to the latest census statistics, 34,839 prisoners on parole in the United States in 1933, the latest year in which such statistics are available. The effectiveness of parole law and administration, applicable to nearly 35,000 ex-convicts, obviously is an important public question. It is one which needs to be considered in an atmosphere not surcharged with emotion and in which common sense and clear thinking are not at a discount.

Even if we should agree with these clamorous critics that most of the parole systems, so called, now maintained in American states are practi-

cally useless, that they do society little good and much harm, and simply serve to make the job of running prisons easier for their wardens, the question will still remain whether the abolition of parole is the answer. Before we consider abolishing it, let us at least understand what we are doing and why.

We Americans have a national sin of which we are insufficiently aware. It is the habit of evolving general ideas which may or may not be perfectly sound in principle, but which are of no earthly value unless the hard practical problem is solved of working out a sane system for putting these general ideas into effect. This latter job receives no headlines. Making speeches about unemployment insurance, old age insurance, and the general desirability of social security, involves, for example, no great difficulty, but drawing the specifications of a law which shall be other than a madhouse mess, on either of these topics, is a different matter. Parole is an older sister of this perplexing family. It is no new thing; it has had some fifty years of legislative history. Any discussion of it naturally divides itself into two categories: First, is it sound as a general idea? Second, why does n't it work?

II

Let us consider parole first as a principle. Some 96 per cent of the convicts whom we send to prison will be released at some time, when their sentences are served; the average sentence is less than two years. The theory of parole is that it is to our interest as citizens, in a quite practical way, that a convict should not relapse into crime after release. What reasonably can be done while he is in prison to help give him an incentive toward decent living in later life is worth while. As a principle, parole proceeds upon the assumption that the function of a prison sentence

should have a double purpose — punishment for the offense, and development of the offender into a person less likely on release to return to prison again for further infraction of the law.

Parole has two aspects which should not be confused, but must be considered separately. One is the power of the parole authorities, established by law, to shorten the period of imprisonment within limits fixed by law. The other is the function of supervising prisoners on parole, helping in the process of reestablishing prisoners in society in the difficult and dangerous period immediately following release. The prime purpose is to assure society that prisoners so released shall not commit offenses during the period of their parole.

So far as the right to grant parole is concerned, where the board possesses discretionary power, its exercise obviously requires a discriminating study of individual prisoners and a knowledge of facts on which judgment can fairly be based. There is confusion in the public mind on one phase of the subject, which is the basis for a considerable amount of unjust criticism of parole boards, and which ought to be cleared up.

There is a difference between prisoners who have received prior sentences for felonies and so-called first offenders. Both classes may receive a certain reduction of prison time as an encouragement for proper behavior. While the calendar year may be twelve months, the prison year is ordinarily about eight months, and by serving eight months a prisoner thus has served a year on his sentence. This variation between the calendar year and the prison year the prison world calls 'good' time; penologists call it commutation of sentence. It generally applies to all prisoners, both those who have received a definite sentence for a

stated period, which is the usual sentence for those previously convicted of a felony, and first offenders. It is a reward for good behavior, without which a warden's life would be doubly difficult. Every convict knows how to figure his good time, and knows when he can expect to leave prison if he has complied with prison rules. Prison misconduct is charged against it, and this gives the warden an invaluable disciplinary weapon.

State laws vary as to the number of days allowed per month on good time. In some states a ten-year sentence can be worked off, by its application, in seven and one-half years; in others, in a shorter period. In this matter we are not considering parole in its true sense at all. This reduction of sentence is usually automatic, under rules established by law. Hardened and confirmed criminals receive the benefit of good time quite as much as first offenders under the laws of most of our states, and when a release occurs by operation of this provision of the statutes the release represents no exercise of judgment on the part of any parole board.

Many states make provision that convicts who are turned loose by operation of good time shall be subject to parole-board supervision for the balance of their sentences — that is, until the full time of their sentences, as fixed by the judge, has elapsed. When hardened criminals come out of prison under these good-time rules, since parole boards have no power to determine the advisability of their release, these boards are unjustly accused of negligence or error of judgment. But whether parole boards are remiss in supervising the subsequent activities of these gentry is quite another matter. That all prisoners who leave prison before the expiration of their sentences, as fixed by the judge, require and should receive such supervision needs

little argument. If the state fails to give to the parole board any adequate personnel for such supervision, leaves the board clothed with responsibility but affords it no means for exercising that responsibility, obviously the fault is in the law; and it is a vital fault in the law of most of our states.

The supervisory power to be exercised over prisoners for the balance of this unserved sentence has within it possibilities of immense social value; it is one of the greatest unused opportunities in American law.

Let us take an illustration. Here is a convict who has come out of prison. For three years after he has left prison, let us say, he is, in contemplation of law, not a free man, but one under state supervision. He can be sent back to prison by the parole board whenever it concludes, from his conduct and associations, that he cannot with safety to society be permitted to exercise his qualified freedom. Its determination to return him to prison requires no subsequent conviction of crime. It needs only the good judgment of the board itself as to the conduct and associations of the convict and their relation to the safety of the public. Parole supervision in the period before the convict is wholly free from the control of the state thus has obvious potentialities.

So, whether the parole board has or has not power to determine when the second or third offender can leave prison, it has, or should have, a tonic power over him in his contacts with society, power to aid him in making proper adjustments to his environment, to help him make good as a law-abiding man; and, on the other hand, power to send him back to prison for the balance of his unserved term if he relapses toward crime.

Let us now consider prisoners of a special class, the so-called first offenders. Generally they are not, in any

true sense, first offenders. Many of them have been in conflict with the law before their final conviction, but have never before been convicted of a felony. From the standpoint of parole authority, however, they usually fall into a different class in a legal sense. The judge does not fix for them what is known as a definite sentence for a definite period. In theory, those convicted for the first time are in a more promising class among the sinners against society. They receive an indeterminate sentence of not less than one period, nor more than another. It then becomes the parole board's function to decide, within these two limits fixed by the judge but mitigated by good time, how long these prisoners shall remain in prison.

This power given to parole boards over first offenders, so called, covers a very large class of cases. Perhaps one half of the prisoners in our state prisons are included under it. Therefore the parole board, in regard to these prisoners in particular, is potentially a very important adjunct of our criminal law.

An uncertain parole is an incentive to reform. If a prisoner knows that his conduct in prison, his attitude toward his task, his apparent state of mind, are being checked and studied; if he knows that these factors will be of decisive influence on the date of his parole, — since parole will not be automatic, as in the case of hardened offenders, on good-time allowance based upon the shortened prison year, — it needs little argument to show the value of this parole uncertainty as a salutary influence upon the conduct of the prisoner.

What, then, does the parole board, with this power, really know about the prisoners subject to such control? Is the parole board a machine-made, lifeless system of general rules, with no personal application varying between prisoner and prisoner, or is it discrimi-

native, a real thing? These are vital questions if the parole system is to be anything but a delusion.

III

Let us consider parole in practice. How are American states actually applying parole principles?

It needs no extensive argument, for example, to assert that parole, to be efficient, requires adequate administration by boards properly organized to do this work. Moreover it is important to each state that the parole systems of its sister states should be effective, that these parole laws should have some degree of uniformity, and that the states should be able to act with some degree of coöperation in their administration. Ex-convicts on parole in states with loose or inefficient regulations avoid parole to-day by the simple process of leaving the state and transferring the field of their activities.

Before considering parole in practice, this vital aspect of its importance should be emphasized. The bad effects of loose parole laws cannot be and are not confined to the states of their origin; paroled prisoners may be a menace to other states into which they drift, and where their status and character are unknown. Incidentally, it is generally an unoffending parole board of the receiving state which is blamed for its inefficiency when within its borders one of these wandering parolees from a sister state is apprehended for crime.

A large part of our inefficiency in handling crime is the parochial attitude of our states. This is particularly true of parole. Dogberry's advice concerning the action to be taken on the recalcitrancy of malefactors, to 'call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave,' is too frequently followed by states in their attitude toward those who avoid parole

laws by simply leaving the state whose laws they have violated. Sundown parole, which means leaving the state by sundown, is far too common, too simple, and too inadequate an answer for the effective administration of criminal law. Parole violators can enter states as well as leave them, and the mere exchange of crooks by interstate commerce is a doubtful blessing, either to those who give or to those who receive.

The interstate aspect of parole violation is a chapter by itself. As I write, the State of New York is seeking to obtain from Chicago an ex-convict who is an absconder on parole. Its application has been met with a writ of habeas corpus, granted by an Illinois judge, which has set the convict free by a decision making Illinois for the moment a sort of *Alsatia* for fleeing convicts from other states under parole. Parole violation, the judge held, is not an extraditable crime; and the fact that this felon is, in law, a person under a judicial sentence — and under it amenable to the laws of New York, which he has violated — seems a matter of no importance in Illinois.

The American Prison Association today is endeavoring to assemble the data on which a general survey of parole laws and parole administration in the United States may be made possible. It is a task of great importance, and of equally great difficulty. Laws vary so greatly in different states that answers received on simple and basic matters in questionnaires sent out by the Association are not capable of ready analysis. The work is still incomplete, but enough facts have already been assembled to indicate the chaos now existing in parole considered on a national scale.

Some states have no unified parole law and no single administrative authority. In them parole of felons in state prisons is administered in one

way, of misdemeanants in another; and at times each prison has its own system or lack of system. Some states have parole boards on full time, some on part time; some boards are administered by state officers as unpaid additions to their other duties. In other states the authorities receive more than adequate pay for parole work, for which there is no adequate evidence of performance.

Except in half a dozen states, financial appropriations for parole boards are entirely negligible. These boards meet seldom, have no contacts with the prisoners they parole before turning them loose, have no information as to their characters or previous records or prior associations; and the whole process of decision as to whether a convict shall be paroled is based upon looking at these candidates for clemency as they come before the board and exercising clairvoyant judgment upon them.

When the convict is released on parole, what supervision does he get? The correct answer, in general, is 'none.' A few states take parole supervision seriously and make proper provision for its support; but, with these few exceptions, contacts with prisoners are made by mail, and only once a month. Unless the paroled convict reports that he is associating with criminals, or committing new crimes, or unless he is in fact arrested for some new offense, nothing happens. In many states there are no supervising officers at all, and in others the number is so small and inadequate as to make parole supervision in any true sense physically impossible.

Here are a few samples of parole in practice. Colorado is almost unique in having no parole board whatever. The governor grants all pardons. All prisoners, except life-term convicts, are subject to parole at the expiration of their minimum sentences. On Decem-

ber 1, 1934, there were 2564 prisoners on parole, but there are no parole officers and no private agencies serve in parole work. Contacts are made by monthly written reports by mail.

Oklahoma maintains an unpaid parole board of three, which meets approximately once a month. It had 2031 prisoners on parole in 1934. No parole officers are provided for by law, and no supervision of parolees; all contacts with prisoners, if made at all, are by mail once a month. A pardon and parole attorney receives these reports, and his \$6000-a-year salary seems to be the sole state expense for all the parole work done by the state.

One question asked on a questionnaire sent to Oklahoma was 'What percentage of your parolees were violators in 1934?' The answer was 'Three quarters of one per cent.'

The reader can judge for himself as to the value of statistics on this vital question if he takes into consideration the facts on parole administration given above. The question instantly suggests itself: How does Oklahoma know?

In Oregon the governor alone can grant paroles and pardons. There is an unpaid advisory committee which visits prisons once a month, with one parole officer for the State Penitentiary, from which are released on parole an average of 254 men annually. After their release these men make monthly reports to the officer by mail.

Arizona, with an average of 2550 men on parole, has one parole officer to supervise them — through the mail.

Missouri, whose statutes grant the substantial reduction for good time of about five twelfths of the sentence, permits parole when one fifth of the sentence imposed by the judge has been served. Under this law, from her State Penitentiary are being turned loose prisoners on parole at the rate of 400 a year, with no parole officers and

with so-called supervision, as usual, by mail.

The State of Washington has a board of three who visit the prisons every other month. It has 1200 convicts on parole, with no supervision, and only one parole officer who 'could barely take care of violations.'

Florida has a board consisting of the governor, comptroller, secretary of state, attorney-general, and commissioner of agriculture, each drawing a salary of \$5000. They seldom visit the prisons. There are 200 on parole, and no parole officers to supervise them.

The Lone Star State has a board of three, with salaries of \$2500 each, who are supposed to give full time to their work; they visited the principal prison, Texas State Prison, twice in the last two years. There were no reports of prisoners, who the questionnaire stated were never contacted. Yet from this great prison alone 875 prisoners were paroled in 1934.

The warden's comments, which are part of the questionnaire, are worth quoting: —

After a man is paroled, he is given \$5.00 and a ticket to the county of conviction and makes no report to anyone. He is free to go any place he wishes, and his parole is only revoked if he gets into additional trouble. . . . The Board acts on cases submitted to them by mail, and in very few cases have ever talked to the applicant. The disadvantages to our parole system are many, and when a man is paroled he is placed under no restriction. We never hear from him again unless he is arrested on a new charge.

We are inclined to accept the warden's further comment: 'We have practically no parole law.' An equal degree of frankness would give the same answer for most of the states covered by the questionnaire.

The progressive state of Nebraska has a board composed of public officers elected for other positions and a secre-

tary. The secretary goes to the prisons once a month; the board never. The secretary supervises all paroled prisoners by mail.

IV

How worthless, in general, are the parole statistics which are given to the public on the behavior of parolees is sufficiently indicated by the current method of supervision under the systems now in force in all except a few states.

The parole officers know simply nothing about what their charges are doing, and merely guess at their rehabilitation by an inspection of casual postcards or letters from them. The supervisory principle of parole is more honored in the breach than in the observance. States in which parole in effect never has been tried can scarcely be used honestly as a basis for discrediting parole as a principle and as a practice.

The value and importance of parole properly applied become more apparent when one considers the facts with reference to the products of our prisons as human beings. Most of our convicts are of a low order mentally. The gangster movies give an entirely wrong picture of our prison population as a whole. A very large part of these people come from a class which, as school children, could not keep up with other children — a subnormal group which includes, so educators tell us, from 2 to 10 per cent of our school population. The effect of this group upon our criminal population was illustrated in a startling way in the exhaustive Lewisohn Survey of New York Prisons of fifteen years ago. It contained a chart made up from the school histories of 1295 New York convicts in state prisons, chosen at random, based upon the age at which they left school and the grades then reached. Over 75 per cent were shown to have been from

one to nine years behind the normal grades for children of like age.

Sometimes we may realize that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and that the unsolved educational problem of the subnormal child may return to distress and burden us in another field. That, of course, is another story. These convicts come from broken homes. They are aimless, drifting creatures, accustomed to bad associations, who particularly need direction and guidance if they are ever to be anything but potential subjects for the police. It is sound sense for every state to try, during the period in which these men are subject to its control in the parole period, to prevent them from becoming permanent additions to our criminal class.

I hesitate at this point to speak about the matter of expense. It nevertheless is an important element in the problem. Properly supervised, parole probably need not cost more than 10 per cent of the cost of maintaining convicts in prison. Very few of our states are spending anything like this amount upon parole administration. If men, during the course of their imprisonment, have reached a state where, with safety to society, they can be let loose on parole, if at that time they have received adequate punishment for their offenses, a further expenditure of prison maintenance, from the standpoint of overburdened taxpayers, is not only wasteful, but undesirable.

These men must come out of prison sometime, and it is far better to have an experimental period outside of prison walls, during which they are subject to due control by state authorities, than within. If the state is so penny-wise and niggardly in its appropriations for parole as to make this supervision impossible, the fault is with the law and the state which makes it, and not with the principle of parole itself.

V

Before considering parole as administered in states which regard it seriously, and have spent and expect to spend adequate funds on proper administration, let us consider what we may reasonably expect from parole operation. That the business of selecting persons to whom parole should apply is at best difficult and deals with human factors of great uncertainty, no one can question. Where discretionary power exists in parole boards, mistakes in judgment are bound to occur, even when such boards are properly manned and implemented. No reasonable person will expect perfection in so difficult a task.

Either parole is wrong in principle, and the parolees must be kept in prison to the end of their terms and then turned loose, with no supervision and no intermediate period of control, or parole principles must be applied. There has been no suggestion of any alternative course.

We can admit that the difficulties of supervising prisoners when on parole are also inherently great; misconduct of which parole officers are ignorant is possible. Again, the only alternative is a definite period of punishment followed by complete freedom for a man who for years has been confined in prison, who has no decent friends, no job, and no money except the pittance allowed by the state or received from his prison industry, with a railroad ticket which he gets at the prison gate. We must ask ourselves under which method of procedure the ex-prisoner is most likely to go straight.

We, as well as the prisoner, are interested in the answer. A few, a very few, states take parole seriously. They make and can make no claim to perfection. There is no perfection as yet ascertainable in any aspect of American criminal law or its administration.

Parole neither is nor perhaps ever can be the exception. But what states like Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and New York are at least trying to do is in strong contrast with the situation in states which make a mockery of the whole sorry business. They suffer to-day from criticism because of the failure of other states to make of parole administration or supervision anything but a travesty and a sham.

The few states which take parole seriously differ among themselves in methods of administration. The whole question is an exceedingly complex one, and nothing but general statements can be expected in this brief consideration.

It may fairly be said, however, that where parole has been established as a working principle, operated with some degree of continuity of applied common sense, with appropriate provision for proper personnel, where it has been made something more than a mere job-making device for politicians, it has produced results in practice which fully establish the soundness of its principle and justify its maintenance and existence. In recent years it has been applied and extended with intelligence in the Federal prison system. It has been used with marked success in the problems of women offenders, who particularly lend themselves to the efficient application of case-work handling.

New York, having maintained for more than four decades an ineffective parole system only slightly better than those previously mentioned, five years ago radically changed its state policy. By a fortunate accident, it has had three successive governors, Smith, Roosevelt, and Lehman, who agreed in wishing to make the policy of the state in regard to parole something more than an underfinanced moral gesture. Another accident, even more fortunate for New York, was the continuity, into the second generation, of the lifelong,

tireless, and generous interest of Adolph Lewisohn in the prison and its problems through the effective work of his son, Sam, in this neglected field.

To-day New York has the most thoroughly equipped parole system in the country. It has abolished the old part-time parole board, which galloped about the prisons every month and in two or three one-hour sessions turned loose each year several thousand prisoners upon four state parole officers, and upon the charity of four religious and social organizations. A parole scandal aroused public attention and focused it long enough to make a start toward fundamental reform. Consequently parole in New York to-day is administered by a full-time Parole Board, appointed by the governor, which has under its supervision a staff of 101 investigators and parole officers. Over 95 per cent of these officers are college graduates, with specialized training for their work, and chosen under Civil Service rules. In the past year the number of parole officers has been increased from 72 to 86.

Before prisoners eligible for parole consideration are passed on by the Board, it obtains, through its staff, the needed information on which alone can parole be intelligently granted — the past family life, education, work record, criminal record, and prison record of the candidate, and data on his mental condition and physical health. The Board then knows what the prison itself can tell about the prisoner.

In about 40 per cent of the cases coming before the Board for release on parole, it grants parole when the candidates are legally eligible for its operation. When parole is granted, a prisoner who cannot secure employment obtains the aid of the Board's employment bureau.

In every case a complete programme is worked out in advance for the conduct of the prisoner on parole. He is as-

signed to a parole officer for guidance and superintendence and must report at frequent periods. This supervision is not a paper substitute, but an attempt at true superintendence. If the conditions laid down are not followed, the prisoner goes back to prison. The fact that the Board supervises in reality rather than in theory is indicated by the number of parolees sent back to prison for parole violations. During the past five years 28 per cent of those on parole have been adjudged delinquent, 14 per cent for arrests for other crimes and 14 per cent for technical violations of parole conditions. Let it be noted that most parolees do not go back to prison, and seem by their conduct to have learned the necessary lesson of prison experience.

While the funds appropriated by New York for its State Parole Board seem enormous, in comparison with other states, the figures themselves need no apology. In 1935 the total budget of the Parole Department for the state prisons was \$381,220. When one considers that in New York the average annual cost of prison maintenance per prisoner is \$500, the cost of parole supervision by the Parole Board is negligible in comparison, for it is less than 10 per cent of this sum, or approximately \$42 per prisoner. The average parole period is approximately three years.

Incidentally, and this should not be overlooked, the great majority of these prisoners on parole are not only supporting themselves but contributing to the support of their families, and thereby affording an additional relief to taxpayers otherwise burdened wholly or in part with the support of these dependents.

State parole in New York has, of course, reached no pinnacle of perfection in the five years of the new Board, which has, however, made a very acceptable record. A New York City

grand jury, with no favorable predisposition, has recently given its operation a thorough investigation, with general approval, and its principal recommendation was that the work be extended and more parole officers be added to its working force.

The statistics of operation in the five years of the Board's activity show apparent progress from year to year; the work of the department has improved with experience. An interesting illustration is found in a comparison of the Parole Board report of its graduating class of 1932 with that of 1934. Of 3000 prisoners paroled in 1932, 28.4 per cent were declared delinquent by the Board, 14.5 per cent being arrested for infraction of criminal law and 13.9 per cent for violations of conditions of parole, failing to report, and so forth. In 1934, of 3075 prisoners paroled, 193 were arrested for new crimes and 142 were found delinquent for violations of parole conditions, failing to report, and so forth — a total of 335, or only 10.8 per cent.

VI

The present position of parole as administered in our country is, it must be repeated, a dark and disheartening one, but it is not hopeless. If the states can be made to realize its importance

and its potential value as a working principle; if those states which to-day have no parole laws, or only formless skeletons of parole, incapable of life and function, can be induced to undertake the hard work of making them workable and respectable, the crime bill of American taxpayers can be materially reduced, a basic improvement can be made in our present administration, and a distinct forward step can be taken in the warfare on crime.

What parole peculiarly needs to-day, perhaps more than ever before, is an aroused and informed public opinion on this whole matter and a genuine desire to have something constructive done. Parole is at best an administrative problem of extreme complexity. It has been grossly neglected. It will not be helped by general faultfinding in the future any more than it has been in the past. It needs, in every state, careful study by those citizens who are sufficiently interested to acquire an understanding of parole principles, and who have the patience to find and correct the defects in law and administration which have made parole fail in accomplishing its purpose. With that aroused public opinion which the situation urgently calls for, this can be done. It is community work long overdue.

HORACE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THAT a poet should survive two thousand years is not remarkable. Whatever changes two thousand more may bring about, they will not affect the standing of Homer or of Virgil. '*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*' If you survive your first thousand, the others will fall into line. But that a poet writing two thousand years ago should to-day be the helpmate and spokesman of humanity is in the nature of a miracle. It can be accounted for only by the fact that Horace was a man wholly disillusioned, and wholly good-tempered.

No word in our language has been so misused in the past seventeen years as the word 'disillusionment.' It has come to mean the perpetual grouch of men still deeply resentful that the World War was not in the nature of a garden party, and that the World Peace was not a highway to Utopia. Every crime and every folly have been excused on this ground. Even the kaleidoscopic divorces of Reno, the suspension of privacy, the repeal of reticence, have been accounted for by the disillusionment of youth at the way the world was run when it was too young to run it, as the natural result of a war which saw greater acts of heroism and of supreme self-sacrifice than had ever before purified the souls of men.

The disillusionment of Horace was not of this order. It meant that he had awakened from the noble dreams of

youth to the equally noble realities of manhood. He saw life as a whole, and this educational process taught him that it is not easy to find happiness in ourselves, and that it is not possible to find it elsewhere. Reason, moderation, content, a wide mental horizon, a firm foundation of principle — these were the gifts of the gods (and Horace revered his gods) to men of good purpose and sobriety.

His upbringing was of the best. His father, though but a freedman who had received his name, Horatius, either because he had been the property of some member of the patrician family of Horatii, or because his birthplace, Venusia, was part of their vast estates in Apulia, was sanely ambitious for his promising young son. He took him to Rome to be educated, — an extravagance he could ill afford, — provided for him liberally, and watched over him with care. We hear nothing of the mother, so presumably she was dead. Rome was more concerned with the functions of motherhood than was Greece. She could not have endowed the world with her two great gifts, the sanctity of the family and the majesty of the law, she could not have given to it, as she did, a life morally worth the living, if she had not looked sharply after her women, emphasizing their duties rather than their privileges. But she was far from being a matriarchy like the United States. She was not a

nation of husbands, but a nation of men. The foundation of the family was the father. He had undisputed authority, unshared responsibility, and often unlimited devotion.

Certain it is that Horace pays a tribute of gratitude to the father who begrudged him nothing that it was in his power to give. He permitted the boy to be freely flogged by his severe master, Orbilius, having the male parent's insensitiveness in this regard; but he protected him alike from folly and from misdoing. 'He kept me chaste,' wrote Horace in after years, 'free from shameful deeds, and from the breath of dishonor.'

His Roman schooling over, young Horace was sent to Athens, still the thrice superb teacher of the world; and there, free from his father's restraining hand, he did what all young men of spirit have done since the beginning of time—he went to the wars. The profitless murder of Julius Cæsar had brought Brutus to Greece. Horace, being twenty-two, an age singularly sensitive to republican oratory, joined this army, and was given the post of military tribune—a circumstance usually mentioned as proof of his talent, but which seems rather to indicate a shortage of trained soldiers. If we may trust to his recollections, as embodied in his lines to Pompeius Varus, his military experiences were not altogether unpleasant. There were hours of relaxation to compensate for hours of peril:—

Full oft we sped the lingering day,
Quaffing bright wine as in our tents we lay,
With Syrian spikenard on our glistening hair.

It is an agreeable picture of campaigning; but the curtain fell on the desolate field of Philippi. Brutus and Cassius died by their own hands; and Horace, convinced that his was not a military genius, profited by the general amnesty to return to Rome.

II

It was a hard home-coming. His father was dead, his small estate in Venusia had been confiscated,—which was to have been expected,—and he himself was under suspicion as a pardoned enemy of the state. He had much to live down, and he had much to build up. He secured his daily bread by working as a scribe in the quæstor's office, and he began his career as poet. Naturally he began it by writing satires. What else should a brilliant and bitterly disappointed young man have written? And just as naturally he regretted many of these satires when time had brought him reason.

We all remember how Byron strove to blot out of existence his outbreak of ill-temper, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and how he found out that as soon as English readers discovered they could no longer get that particular poem they were all possessed by a desire to have it. Horace would have liked to blot out his early satires. They were not his métier. The concentrated anger of Juvenal or of Swift was utterly foreign to his nature. Swift was a great and powerful humorist, and Juvenal was esteemed a wit; but in their two souls 'rage accumulated like water behind a dam,' and burst into devastating floods. Horace had not even the tenacity of wrath which made an indifferent poet like Lucilius a fairly great satirist; but in its place he had a gift which was slowly maturing—a balanced and delicate irony, playful but with a rapier's point. The charming picture of country life, simple, serene, and self-respecting, which the moneylender, Alpheus, contemplates with unction but decides not to live, is a perfect example of the ironical, of the laughter that is so low-pitched it seems—for one mistaken moment—to be kindly. As admira-

ble in its more worldly way is his epistle to the young Tiberius, heir to the throne, introducing a persistent acquaintance who will not be set aside. This is the ninth epistle of the first book. As there are few of us who have not suffered a somewhat similar experience, its study cannot fail to be of service.

In the fifth epode we find the first direful picture of the witch, Canidia, a singularly disgusting person. It is at once the most tragic and the most dramatic poem that Horace ever wrote. Curiously dramatic, for it opens with the outbreak of terrified anger from the patrician child who has been trapped into the witches' den, there to die in slow torment for the better making of a love philtre; and it closes with the curse which the doomed boy hurls at his destroyers. Fear has left him, and fury has taken its place. He bids the hags remember that no magic can alter right and wrong, or avert retribution. He, dying at their hands, will pursue them to their shameful deaths. The rabble will pelt them with heavy stones, and fling their unblessed bodies to the wolves:—

This shall my parents see,
Alas! surviving me.

Horace was always concerned with witches and sorcerers; but the trend of his mind was skeptical. He reached the sane conclusion that they were malignant but impotent.

All this time he was making friends of an agreeable order. The reign of the great Augustus, even the consulship of the great Octavius, was singularly favorable to brilliant young men. Rome was extravagant and immoral; but it was full of artistic and intellectual fervor. Horace's personality was charming, his attainments were remarkable. Virgil, whose own estate had been confiscated and restored, was his intimate companion; and it was

Virgil who presented him to Mæcenas, the minister and confidential adviser of Octavius. From this introduction and the friendship that followed sprang one of the most perfect interchanges of gifts the world has ever known. Mæcenas gave Horace a farm in the Sabine hills, and the very modest independence he desired. Horace gave Mæcenas an immortality that can never be disassociated from his own. The more we think about it, the more sure we are that the fates—kindly for once—put these two men in the same place at the same time for the perfecting of their lives.

Augustus would have taken the accomplished young poet for one of his own secretaries, and would in all likelihood have treated him with the generosity he lavished upon Virgil; but Horace, lacking ambition, was not of the stuff out of which good courtiers are made. His political views had undergone a sobering change. He began to understand the mighty mission of Rome; the need of her to hold the western world together; her policy of conciliating and amalgamating conquered nations; her 'thrice-hammered hardihood' which nothing human could resist. No pride of citizenship ever equaled hers; and even her politicians still retained some measure of disinterested patriotism. Her monumental achievement, her lasting gift to the world she ruled, was law.

III

In the strengthening of imperial Rome, Mæcenas played an important rôle. He was of Etruscan descent and a very great gentleman, scholarly, hospitable, public-minded. Where the superb basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore now stands, there stood his villa. Thither Augustus when ill had himself carried, to recover in purer air and more spacious quarters than his own

palace, simple and plain, afforded him. The self-indulgence of the Roman emperors had no example in him. Since the lamentable Ides of March which saw the murder of Cæsar, Mæcenas had guided, supported, and restrained Cæsar's nephew and heir. Many are the stories told of him, the most characteristic being that of his prompt action in the Forum when Octavius in an unrelenting mood was sentencing one political offender after another to death. Unable to approach the tribune on account of the crowd that surged about it, Mæcenas wrote on his tablets, *Surge tandem Carnifex!* ('Butcher, break off!') and flung them straight into the ruler's lap. Octavius read the words, rose silently, and quitted the judgment seat which he had been pronounced unworthy to fill.

Under the protection of Mæcenas, Horace lived his life serenely, and his talents ripened to perfection. His lovely odes gave the same delight then that they give now; his Roman soul venerated what was admirable, and strove for what was attainable. He spent the best months of the year in the country, where, unhurried by engagements and unharassed by acquaintances, he wrote with delight and liberation. Like Marcus Aurelius, he was able to be alone; but he was far too wise to make of himself that lopsided thing called a recluse. He felt with Montaigne the rare delight of dividing his life between the solace afforded him by nature and the stimulus afforded him by men.

It must be admitted that he had uncommon luck in his dealings with both. Most of us could live in stable harmony with nature if our meeting place were a beautiful and fertile corner of Italy. What did Horace know of the malignant nature that rules supreme over wilderness and jungle, desert and swamp? What of disastrous nature hurling tornadoes and dust storms at

her helpless children? What of relentless nature that hates a farmer, and sends sodden floods or blighting droughts or armies of pestiferous insects to ruin him? The casual fashion in which the poet alludes to unfavorable weather conditions proves how small a part they played in his life. Not for nothing has Italy been called the sweetheart of the world. Horace's farm was small, thirteen hundred feet above the sea, and surrounded by beautiful woods. It produced corn, olives, and vines, though he thought poorly of the wine made from its grapes. It was managed by a bailiff, and cultivated by five families of freedmen. All its owner had to do was to eat and drink its products. He had also eight slaves to wait upon him, and, like most Roman slaves, they had uncommonly little to do. Even his modest meals of pancakes, lentils, and peas were served to him by three young slaves, smiling boys with whom he occasionally conversed. It was what was then called the simple life; but, as compared with the crude and elemental thing which goes by that name in this our land to-day, it is recognizable as the austere luxury of a very cultivated poet.

Rome, too, had its simplicities as well as its grandeurs. The citizen who stepped from his silken litter into a Roman street might be tripped into the gutter by one of the pigs that, like the happy Plantagenet pigs of London (at a later date), enjoyed unmolested the freedom of the city. Horace preferred on the whole the free and roving pig to the free and roving dog. The pig was at least sane. The dog might be rabid, and snap at him as it ran by. His satires, which grew at once keener and kinder as he approached his thirty-sixth birthday (they were given to the world collectively in 29 B.C.), describe for us the follies and extravagances of Rome; and, as unmitigated seriousness is always out of place in human affairs,

these follies and extravagances amuse us as they amused the satirist two thousand years ago, as they must always amuse as well as instruct the student of human nature. It was from Horace that Thackeray learned how to people the canvas of *Vanity Fair*. 'To Thackeray,' says Sir Theodore Martin, 'Horace was a breviary.'

'Out of Plato,' says Emerson, 'come all things that are still written or debated among men of thought.' And if this be true, we may add one word more. Out of Horace come most things that are still enjoyed and respected by men of feeling. The clear-sighted do not rule the world, but they sustain and console it. It is not in human nature to be led by intelligence. An intelligent world would not be what it is to-day; it would never have been what it has been in every epoch of which we have any knowledge. Horace had no illusions on this score. He did not pass his life in ignorance of the ills about him. Men lived on their elemental instincts then as now. They wanted to keep what they had, or they wanted to get what their neighbors had, just as they do to-day. Horace knew this, and he invented no fancy phrases to decorate a bald fact. To understand life was, indeed, a classic form of consolation, a mental austerity which Pope failed to take into account when he wrote, —

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And, without method, talks us into sense.

Yet the little Queen Anne man had a deep admiration for the poet who distilled philosophy from life, and whose counsel of perfection is based upon the feasibility of performance. There was none of Goethe's 'negative and skeptical neutrality' about Horace. He knew that Rome was the best possible means for ordering a large fraction of humanity. He knew that discipline at home and invulnerability abroad were necessary for this end. He loved with a

passionate intensity of devotion the greatness of Roman traditions and the memory of the mighty dead. Two notes of admonition he struck. One is in the tenth ode of the second book, where he warns Licinius, and through him all Romans, of the unwisdom of plotting against the state: 'Reef your sails while there is yet time.' The other is the third ode of the third book, one of the great *Alcaics* on which the fame of the poet securely rests. In it Juno herself sings the praises and the triumphs of Rome — Rome destined to unite the severed countries of the world, provided only that she paid no heed to her own rabble (Horace and Shakespeare held the same opinion as to the intelligence of mobs), and curbed her own cupidity: —

Riches the hardy soldiers must despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes.

It is not clear why this ode is held by most commentators to refer to the hidden treasure of Darius (which, by the way, still awaits discovery). It seems to allude merely to the gold which all men knew to be buried deep in mines, and which wise men believed had much better be left there.

IV

'The understanding sadness of Horace,' says Edith Hamilton, 'tempers the gayety of his verse into something infinitely endearing.' The sobering truth which he bore ever in mind he expressed with customary terseness: —

We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

Therefore he sang unceasingly the praises of sweet content which springs from 'those deep regions of self where the issues of character are decided.' This tenderness combined with disillusion has made him a helpmate for two thousand years. Cheerfulness and

melancholy can be, and usually are, equally odious; but a sad heart and a gay temper hold us in thrall. Even the amatory odes, which are so perfect and so unweighted by passion, have in them an undertone of regret. Commentators, always immersed in sentiment, have concluded that Cinara was to Horace what Lucy was to Wordsworth—a lost love and a lasting memory. But all we know is that she died young, and that Horace regretted with tempered sadness her early loss:—

I am not the man I was under the reign of Cinara.

Lucy has no rival in the field. Cinara shares the canvas with shy Chloe, and false Næra, and forward Glycera and heartless Barine, and that accomplished flirt, Pyrrha, —

Plain in her neatness, —

and Lydia, the lady of an ode as fragile and as flawless as a butterfly, which has been entitled in English 'The Reconciliation.' It has been translated by many lovers of Horace, never better perhaps than by Ben Jonson, though its sentiment is far from the direct and powerful emotions of the Elizabethans and of their immediate successors. It accords with the grace of the cavaliers, the playtime of the Restoration. Sir Charles Sedley should have translated it. Lovelace might have written it. Horace opens the dialogue. He is reproachful, but far from downcast, as he reminds Lydia that once he was her chosen lover. Lydia replies with spirit that when she reigned in his heart and in his song she asked no happier fate; but that she is not prepared to play second fiddle to Chloe. Horace admits the impelling power of Chloe, her sweetness, and her skill with the lyre. Of course his heart is hers. Lydia, not to be outdone in inconstancy, avows her love for Calais, Calais the son of Ornytus, a youth so engaging she would gladly die for him. Horace, an old hand

at the game of love, asks what would happen should he discard bright Chloe, and return a suppliant to his earlier love. Lydia, in a suspiciously sudden surrender, responds with a cry of joy: though Calais be fairer than a star, and Horace inconstant and rough as the sea, —

Yet should I wish to love, live, die with thee.

Horace, like Virgil, remained contentedly unmarried. He had the uneasy married lives of Augustus and of Mæcenas by way of warning. His interest in women was an undertone. The stifling problem (it is called a problem) of sex which excites half the world to frenzy, and bores the other half to extinction, resolves itself in his hands into its simplest elements. His great emotions lay elsewhere, and he held even his great emotions in control. The supreme Roman virtue was patriotism — to serve the state and to die for it. Yet in what temperate language Horace clothes his maxims, the very triteness of which proves them immortal. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* Not a flourish! Not a gesture! Yet life becomes a thing of value and of sweetness because men can renounce it with dignity. And there is nothing in the written history of the world to outstrip Horace's description in the fifth ode of the third book of Regulus returning to Carthage: 'T is said he put away his chaste wife's kisses and his little children, as one bereft of civil rights, and bent his gaze upon the ground till he should strengthen the Senate's wavering purpose by advice never before given, and turn his steps to exile.'

Next to the unswerving loyalty to Rome came the love which Horace bore his friends, and, above and beyond all other friends, to Mæcenas, whose bread he ate, and whose heart he held in his keeping. 'Remember,' said the dying Mæcenas to the Emperor Augustus who stood sorrowing by his

bedside, 'remember Flaccus as you would remember me.'

There was no need for this entreaty. In three weeks Horace followed his friend, and was buried by his side on the Esquiline Hill. This was as he had always foretold. 'When the blow falls it will crush us both; and to whatever bourne you lead the way, I shall follow.' Fifty-seven years the poet had lived, enjoying the ripeness of middle age, and escaping the frosts that ensue. He had achieved the utmost renown that Rome could give. A great lyric poet; a philosopher whose epistles embody all pagan wisdom, and a perfect understanding of humanity. The writer of the Secular Hymn had become the arbiter of taste, the spokesman of the Emperor, the persuasive exponent of a reasonable life, the clear, sad thinker who led no man astray. His death was so sudden that he had no time to summon a scribe and dictate a will. Therefore he made it orally, bequeathing his modest estate to the Emperor. Such wills held good in Roman law, where many simplicities survived; but, in view of the uncertainties attendant upon men's recollections, it was wise to leave all to the throne. If ever an oral will was sure to be remembered rightly, it was when Augustus was the heir.

V

Horace not only revered his gods, but he believed that he had been kindly treated by them. He was disposed to see something above and beyond nature in the protection afforded him. When he was a little lost child in the forest, and the leaves drifted upon him as he slept, he felt sure that the birds had covered him, as in later years they covered the hapless Babes in the Wood. The falling tree that grazed but did not harm him, the wolf that turned from his path when he was

wandering in the Sabine hills, composing an ode to Lalage — these things did not happen by chance. Mæcenas, too, had in his day been snatched from danger; but mighty Jove conceived it his duty to look after Mæcenas; whereas

Pan, who keeps watch
O'er easy souls like mine,

had turned smiling to the aid of Horace. Therefore it behooves Mæcenas to build a shrine and offer tribute; but Horace will sacrifice a young lamb to the sylvan god.

The poet was the most hospitable of men. He dearly loved the companionship of friends; and, having a perfectly correct sense of values, he saw no reason why Mæcenas should not leave his stately home, which so far exceeded in splendor the Emperor's palace, and spend his birthday by the Sabine fire-side, where Virgil had been content to sit. The preparations for his coming were of a joyous rusticity. Horace does not appear to have had the furniture polished, as when the advocate, Torquatus, came to visit him; but the silver vessels were burnished brightly, garlands were gathered, the altar wreathed with sacred leafage, the kitchen fires roared hospitably, and a jar of Alban wine, nine years old, was waiting to be unsealed. Horace had the poorest possible opinion of water drinkers, and was convinced that not one of them ever wrote a song that lived.

It behooved the poet to be out of the way a goodly portion of his time, because he was too much wanted in Rome. Mæcenas wanted him and the Emperor wanted him; and these two august and powerful men thought it right that they should have what they desired. Horace thought otherwise. He clung tenaciously to his liberty, and he achieved it because he stood ready to sacrifice, if need be, all luxuries,

comforts, and pleasures for its sake. He would not write his verse and he would not live his life to order. In a very determined and very delicate fashion he makes this known to Mæcenas in the seventh epistle of the first book. He has left Rome for a week and he has stayed away a month — greatly to his friend's displeasure. After all, the month was August, and August is a season when anyone would be well advised to stay away from Rome. Horace says so plainly. It is the season, he writes, when the first figs and the mounting sun keep the undertaker busy. His health requires the cooler air, and, what is more important, his soul requires the freedom to make its own choice. 'Every man must measure himself by his own rule and standard.'

With Augustus the task was more difficult. The Emperor wanted to be sung, and he wanted to be sung in an intimate and homely strain. Horace wrote his most noble odes to celebrate the triumphs of Rome. He wrote charming songs to celebrate the peace and plenty which Augustus ensured to the Romans: 'The ox roams the pastures in safety, Ceres makes plentiful the crops, the sea is calm, the shrines are sacred, the home is unpolluted.' He also wrote the Secular Hymn at the instigation of the ruler. But that was as far as he would go. He never lessened the distance between the Emperor and the subject. He never affected an easy intimacy with the throne, though Augustus had asked him mockingly if he were ashamed of such a friendship. We cannot conceive him addressing the Cæsar as the courtiers of Charles the Second addressed their easygoing monarch. And in all this he was more than worldly-wise. He was safeguarding his own self-respect, and preserving a fine and delicate standard of personal honor.

Of the poet's second home at Tibur

we know little save that he loved it, and that it was surpassingly beautiful. The villa probably belonged to Mæcenas, who slept more sweetly to the sound of falling waters, and Horace lived in it, off and on, for nineteen years. The Franciscan monks, with that unerring eye for beauty which all the religious orders have displayed, built the monastery of San Antonio on the site of his villa. It stands on the borderland between the Sabine country and the Campagna. Catullus, who lived near by, was wont to say that if his friends wished to mock at him as a rustic they called him a Sabine. If they wished to imply that he was a gentleman, they called him a Tiburtine.

For Tibur, now Tivoli, is an older city than Rome, and was once its equal. In its earlier phase it was a city of smiths who fashioned and sharpened swords for the perpetual warfare of the day. The surrounding soil is more fertile than in the hill country. It grows better vines and more abundant crops. If Horace missed the Fountain of Bandusia, that leaping cascade which he was wont to climb so far to see, and to whose guardian deity he sacrificed a flower-decked kid, he had in its stead the falling waters of the Anio, the Cascata Grande, not then the torrent it is now, and the lovely Cascatelle streaming down the hillside in broken threads of silver. The orchards of Tibur were wet with spray, and the Tiburtine Sibyl delivered her oracles to the sound of many waters. Even Italy had nothing better to give. Small wonder that Horace wrote with a sigh of content, 'May Tibur, founded by Argive wanderers, be the home of my old age and my final goal.'

The scholars of the last century believed firmly that the classics offer us both a training for life and a help in living it. This is the hold that Horace has had on humanity, and his fashion

of speech is such that educated youth gladly accepts his spokesmanship. We are told that a hundred years ago most public-school boys in England, and almost all Etonians, knew their Horace if they knew nothing else. It was not unusual for a lad of intelligence to have most of the odes by heart. The twentieth century has many new voices (some of them very insistent), but no one of them speaks to us with the accent of Horace. Hugh Macnaghten, for many years a master at Eton, and a translator of the classics, tells us a pleasant story in this regard. In the second year of the World War he had a letter from a former student, Henry Evelyn Platt, then fighting in France. It requested — of all things in the world — a copy of Horace, a small book, 'with perhaps a crib for the hard words,' and it gave the reason why. Young Platt was one of three Etonians in that line of trenches, and they had recently been joined by a Harrovian who was always quoting Horace. The

Etonians were not so preoccupied with the deadly details of their lives as to be indifferent to this challenge. Come what might, they would reread their Horace for their own satisfaction, and for the honor of Eton.

Surely the soul of Horace, wherever it is located, was made glad by that letter. It was just what he had foretold. Death for the pagan was a dismal thing. The bright gods dwelt on Olympus; but they shared their bliss with none, and the realm of Pluto was but a poor exchange for Athens or for Rome. But Horace knew that he would triumph over death. *Non omnis moriar* ('Not all of me shall die'). He spoke as prophets speak, piercing the future. While Rome lived, he would live. 'As long as the Pontiff climbs the Capitol with the silent Vestal by his side, I shall be famed, and beyond the boundaries of Rome I shall travel far.'

Barbarians unborn my name shall know.

We know it and are glad.

THE FEATHER BED

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

CASUAL persons who saw our widowed great-aunt Sylvia Barter during the last eight years of her long life — years which she spent in our household, waiting in meek patience to die — were always moved to ask the same question about her. Furthermore, all of them asked it with the same irritating air of knowing the answer in advance. We learned to anticipate the question by a certain peculiar look which preceded it — a look which proclaimed: 'I only ask this for form's sake, because my intuitions in these matters are invariably to be trusted. One just has a fancy for verifying one's observations, you know.'

Experience finally taught us complete familiarity with both the premonitory look and the question. One of us who heard at dinner that So-and-so had been in the house that afternoon would ask: 'Did he' — or 'she' — 'see Aunt Sylvia?' If the answer were 'Yes,' the next remark was likelier than not to be: 'And did she' — or 'he' — 'ask the usual question?' The very monotony of this recurrence made it, in time, one of the family's stock pleasantries.

The usual question was simply whether Aunt Sylvia had ever been married.

And, mind you, no one ever asked it except to substantiate a vivid impression of his own that she could never have participated in this fairly widespread human experience. The omis-

sion stuck out all over her; that was the effect conveyed.

The answer was, as it happened, that for sixty-two years less eighteen days my great-aunt Sylvia had been wife to Nahum Barter. Practically every night for all that time she had slept with deceptive meekness beside him in a huge double bed — the same bed (and what a bed!) from first to last. She had borne him five children and buried one of them. When he died there were the other four, not to mention a baker's dozen of married grandchildren, to provide among them a home suitable to her widowhood. But rather than go away from Chiswick she chose to live with the large family of a more than willing nephew — my father. It was in and near Chiswick, you see, that she had spent the sixty-two years (less the eighteen days) of her wifedom — the wifedom with which most persons found it so utterly impossible to connect her, though she had experienced about as much of its characteristic rewards and penalties as any woman I ever knew.

The reason why most persons received their baseless impression was obvious enough to us. It was certainly not that Aunt Sylvia betrayed the usual stigmata of spinsterhood, or even of the prim New England type known as the married old maid. No: it was rather that in both appearance and personality she had kept an odd, a

really startling, suggestion of girlishness. She radiated the innocence, not of a woman who has missed the salient experiences or refused them, but of a winsome child who cannot possibly be even aware of them yet.

Aunt Sylvia in her eighties affected all comers with the sense of a premarital, an actually virginal charm. Some very old ladies, after long years of widowhood, are observed to regain a hint of this long-lost girlish freshness. With them it seems to flower out of a process of forgetting all manner of things, and it is perhaps to be construed as a false dawn of second childhood. But with Aunt Sylvia it was not in the least a relapse or even a renewal, as all of us Barters very well knew. For this precise quality had always been hers. From her bridal year to her great-grandmotherhood it had impressed everyone as her most obvious aspect. Long before any of my generation arrived on the scene Aunt Sylvia's perpetual girlishness had become a family tradition and byword.

By the time we children got along to high-school age we were somehow thinking of her as the youngest of the Barters, if not the youngest person we had ever known. The crudest blunderer of us all was filled with vague, inarticulate impulses to shield and spare her, walk delicately in her presence, and let no rude or raucous thing call her attention to its existence. We treated her pretty much as if she had been something fragile and rare, to be carried about in a plush-lined case, exhibited with tender awe on very special occasions, and never, never jarred or jostled.

As a matter of fact, this attitude was largely adolescent sentimentalism and priggishness on our part. Also, it was an entirely gratuitous response to her most palpable quality, which was that demure girlishness of hers. The actuality — only we younger ones never got

at it — was a shrewd, tough-fibred, slightly impish old woman who asked no favors and could hold up her end with anybody. (Had she not held it up for sixty-odd years with Great-uncle Nahum Barter, to the infinite discipline of her fortitude?) There was any amount more iron in her than we had begun to appreciate.

What helped fool us as much as anything, no doubt, was her lack of pounds and inches. All that presented itself to the eye was the merest wisp of aged frailty; and I once discovered, on picking her up to set her across a running gutter, that most of that wisp was clothes. She weighed, I am told, a hundred and four pounds when she was married, and ninety-six just before her last illness. Her black hair — it never turned gray — had got extremely thin, but what there was of it was still notably long; the scalp showed through where it was drawn severely back from a middle parting, but the two flat rosettes into which she packed the rest of it, one behind each ear, looked as if they had been turned by a fussy workman out of solid and lustrous ebony of the finest grain. Her cheeks had kept a delicate rose pink, over and above which she blushed more easily than a shy girl, and laughed at herself for blushing, and blushed the more.

Because she had grown more than a little deaf we spared her all possible introductions to strangers. She would often sit in her corner of our living room in a rocking-chair which she fancied, crocheting her remarkably fine lace while others were deep in serious conversation or mere light chatter. She liked to be, in this passive way, where others were — where life was going on. And the way was, after all, not so passive as it looked. Even while her eyes were downcast upon her work an odd little expression of drollery would dimple the corners of her mouth, and every now and then she would look up to

flash one or another of us a quick smile of private understanding. Whoever made or attempted a joke almost unconsciously looked in her direction, and her delightful smile was always ready to acknowledge the joke, quite as if she had heard it and found it good. (I dare say she was laughing at a better one of her own.) In these ways she made herself felt. She was alive — as alive as anyone in the room or out of it. She was, among other things, an incarnation of the something mysteriously aloof, yet always eager to participate, in childhood itself.

It is a pity that, rocking thus in her corner, she could not have been transferred bodily into an old-fashioned school primer. She would have made the perfect illustration of the saying, 'Children should be seen and not heard.'

These circumstances made comparative strangers look upon her somewhat as one does upon a demure, poised, original, slightly precocious, but very reticent little girl — the sort of little girl who is always being sent to bed when she wants nothing so much as to sit up for another hour and play at being a grown-up among grown-ups. And that, if the comparative stranger had but known it, is very near to what she was — a little girl who had been sent to bed early all her life when she longed to stay up.

First, her parents brought her up with all the repressive conservatism of their period and their genteel class. Then at eighteen, exactly where their jurisdiction left off, she was taken in charge by the overpowering man who was her husband for over six decades. It is small wonder if part of her remained the same arrested little girl to the end of her days. Year after year from eighteen to eighty, night after night after night for twenty-two thousand nights on end, she was literally put to bed without being allowed to

have a word to say about either the time or, alas, the bed.

That bed! She could scarcely have detested it more cordially if it had been the more celebrated, but hardly more ingenious, apparatus of Procrustes.

II

Great-uncle Nahum Barter at twenty-four was a serious though anything but a solemn young man, and he took his marriage with a seriousness worthy of so momentous an institution and even of himself. One of his principal acts of preparation for it was to make a special trip out to Block Island and a painstaking tour of its farms. He came home on the mail tug with a hundred and twenty pounds of goose feathers — 'the finest goose feathers ever sewed into a tick,' he proclaimed in his booming voice to anyone who would listen. In that day of feather beds the household which wanted to do things exactly right got its feathers from Block Island; for this source was the cachet of a merit, an exclusiveness, above that of such other island products as linen from Ireland, cutlery from Sheffield, and mahogany from Santo Domingo.

And Nahum Barter was a young man who wanted to do things exactly right. He wanted that with a desire exceeded only by his absolute trust in his ability to do them so. The right way to do a thing was, almost by definition, the way he had carefully worked out. If another were so lamentably ignorant and benighted as to prefer some different method, why, Uncle Nahum was going to shout and finally override the objector for his own good, in perfect assurance that once he had tried Uncle Nahum's better way he would instantly be bowled over by its perfection and evince a proper gratitude for the rest of his life.

Decidedly, Uncle Nahum was not

one of those cold and niggardly souls who, when they hit upon a formula that exactly suits, like to keep it to themselves or share it in strict confidence with a favored kindred spirit or two. He was generous, Uncle Nahum was, and utterly devoid of some kinds of reticence. When he got hold of a good thing everyone within range was going to have that thing, too, or he was going to know the reason why. And his way of coercing others, *vi et armis*, into conformity with his own peculiarities was so bluff, so hearty, above all so devoid of self-consciousness and so charged with real solicitude for their welfare, that it was a sheer impossibility to cherish a resentment against him for more than a few minutes at a time. He made friends of all and sundry by domineering over them, outraging their sensibilities, deriding and insulting all their preconceived ideas. It was a gift, as mysterious as that of some men for winning their fellows by nimble flattery or by oracular silences.

Now, Aunt Sylvia's fixed idea of something to sleep on had always been the hardest, tightest hair mattress possible to obtain. As a young girl spending the summers with her cousins in South Chiswick, where Nahum and his father ran the considerable business of purveying coal, wood, grain, hay, and general merchandise, she frankly abominated even the very conservative feather beds used during the warm months in the house of her hosts, the Olivers. Nahum, who understood all this perfectly well by hearsay, put down some of her prejudice to the pitiful ignorance of her parents, who were mere townfolk, hidebound Providence gentlefolk. The rest of it he charged to the wrong-headedness of the Olivers, who, though an honest country family, were so deluded as to give Sylvia the mere shadow of a feather mattress for her summer use, when (according to him) even their winter sort had n't

enough substance to provide a decent night's rest for a chickadee. He, Uncle Nahum, was going to furnish his bride with a bed that *was* a bed. He would give her a bed such that one blissful hour in it must convict her of never in her life having imagined what a night's sleep could be.

His mother and his married sister, during the last month of his engagement, sewed and stuffed the immense tick to his careful and thorough specifications. The mountain of Block Island goose feathers—it had come home sewed up in part of a schooner's retired mainsail—shrank to a molehill as the seven-foot tick grew and grew. Nahum, every time he inspected its progress, boomed, 'More! More!' His exuberance swelled with the tick. His sister began to wail protests. 'Nahum, it is n't humanly possible to sleep on any such a bed, I tell you. Why, you'll roll right off it, just like sliding off a roof.' But Nahum, irrepressible and exultant, only shouted: 'You're doing fine—fine. Keep right on. More!'

Eventually they got seventy-eight pounds of feathers sewed into that tick, as Nahum found by weighing the residue on the barn steelyards. (His computation disregarded the bits of goose down which were to be seen for days floating in the sunshine, clinging to coats and dresses, caught in his mother's hair, scorching on the range, being scrambled for by chimney swifts in the dooryard.) His masterpiece weighed, as he noised abroad with self-congratulation, exactly three quarters as much as his bride-to-be. And there were over forty pounds of feathers left to replenish the monstrosity from time to time if, as he fantastically remarked, it ever seemed to need it.

It was installed in the gigantic low-poster which he had had turned out of native birch to receive it. Nahum married his Sylvia and bore her off to

Ausable Chasm for the honeymoon. (His sister declared it a marvel that he did not take her to Block Island and give her a lecture tour of the farms where he had got the feathers.) And presently they were back in the small South Chiswick house they were to occupy pending the completion of their new large one.

III

Aunt Sylvia had seen the bed before, but with beglamoured eyes which failed quite to take in its enormity. Confronting it on this first night in her new home, she found herself stricken with a dismay verging on dumb terror. The contraption seemed to tower inaccessiblely up and up before her like an immense arrested wave perpetually unable to break and subside. She could not conceive how even Nahum, who was six feet three and an Ajax of muscular prowess, was ever going to scale that height without a stepladder. And, once in that unmanageable immensity, what ever was going to become of a little thing such as herself? She felt herself shrinking back as from the entrance to a mammoth black cave in which a person, once lost, could remain lost forever.

Uncle Nahum went blandly about applying the technique of going to bed which he had previously evolved in his magnificent, his appallingly deliberate and systematic mind. For no man of his name had ever before coped with such a bed. He had had to invent the whole process *de novo*, even as he had created the bed itself. He had done both with thoroughness, leaving naught to chance.

First he picked up his slender bride, lifted her up and up, and laid her gently on her back on her appointed side — the left side, it was — of that vast bilow. She gave a slight squeal as, with his arms withdrawn from under her, she felt herself sinking down, down,

and still down. The displaced feathers were forced up all around her like canyon walls — walls made, however, of something hardly more palpable than cloud. She started to flounder and thrash around in order to get a purchase on something — a vain attempt, for there was nothing present to get a purchase on. She was checked by her husband's voice explaining with rapt unction, as he drew up the covers for and over her, that the whole secret was to lie still, my precious, just to lie as still as possible and let yourself float. Otherwise you would have the bed all at sixes and sevens in no time.

She found herself lying as still as possible.

Then Nahum addressed himself to the joyous task of disposing his great frame at his right side of the bed. The trick was — as he would and did explain in great detail to any who cared to listen — to let your whole length down on to the feathers all at once, and in the position which you meant to keep. To climb in, stretch out gradually, and twist and turn like a caught eel would be ruinous; first to sit on the edge of the bed and then lie down and swing your legs up was absolutely fatal. Uncle Nahum had a strong kitchen chair by the bedside. With the flat of his right hand on this and the toes of his right foot caught on the side rail he levered himself slowly aloft in precarious horizontal balance to the full length of his arm, then slowly inward inch by inch over the mattress, and then as slowly down. Every inch of him, from the back of his head to his left heel, touched the feathers at the same instant; at least, so he perpetually boasted, and his wife corroborated the boast. Having achieved this acrobatic feat, — I dare say he had practised it in secret, — he disengaged his right foot and brought it in beside the left with the caution of one inching along a tightrope for the first time. With the

same deliberate care he reached out his right arm, grasped a conveniently placed palm leaf on the lamp stand, and with one skillful, not violent swish of the fan puffed out the hand lamp.

Barring illness, which was nearly unheard-of except for Aunt Sylvia's five confinements, and barring the overnight absence of one or the other, which probably did not affect thirty days of their six decades together, that was how Uncle Nahum Barter put Aunt Sylvia and himself to bed every night for sixty-two years, up to his own brief last illness. There came a time when the lamp and the fan were replaced by a handy electric-light switch; but there was no other change.

On that first occasion Uncle Nahum, with all his care and foresight, made one slight error of omission. He should have seen to the making of that bed himself, instead of trusting it to his mother. When he lowered himself into it, with the sigh of difficult endeavor worthily accomplished, he was amazed and confounded to see his little bride instantly pop up like a Jack-in-the-box to a level well above his own, as if a mighty spring or catapult had been released under her. There above him she hovered, giggling and helplessly kicking. Nothing abashed, he clambered out, ran around to her side in his ballooning knee-length nightgown, and lifted her tenderly down. He explained with care and precision that there was only a hundred pounds of her, whereas there was a good two hundred of him, and a proper bed, such as this one, had naturally to be made up to allow for the difference.

Sylvia remarked tartly between her giggles that she should think he would prefer a bed that did not require the daily services of a mathematician or an engineer to make it up. But they dealt with the engineering problem together then and there, pulling, punching, pressing, and stroking seventy-eight

pounds of Block Island goose feathers into a sort of vast slope or wedge, comparatively thin at her side and enormously thick at his. Then the whole affair of getting themselves on to it had to be gone through with *da capo*. The result this time was arithmetical perfection. The sum came out even, with no annoying remainder. Under their unequal displacements the two unequal sides achieved equality, like water seeking its level; the two lay now on one plane.

Uncle Nahum made gleeful recital of the occurrence far and wide the next day, and Aunt Sylvia had in self-defense to correct the most outrageous of his exaggerations and embellishments — which was the very process whereby, from year to year, a good deal became known of their marriage which ordinarily remains dark. His stentorian candor was always forcing her into little grudging surrenders of privacy. She told the sober truth of matters which she did not like to discuss, because that was her only alternative to letting folk believe as much as they chose of her husband's remarkable free fantasias on the truth.

In the course of years, through their habit of correcting and editing each other's remarks, Sylvia and Nahum disclosed so much about themselves that a careless outsider might easily have beguiled himself into the assumption of knowing all. No assumption could have been more fatuous. There were, after all, extensive and important domains of privacy which those two kept to the end unpenetrated, inviolate. It was possible to know them well for decades, taking it for granted that one understood the very pitch and tempo of their personalities, only to be floored in the end by the sudden discovery that one was not even aware in what basic key their marriage was written. How they really felt together, what were the undertones and over-

tones of their intimate communion, what they meant to each other at the times when they were unconscious of everybody and everything else — these matters were profound mysteries; and mysteries they remained to the end.

Yet it could never have occurred to any judicious person to doubt that there were such moments, or that they distilled in its purest essence something which overran into all other moments. For both Aunt Sylvia and Uncle Nahum conveyed, with the much else that they conveyed, an effect of possessing some deep and sustaining secret which no one could ever know. Some very taciturn persons seem to store little more than they tell in their few words; some completely garrulous persons seem likewise to talk in order to keep themselves emptied by their much speaking. But this wedded pair gave the impression of talking so far within their private reserves that his many words, pronounced with colossal gusto, came to the same thing, really, as her few words dragged out of her under protest. They told more than most, but the sum of it was so trifling a part of what they seemed to have that it was virtually nothing. They were multimillionaires being spendthrift with small change.

The whole of Chiswick County could make free of the bridal antechamber. To that extent the pair became as public an institution as royalty. But at that point Chiswick County was stopped by a sound-proof, light-proof door; and curiosity found it to be a door without a keyhole.

Oddly or not, the one who first made most persons conscious of this sealed door was Nahum the irrepressible, Nahum the untrammelled, Nahum the wrecker of privacy. It is a revealing testimony to the man's fundamental character — including also his talent for making it felt — that from first to last the local wits and wags were afraid

to accost his marriage with the kind of sallies in which they specialized and from which they spared no other husbands except the clergy. (South Chiswick was probably neither better nor worse off than most country communities in its virtuosos of sly impudicity, both verbal and practical.) On the few early occasions when, very tentatively, one of them skirted the edge of such a sally, Uncle Nahum Barter would stare straight at the speaker with entire impassiveness; his gray-blue eyes would narrow, but with a curious effect of widening; and it was as if he had asked blandly: 'Did you say something?' The experimenter somehow never cared to face that look twice.

Upon most of us Barters it dawned sooner or later that Uncle Nahum's celebrated outspokenness was not quite the naïve trait it appeared. It was, in part at least, the peculiar technique of his reticence.

In any event — to return to the province not covered by the reticence of either — Aunt Sylvia as a young child had looked forward with envious longing to the time when she could stay up as late as she liked, with no questions asked, or get up and read or rock or simply prow for an hour if she were sleepless, and be generally exempt from dictation about the hours of rest. Adults, she presumed, regularly enjoyed these privileges and immunities. She married Nahum Barter while still under this presumption — only to find that, so far from having gained any such release as she anticipated, she was even more ruthlessly curtailed than she had been at the age of ten. For then she had at least the range of her own room, and in her own bed there was no limit to the tossing and turning which were open to her as a naturally light sleeper. Married, she possessed these smaller advantages no more than the greater ones to which she had looked forward as a matter of course. The

greatest of them and the most trifling were alike cut off from her, and by the same lunatic consideration: —

They would not be fair to the bed.

IV

It would be a gross inaccuracy to say that the fantastic bed and its sacred equilibrium became a bone of contention between Aunt Sylvia and her Nahum. One did not have bones of contention with that locally celebrated character. If you started to air a grievance, he soothed and reassured you and made you feel like a captious child. If you protested hotly about something, he just laughed with indulgent good humor. If you persisted beyond a certain point, he began to laugh with genuine and immoderate mirth, as if you were putting on an irresistible show for his express diversion. And if you were little and feminine and adorable, as Aunt Sylvia was, and lapsed into tears, as she at very rare intervals did, then he would fondle you tenderly and boom his extravagant caresses, and the next time he entered the house he would bring something that had been your heart's desire of late, and you would hardly realize — then — that you had not swerved him by the width of a frog's eyelash from the straight, uncompromising line of his own way.

As Aunt Sylvia used often to ask with the despairing humor which became the posture of her own acceptance of life, — and a graceful enough posture it was in her, too, — what could you do with such a man?

She could not quarrel with him about the bed. It spoke for itself and required no defense from him, its supersatisfied creator. She could not prevail upon him to see that it was ridiculous. He saw that it was funny; he saw that everything was funny; but — his unparalleled bed ridiculous? What was

truly ridiculous was her perverse notion of finding something displeasing about it. He would brag with undiminished zest: 'Why, my blessed little goose, Windsor Castle itself has no such bed,' and she could only retort inadequately: 'Happy Windsor Castle!' And neither could she move him to pity about the bed. He knew what was good for her, and she did not — just yet. Pity her? He would as soon have pitied a trout for being transplanted from a black lowland bog to a mountain brook. 'But, my darling child,' he would declaim with his very nearest approach to ordinary human testiness, 'all I want is that you should give it a fair trial! That's all I shall ever ask: just give it a fair trial for a little while.' She was giving it that fair trial for a little while when she had five children growing up. As a great-grandmother she was still giving it a fair trial.

There was, she found, no way under heaven for her to convert the bed into an issue between them. It was an issue to herself alone; and she was too sensible a woman to spend a great fraction of her lifelong energy fighting herself about such an issue. Because Nahum was what he was, her helpless vindictiveness against the bed merely provided one of those inveterate sparring points which enliven some marriages, rather to the bafflement of the spectator, who is never able to be sure whether the blows are struck and parried for his entertainment or whether there is a certain amount of concealed animus behind them.

Aunt Sylvia's shrewdest blow was struck one night in the dark, after the endless hour which she invariably spent waiting with taut nerves for her husband to turn on his right side. To the day of his death he was convinced that he slept all night on his back, in the posture in which he first descended upon the feathers. Turning over in bed

was entirely outside his canon. He often caught Aunt Sylvia at it; himself, never. Just the same, the fact was that he always turned in his buoyant sea of down, though with the ponderous smoothness and stealth of the earth rotating on its axis as it swims in ether. On this night Aunt Sylvia succumbed to a long-standing wicked impulse to wake him up and make him catch himself in the very act. More for that reason than for any other she gave acid utterance to the whimsey which she had been rolling under her tongue for several minutes past:—

‘Nahum Barter, I do believe that when the time comes you will insist on having your wife dead and buried ahead of you, so that you need n’t be disturbed in your last sleep by anyone coming later on to lie down beside you.’

She did not succeed in making him catch himself on his side. By a mysterious twist which had become second nature to him he was already on his back before he had a glimmer of consciousness. But, for all that, she had reached something in him.

‘What’s this? What’s this you say? Last sleep? Whose last sleep?’ Then his wits were awake and piecing her words together. ‘Ho, ho, ho! That’s a good one! That’s immense, that is. Fix your wife all comfortable in her grave first, tuck her in good and tight, and then no one can come rousing you out of your first sound sleep in yours. A fine idea! Best thing you ever said, my child! Why could n’t I have thought of it myself?’

He laughed and laughed, until it probably occurred to him that he was upsetting the delicate *status quo* of the semifluid medium in which they floated; whereupon he chuckled himself off to sleep. But after that he never let her forget her inspired fancy, and the whole subject of the bed took on between them the form of a pretended competition in longevity. He affected to be so

confident of outliving her, of lasting long enough to put her that significant last time to bed, that she was inevitably goaded into reminding him sometimes of his age, or rather that she herself was by six years the younger.

Of course neither of them meant, really meant, a word of it. And yet, as years and decades slipped faster and faster away and the sum of Aunt Sylvia’s exasperation with the bed mounted to a formidable total, there came moments when she almost wished that she could mean it. Certainly she did not desire to abbreviate Nahum Barter’s life by a day or a minute. Stated in any such form, her impulse would have shriveled her with pure horror. What she really wished was that her own life might have a sort of little extra private postlude, quite outside the chronology of their common life: a halcyon closing passage, however brief, of nights in which she might go luxuriously late to bed alone on a very narrow cot equipped with a hard, thin, firmly springy mattress—a mattress such as Nahum would never have tolerated under his roof, even for the use of a servant. When she imagined the fulfillment of this innocent desire she did not include any emotion of loneliness, any sorrow for a lost companion of her best years. She merely placed herself in an elysian vacuum outside regret and even memory—an impossible nocturnal heaven of being herself, without daytime relations or obligations, past or present. It was as if her overmastering husband had never existed at all.

Uncle Nahum fell far short of making good his hilarious boast that he would outlive and bury her. Shortly before his eighty-sixth birthday, when she had just passed her own eightieth, he suffered a stroke and died on the third morning, without sufficiently regaining consciousness to realize that he was breathing his stertorous last in the bed

which had for so many years exacerbated his wife and gladdened himself.

But when his will was opened Aunt Sylvia discovered that he had made thoughtful provision against this very contingency. For his will specified that, in the event of his predeceasing his beloved wife Sylvia, he should be buried without ceremony or funeral service in a temporary grave; that at the time of her later death his body should be disinterred, pending a joint service for both; and that then they should be buried fittingly side by side in the Barter family plot — *and Sylvia first.*

Aunt Sylvia, when she learned of this companionable arrangement, experienced so many clashing emotions all at once — grief, horror, chagrin, amusement, outrage — that the net effect for the time being was a sort of equilibrium of forces: she remained outwardly stony and betrayed no feeling whatsoever. She did, though, in one odd cranny of her mind, wonder how Uncle Nahum had ever contrived to keep his little posthumous joke to himself all those years; for it was essentially a sort of thing which, the moment he thought of it, he had always bellowed and vociferated with shouts of Jovian laughter to all who got within his trajectory.

V

Observe, now, the effect exerted upon character by sixty-two years' propinquity and mutuality in the remarkable institution of holy wedlock: —

The younger heirs finally decided on an auction, and the elder son dropped in at our house to consult Aunt Sylvia about various articles — among them the celebrated birch bed, with its specially made oversize accessories. For a moment she hung fire. Then she swallowed, blinked, made a little peremptory gesture of renunciation and distaste, and said: 'Oh, put it in with the rest. Let it go. Chuck the old

thing. I don't want ever to see it again.' Then, early on the morning of the auction, she was seen to pace our side porch for the better part of an hour with a strained, far-away look in her eyes. At last she called my mother out and said: 'I'm sorry, Agnes, but this is necessary. You must go down to South Chiswick right away. You must go to that auction and bid in the bed for me — yes, the feather bed.' After a moment she smiled and murmured: 'It's no use; you can't get away from it.' By which 'it' my mother did not understand merely the bed.

That heroic piece, mattress and all, was duly installed in her room. She slept in it every night for the rest of her life, a lonely atom of diminishing flesh in an intractable universe of goose feathers. With no Uncle Nahum to perform his nightly office of chivalry and tyranny, she was obliged to get into it from a chair. One night when she was eighty-eight — during her sleep, we have always felt perfectly sure — she died in it.

From my mother I learned at that time one detail of Aunt Sylvia's marital life which had hitherto escaped me. It appears that Uncle Nahum, every night when he got himself settled to his satisfaction and the light put out, extended his bent left arm as if formally proffering his escort for an evening promenade. Aunt Sylvia tucked her right hand into the crook of his elbow and, linked to him in that submissive gesture of conjugal amity, waited for him to drift off to sleep.

On the morning when my mother found her already cold in the vast bed her left arm lay straight down at her side, but the right was extended, and the fingers had kept a gentle, relaxed curve — the curve of the trusty arm they knew. Her lips were very slightly parted in a confiding smile.

She looked more like a little girl than ever.

SOLVING THE 'RAILROAD PROBLEM'

BY RILEY E. ELGEN

I

THE problem in its simplest form is something like this: (a) Can the existing railroads be made to serve the national requirements of transportation better and still maintain their separate private identities, or will they have to be combined into either a few non-competitive regional systems or one national system under private ownership? (b) Will the Federal Government have to own all railroads eventually? (c) In event of this last taking place, will the government lease its railroad lines to private interests, or will it operate them itself?

There is no doubt that after all of the masterly discussions of the 'railroad problem' have been analyzed they may be classified into the three categories listed. The ultimate aim of any solution should be to foster and protect interstate commerce and to prevent and relieve obstructions and burdens thereon, in order to safeguard and maintain an adequate national system of transportation, as stated by Congress. When that is accomplished there should be prevalent in the rail transportation industry greater stability of employment, better security for capital, lower rates to the public, and no duplication of facilities, services, and effort. To these ends these remarks are directed.

One should approach the railroad problem with due deference. Its solution is regarded most seriously, and rightly so. In any consideration of rail

transportation, the magnitude of the property involved, representing some twenty-six billion dollars of invested capital, is sufficient to attract attention even in these days. The gross operating revenues of the railroads, in normal times about six and one-quarter billions of dollars, are not approached by any single industrial activity. The revenue of the Federal Government itself is less. A million breadwinners find employment, even now, in the conduct of rail transportation, while in 1927 and 1928 there were three quarters of a million more. In other words, one out of every twelve unemployed may be an ex-railroad employee. In normal times nearly three billions of dollars went to pay wages and salaries of men and women employed in railroad operation — a sum of money almost equivalent to that which Congress appropriated in 1933 to give employment to capital and labor for the purpose of restoring normal economic conditions.

The railroad industry is one of the large taxpayers. When business is good, its annual tax bill amounts to from three to four hundred million dollars. It is the largest customer of the coal, lumber, and steel industries, as well as many others. Some industries are wholly dependent upon railroad purchases, and a tremendous field of industrial activity is seriously affected when the buying power of railroads is impaired. In normal years they spend

from one and one-half to one and three-quarter billion dollars annually for materials used in operations, and six hundred millions additional for wages and materials used in construction.

Truly railroading is a colossal business. Congress has recognized that the best thought and effort should be directed to fostering and protecting such transportation. In the pioneer days of railroad construction (up to about 1900), nearly every municipality, county, and state in this country, either directly or indirectly, gave financial aid in one way or another. The aggregate land grants of the Federal Government exceeded the territory of many independent nations, and many states of the Union. In some instances financing was promoted by the public credit of the United States. From 1827 to the present time railroads have been regarded by the public as essential to the upbuilding of the nation.

II

The time when a railroad was owned by a single individual or corporation, in the same sense that a bank, a laundry, a barbershop, or other private business may be owned to-day, has long since passed. In a broad general use of the term 'ownership,' the public has been the real owner of the railroads for many years, although the responsibility for their administration and, in some respects, control rests ostensibly with private parties. Seventy-eight companies with securities totaling nearly three billions of dollars were in the hands of receivers or trustees at the end of 1934. Applications for reorganization under the bankruptcy law during 1935 added eight large systems with outstanding securities aggregating more than two billion, three hundred million dollars. The boards of directors of railroads that are not bankrupt, and thus directly controlled by the

courts, are more like administrators, executors, or trustees, holding such properties largely under conditions prescribed by public authority.

There is a wide gulf between the treatment accorded railroads and that accorded other public service corporations by regulatory bodies. It is conceded by both the private operators of railroads and those responsible for regulation that there can be no thought of a 'fair return on a fair value,' for them, such as the courts hold to be the right of other public service corporations. Railroad transportation service is a vastly different kind of public service from that of telephone, electric power, gas, and even urban transportation companies. The revenues of the latter utilities are derived predominantly from local sources. Such institutions and their regulation should be kept local in character, so that each community would bear only such burden (rates, tolls, and charges) as its requirements make necessary. Railroad transportation, on the other hand, has national characteristics because of the services performed. Wheat, which furnishes bread for the entire country, is grown largely on the Western plains. Fir lumber of the far West and yellow pine of the far South are the principal natural structural materials of the nation. Steel, the backbone of heavy construction, is produced largely in Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio, northern Illinois, Colorado, and Alabama. Soft coal, while somewhat more widely found, is not produced in many localities. Anthracite is almost entirely a product of Pennsylvania.

In order to make all national resources available at reasonable prices, railroad rates should be adjusted on bases different from those of other public service corporations.

Neither the Interstate Commerce Commission nor the private operators of railroads can establish a system of

rates which would yield net earnings sufficient to permit the payment of reasonable dividends on the securities of every railroad. There are many thousands of miles of necessary railroads which have earned no dividends for many years. In other words, the public derives the benefits of the service, but the owners (stockholders) receive no compensation (dividends) for the use of their property. These roads can do little more than pay running expenses and taxes. Only during periods of extreme national prosperity can they hope to do otherwise, and such periods are rare. On the other hand, some large railroad systems that are conservatively financed, economically managed, strategically situated, soundly constructed, and properly equipped and maintained, earn sufficient to pay dividends under all kinds of economic conditions. No system of railroad rates, uniform or otherwise, can be devised to provide a reasonable profit to every operating property.

The recapture provisions of the Act to Regulate Commerce (Section 15-a) were intended to correct these well-recognized facts by applying a socialistic principle to railroads. 'Share the Wealth' was the theory underlying the recapture provisions. Unfortunately, dominant personalities within the Interstate Commerce Commission during the period that those provisions existed held views contrary to the philosophy underlying the act. Some believe that a different, or more aggressive, policy of administering the recapture provisions would have justified the hopes of the proponents of the plan. Authorities competent to pass judgment believe that the greatest blow to the future of private ownership of railroads was struck when Section 15-a was repealed at the instance of certain railroads and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

To solve the 'railroad problem' now, one of three alternatives will have to

be resorted to: (a) consolidation of all railroads under a single private ownership and operation as a national system; (b) government ownership and private operation; (c) government ownership and operation. It is more than likely that the second or third will be the ultimate solution.

Many billions of dollars are represented by the par value of stocks and bonds of railroads which only under unusual conditions ever pay a dividend. From 1908 to 1928, only about 63 per cent, on the average, of the owners of outstanding capital stock received any dividends at all; the percentage varied from 57 per cent to 70. Naturally the owners of nonproductive securities form a tremendous spearhead favorable to government ownership, because the consummation of such an arrangement would afford an opportunity or possibility of transferring billions in par value of stocks and bonds to the Federal Government at prices not otherwise obtainable. If the government should ever purchase railroad properties by any plan (not including a resort to condemnation) except that of quiet acquisition of outstanding securities over a protracted period of time, tremendous pressure in favor of owners of securities of the least desirable properties would unquestionably occur.

In the face of almost certain government ownership, capital sits complacently twiddling its thumbs. Neither those who hold the mortgages (bondholders) nor those who own the capital stock (ostensible owners of the railroads) have any definite, tangible, workable plan to continue the railroads under private ownership and operation. It is apparent, and has been so since as early as 1885, that the poorly financed, ill-conceived, and badly managed railroads will eventually make private ownership and operation impossible unless they are absorbed by other lines. It is this sort of carrier which, in

part, constitutes the so-called 'railroad problem.'

Those who are charged with the duty of managing the railroads know full well the way to avoid government ownership, yet personal interests are stronger than community interest. There is unanimity of opinion among them as to what is essential to ensure the continuation of private ownership and operation, but individual greed and selfishness outweigh other considerations. There are few among them who do not recognize the imminence of public ownership; yet none appears of sufficient influence and leadership to keep private ownership from being wrecked by its own proponents. Leadership in the railroad industry is indeed at low ebb. Thus is created an ideal field for exponents of public ownership, though responsibilities requiring vast government expenditures for the relief of distress among the unemployed so far during this depression have made government ownership financially impracticable.

III

What has been said concerning the inability of private operators to co-operate in a plan of private operation is not in disparagement of those engaged in railroading as a class. It is but human that a large group of railroad presidents, who receive from twelve to a hundred or more thousands of dollars per year salary, with certain perquisites such as private cars, and who in their own domains often have as great dictatorial powers as Il Duce, would not make recommendations which would deprive them of these things. There are still more vice presidents who receive salaries ranging from ten to forty thousand dollars; they too enjoy privileges and power extraordinary. Quite naturally, they would not care to join the ranks of the unemployed. Besides these, there are possibly more

than a thousand general managers, general superintendents, and other generals, who, together with their satellites, desire to continue in their present lucrative positions, with the luxuries and power they enjoy.

Over and above all these individuals there are powerful interests which have their own particular fish to fry. These are banker influences which batten on the carcasses of many railroads, and which, as shown in cases of record before the Interstate Commerce Commission, profit from the financial misfortunes of necessary transportation agencies.

When government ownership comes, it will be because private owners are unwilling to submerge their personal ambitions for the good of either the nation or the industry. It will come when public opinion reaches the conclusion that there is no other way out.

While government ownership may be necessary eventually as a measure of protection to the public, this need not be a matter of concern. Probably it would be better if private ownership and operation could be continued. The conditions governing public ownership and operation would have to be known before anyone could express an intelligent opinion of its possible success or failure.

The intelligence of the present operating managements of the railroads is of as high degree as that obtaining in any other industry. This is reflected in the incomparable service which the railroads are rendering after five of the leanest years in their history, years which required that literally every cent spent in operation had to do the work of two. If those who determine financial policies for railroads were as conscientious and resourceful as the operators, the railroad problem might be solved.

The future of railroad transportation eventually may have to be determined

by the Interstate Commerce Commission. That body is and always has been composed of competent, faithful, efficient, and intelligent men who generally have avoided political angles and kept the public interest foremost. The acts of the Commission must, however, be confined to the delegation of power entrusted to it by Congress. It is possible that, with broad powers to solve the eternal railroad problem, with ample discretionary power, and with present limitations removed, these men could find a solution acceptable alike to the private owners and the public. However, only dictatorial powers administered by two-fisted men will avoid government ownership, if at all.

At this time the outstanding railroad securities have a market value of about eleven and one-half billion dollars, while the recorded cost of the property to which they are attached is about twenty-six billion dollars. If the Federal Government should buy the railroads through the acquisition of their outstanding stocks and bonds aggregating eighteen and one-half billion dollars par value and should issue eighteen and one-half billions of its 3 per cent bonds in payment therefor,¹ the maximum interest charges to be met at the end of the first year of operation would be five hundred and fifty-five million dollars. On the basis of the market value of the securities, — that is, eleven and one-half billion dollars, — the interest charges at the end of the first year of operation would be three hundred and forty-five million dollars, the probable minimum annual charge which would have to be met out of earnings. Somewhere between that figure and the maximum of five hundred and fifty-five millions would be the interest requirements of the Federal Government — say four hundred

and seventy-five millions. According to the Interstate Commerce Commission the average normal rate of interest on the funded debt of the railroads at the close of 1933 was 4.60 per cent and the interest charges paid amounted to six hundred and thirteen million dollars on funded and unfunded debt.

IV

Suppose the Federal Government would pursue such a policy as outlined — that is, actually purchase the railroads, lock, stock, and barrel, and then lease them to a private operating company for fifty years on a basis which would impose no additional tax burden on the people, and which would contemplate the amortization of the purchase price (bonds) during the period of the lease. The only unusual feature of such a plan would lie in the departure from the present practice of permitting common carriers to use the public highways and inland waterways free of charge. In other words, there is no plan to amortize the billions of dollars representing the investments by Federal, state, and county governments in hard-surfaced roads or inland waterways, daily used by common carriers in competition with rail transportation operating over private right of ways.

The ownership of the rail highways by the government would not be a departure from past policies of Federal, state, county, and municipal governments, as will be shown more fully later. The operation of such rail highways by the government would be a new adventure. That, however, is not suggested.

The Emergency Railroad Transportation Act of 1933 contained the following provision: —

Section 2. In order to foster and protect interstate commerce in relation to railroad transportation by preventing and relieving obstructions and burdens thereon resulting

¹ Quoting from a speech by R. V. Fletcher, General Counsel of the Association of American Railroads, September 28, 1935. — AUTHOR

from the present acute economic emergency, and in order to safeguard and maintain an adequate national system of transportation, there is hereby created the office of Federal Coördinator of Transportation. . . .

To 'safeguard and maintain an adequate national system of transportation' was regarded by Congress as necessary, and that commerce between the states should be fostered and protected was considered imperative. There can be little doubt that Congress thus reflected concisely and accurately the feelings of the nation. In the following discussion a plan to accomplish those aims is outlined.

According to figures in the 1934 edition of the *Yearbook of Railroad Information* published by the Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Railroads, the average annual net earnings, after operating expenses and taxes, of all the railroads were: —

For 5-year period ending 1933 . . . \$	645,000,000
For 5-year period ending 1929 . . .	1,165,000,000
For 13-year period ending 1933 . . .	871,000,000

The first five-year period includes at least three years of the lowest net earnings in railroad history (1931, 1932, and 1933). The second period probably represents the best five-year period ever experienced. It is not unreasonable to assume that the thirteen-year period ending with 1933 would represent a fair annual average of future railroad net earnings over a period of twenty-five years.

To each of the averages should be added one hundred and twenty-five million dollars paid annually for rent of cars and common facilities, such as union stations, yards, and so forth. That charge would not be present under a consolidation plan by private or government ownership. The expectancy is that over a period of years the railroads, under one management, could earn at least nine hundred and ninety-six million dollars net per year.

It is assumed that the four hundred and seventy-five million dollars heretofore referred to would be a minimum annual rental to be paid by the operators, and that all net above that sum would be divided between the operators and the government on a basis which would encourage the operators to exert their maximum efforts to increase efficiency and economy and to improve constantly the condition of the property and equipment, to the end that rates would come down, net earnings go up, and labor conditions improve. Such a profit-sharing plan might be based on the government taking 50 per cent of the first two hundred millions in excess of four hundred and seventy-five millions, 40 per cent of the next one hundred millions, 30 per cent of the next one hundred millions, and 25 per cent of all above four hundred million dollars.

That kind of plan would have left the private operators an average of forty-two and one-half millions net income during the three worst years in railroad history which the *Year Book* records, instead of more than a six-million-dollar average deficit (1931, 1932, and 1933). At the same time the interest charges on the government bonds would have been met, with forty-two and one-half millions to spare for debt amortization. On the basis of the best year on record (1929), the private operators would have received five hundred and ninety-nine millions, while the government would have got two hundred and ninety-three millions for the purpose of debt reduction, in addition to the minimum of four hundred and seventy-five million dollars which would have gone to pay interest in the first year.

Of course, government interest requirements would diminish annually by reason of the retirement of outstanding bonds. The rate of such diminution would increase rapidly dur-

ing periods of prosperity and would slow up with cessations of industrial activity. A rather careful study of this problem indicates that it is probable that the entire purchase price represented by bonds issued by the government would be redeemed in slightly more than forty years, and that, under conditions somewhat less favorable than those expected, fifty years would elapse before all debt would be extinguished. After forty or fifty years the rental in its entirety could be used to reduce the national debt at the rate of nearly a billion dollars annually. This is on the basis of an average (1921-1933) net of nine hundred and ninety-six millions annually. However, the history of railroad earnings indicates an upward trend.

V

So far nothing has been said about the source of funds needed for improvements and extensions and other capital purposes. Except for the one hundred and twenty-five millions now paid annually for use of such facilities as cars, union stations, yards, and so forth, savings from unified operations have not been included in the probable earnings so far estimated. Such savings have been estimated by various authorities from about two hundred million to as high as eight hundred million or more dollars. No one could accurately estimate or know what savings would result from unified operations until several years had elapsed. It is reasonably certain that they would run into several hundred millions annually.

Dividend payments averaged about four hundred and twenty-five million dollars annually during the six-year period ending with 1930. The capital stock outstanding aggregated on the average about seven billion dollars. For the fourteen-year period ending with 1933, the stockholders received

about three hundred and twenty-five million dollars annually. During the last three years dividends averaged less than one hundred millions and were paid largely from previous surplus accruals.

One billion dollars would be considerably in excess of the capital necessary to finance a company for the purpose of operating the railroads. One hundred million dollars available for dividends would give a return of 10 per cent on the capital employed, so that net earnings of seven hundred and fifty millions annually would ensure a ready market for all common stock in the project, in view of the fact that the thirteen-year average was nine hundred and ninety-six million dollars. All additions and betterments to the property paid for out of earnings would become the property of the United States Government. Any earnings above one hundred millions, after deducting the amount represented by the percentages which would belong to the Federal Government, would be divided, 75 per cent to be spent in improving the property and 25 per cent to be additional compensation to the operators as an encouragement to greater economy, efficiency, and the promotion of the very best interest of national transportation.

Added to all of the net figures given would be an unknown amount, running into many millions of dollars annually, derived from rent paid by private parties holding concessions, such as lunchrooms, barbershops, and so forth, in stations, and from other and varied sources. These sources of income, together with others which would not obtain in a government-owned property, aggregate about one hundred and thirty-five millions annually at present.

There need be no lessening of taxes collected by state, county, and municipal governments because the property is owned by the Federal Government. States have a right to tax railways and

utilities on the basis of gross earnings, and some states do. At present the railroads pay taxes equivalent to about 8 per cent of their gross revenues. Railroad taxes rose from about 4.4 per cent of gross revenues in 1920 to a high of 8.8 per cent in 1932.

For the twelve-year period ending with 1933 the carriers spent about six hundred million dollars annually for capital purposes. Economies equivalent to about five hundred million dollars would result from unified operation of all railroads. Furthermore, with all the railroads operated as one system, no capital expenditures would be required to meet competitive conditions. It is a known fact that railroads during the twelve-year period ending with 1933 spent money extravagantly to gain advantages over competitors. Rail of a section as heavy as that in use on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad was made the standard on railroads having not more than 10 per cent of the volume of tonnage passing over similar rail on the Pennsylvania. Tremendous sums are spent on unproductive passenger equipment largely for advertising purposes to meet competitive conditions.

If the government should follow such a plan as suggested and lease its transportation system on the best terms obtainable, there would be little doubt that the results would be far more favorable than there outlined. Any terms should, however, provide a liberal incentive to the operators and their employees to earn more than a fixed amount.

Lower freight and passenger rates and greater stability of employment would be possible from such an arrangement. The savings resulting from unified operations that would not be needed to meet capital expenditures, compensation to operators, and payment to the Federal Government for bond interest and amortization of debt

would be divided on equitable terms between the operators, the employees, and the public (through decreased freight and passenger rates). Additional opportunity in the way of beneficial results would be provided if a lower rate of interest on bonds issued by the government were practicable.

The payment of nearly three hundred million dollars annually for rent of leased roads and for rent of cars and common facilities would be eliminated by this plan. Existing assets other than fixed physical property and equipment would be transferred to the operating company as working capital, fuel, and materials and supplies. The value of these assets would be returned to the government upon the termination of the term of any lease.

VI

As a matter of fact, the combination of government ownership and private operation in the railroad world is not new. The Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway has operated its main line from Chattanooga, Tennessee, to Atlanta, Georgia, for about seventy years under such a plan. That line was built from 1845 to 1849 by the State of Georgia and is owned by it. The lease has been an important source of revenue for the state ever since the Civil War.

Similarly, the City of Cincinnati, Ohio, owns the principal trunk line from that city to Chattanooga, Tennessee. The property is leased to and operated by the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific, a double-track railroad. This company has for a half century paid Cincinnati about a million dollars annually for the use of its property.

The main line of the Southern Railway from Goldsboro to Charlotte, North Carolina, has been owned since 1855 by the State of North Carolina,

which receives a substantial annual income from the lease.

The City of Baltimore and the State of Maryland furnished the capital for the construction (1827) of the Baltimore and Ohio, the first American railroad, after private bankers and financiers refused to do so. That city and state were the principal stockholders (owners) of that company for nearly seventy years, during which they had twelve members on the board of directors.

The State of Virginia was at one time a dominant stockholder in all its privately owned railroads, and still is in some. The state aided the financing of all its early railroads by lending them credit.

The State of Massachusetts furnished the capital to build many of its lines of railroad, outstanding among which is the present main line of the New York Central from Albany to Boston, of which Massachusetts and the City of Albany were the principal owners for nearly half a century. Other New England states similarly acted as stockholders and bondholders, bankers, financiers, underwriters, and syndicate managers for most of the railroads in that section of the country. When private capital failed, public funds were used to build some of the existing transportation lines.

New York and Pennsylvania, similarly, had no qualms about participat-

ing in the ownership and, at times, operation of railroads. The Pennsylvania, the Erie, the New York Central, and many other railroads relied to some extent upon the credit of those two states, which issued bonds and otherwise extended credit. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (1827) began the construction of its first railroad after private interests failed to raise the money.

Similar treatment was accorded to railroads in all Southern states and many other states of the Union, in that public participation in the ownership and management of railroads was prevalent.

In conclusion, it is obvious that there is no tangible plan for removing the railroad problem from its age-old place in our economic life. There is little or no hope that jealousies prevalent in the industry will be submerged in either the public interest or the interest of private operation. The financial structures of too many roads are utterly at variance with sane financing based on earning power. Only one solution, other than the one described in this article, remains, and that is government ownership and operation. No one can intelligently appraise this alternative without a detailed knowledge of the legislation through which it would be accomplished. Neither can any man predict with assurance its ramifications.

CLEAR MELODY

TREES in this November night
Are leafed with light
From street lamps, or the moon.
And you shall soon
Walk from the city to the wood
Where stood your birthplace, centuries
And centuries ago.

All moonlight, now; no snow, no nerves;
No avenues, one path that curves.

How can November thus
Be summer? fact be fabulous?
Bare boughs in leaf, dead grass in bloom?
You read the words on your own tomb,
By moonlight read the words and laugh
To read your epitaph.

While soft as a feather, soft as snow,
Or snowy moonlight on moonlit eaves,
One cricket weaves the winds together.

Sleep, you are there,
Sleep, you are home.
The moonlight comb
Combs your hair.
And now you are home.
After centuries, now.
After centuries, home.

ROBERT HILLYER

YOU WHO FEAR CHANGE

YOU who fear change are like these sheep that turn
Back from cold mountain creeks, and drink
Only in small, familiar pools, or suck
Green milk of these marshy ponds that lie
Round and unmoving in a valley's palm.

O slow and complacent muzzles, does it mean
Nothing to you that dust and drouth
Shrivel the little pools, and dung
Stains the warm stagnant water where the steers
Follow your little pathways to this pond?

*Time fouls still water and slime lies
Mucous and soft above all ponds.
The lake by living springs unfed
Shrinks to a caking slough.*

Blind is that shepherd who would lead his sheep
Back to these steer-trampled waters!

JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

BURNED OVER

FIREs, lit much less by man than by his leave,
His finished cigarette, his wet cigar,
Have left one summer too much to retrieve,
Slow-growing hardwoods being as they are.

Too much to ask one season (one or five)
To set the ranks of green against the black.
The charcoal dead are stronger than the live;
And when the winter comes, they'll answer back.

You'll see them single file across the hill,
Their better branches gone, but holding straight;
So they can say man did n't burn their will —
And burning early, now they're lasting late.

A shallow growth strayed in to touch the base
Of trunk and root that were untouched before:
The berry bramble wove his spiny lace,
The forest went — and then the forest floor.

But resurrection is a long ways on,
As something slow to come in terms of trees.
The snow can tell us better what is gone,
And how our shade and shelter went with these.

DAVID MCCORD

THE GLORIOUS BONDAGE

BY FRANCE PASTORELLI

I

I WAS not born with a delicate constitution; on the contrary, up to the age of twenty I was remarkably strong. But then I began to find it impossible to run, or play tennis, or go quickly upstairs or up a hill without palpitation, and getting out of breath, and feeling as if there were some painful constriction across my chest, and I returned only gradually to my normal condition. Since the same symptoms appeared with an emotional disturbance, or with anxious waiting, I put them down to excessive sensitiveness, and did not worry about them. I placed them in the category of those painful occurrences without much importance or signification to which so many people have to get accustomed in their lives.

For several years, if I was the victim of other ills, they did not, as far as I can tell, make my heart worse. But from time to time, more often when I was playing the piano, I used suddenly to feel faint or giddy, and sometimes this feeling came upon me with more surprise and distress and strangeness than at others, like a sudden strong warning of unexpected danger. One might imagine that my frailty induced an enhanced perceptibility, much as a searchlight or a flash of lightning momentarily lights up a landscape.

These unpleasant feelings were of very short duration, but I remained anxious and upset for a long time, as if something had been forcibly printed on

me, which faded away but gradually. At other times these solemn warnings reached my consciousness only as an indistinct alarm bell, which a breeze wafts to us from afar, and which we scarcely recognize.

It was not till the second year after my marriage that I was knocked over as suddenly as by a thunderbolt by my first serious heart attack. It was in the street, while I was walking gayly, but perhaps rather too fast, with my husband. The doctor whom we consulted was a world-wide celebrity, and his diagnosis was practically a sentence of death, not long to be deferred.

Now do not let those whose life has been darkened by a similar grave verdict be too much alarmed by it. Do not let all hope of further existence be extinguished because they have found out, or have been allowed to see, that their case is considered hopeless. Medicine, even as practised by the best physicians, is very far from being an exact science, especially when it is a question of life or death. Except in the case of a few diseases, which when they have got to a certain stage always show the same irremissible and rapidly fatal end, a forecast of the duration of a man's life is as unreal, and almost as often as erroneous, as a weather forecast. Perhaps I shall die in my next attack, but in the meanwhile fifteen years have elapsed since the famous Professor X pronounced that I was the

victim of a certain form of heart disease which finishes its course in a few months, or, at its longest, in a year. A diagnosis, like a criticism, is often the opinion of one man, and no one is infallible, however great his knowledge, experience, and up-to-dateness.

My father, when he was twenty-eight years old, had also been similarly given up by four doctors, who were so certain of their fateful prognostication that they thought fit to tell my mother, although she was quite young, in mourning for a child four years old, and having to bring up another daughter of one and a half years and a son aged two months. Nevertheless, my father went on living, and the four doctors who had condemned him, fully convinced of his frailty and the short time he had to live, overconfident perhaps in their own strength and prospects of longevity, all died before him.

True, my father's life was a comparatively short one, since he was suddenly taken from us in his forty-second year, but, though short, it was a noble and fruitful one; and, young as I was, the sight of his suffering made me understand that physical does not necessarily go hand in hand with moral degeneration. I should not have been the true daughter of such a man if I had let myself go adrift because sickness held my body as in a vise.

II

Since that first attack my life has been nothing but a hard battle, varying in intensity, against bodily weakness. The graph which describes it shows a line terribly, though not uniformly, on the downgrade; there are relatively high points and alarmingly low ones, big oscillations between days of indescribable agony and others of misleading recovery. Two or three times the improvement has been so marked

and lasting that I was led to believe in the possibility of a cure. Bitter indeed were the subsequent relapses! Gradually I was condemned to immobility, like a tree rooted in the ground. The attacks followed more closely on each other. Each time the rebound was less, and my life became more and more like that of the unhappy epileptic who is hardly out of one fit before he falls into another. But heart attacks have these aggravating additions, that they are full of danger, that one does not get the relief of losing consciousness, and that one feels only too distinctly the icy breath of the menace to life. Nevertheless, there were still times when I counted recklessly on the nonmalignancy of the disease, the chances of recovery, the efficacy of medicine, and the capability of the doctors.

At different times I have passed through all the phases of the disease. First, that which seemed more than painful at the time, but now would be to me a state of inaccessible well-being, where one was still able to a certain extent to go about, and when the ominous fate carried within one's breast only made itself known by the too rapid onset of fatigue, general discomfort, and certain occurrences which, coming at a time of full and happy activity, reminded one with sinister voice of the ravages of the mysterious wound within. I had long periods of only partial confinement to bed, when I tried to persuade myself that if I could only give up thinking about my complaint it would fade away and perhaps disappear, and when I made every effort, as one would in the case of a worrying gadfly, to repel this vague and troublesome awareness of some disorganization of the body, which insisted on creeping into all my thoughts, and which, like a thorn in the flesh, did not let me forget my trouble.

I have also known long periods of being altogether in bed, when I could

only occasionally sit up, and suffocating periods of absolute recumbency when the faintest movement was neither allowed nor possible. I have known the most complete, most humiliating physical dependence. I have known, too, all the limitations and powerlessness which sickness is capable of imposing, and which, as I said before, entering into everything, are all the time preventing life from being normal; I have known, too, those heights of suffering, and those depths of physical weakness, when every effort is sterile and empty, and one is just a light which is painfully burning itself out.

This inability to break through the bondage of sickness seemed to me a monstrous thing, as unthinkable as being forced to let myself be burned alive in a house on fire. I fought desperately, as one who will not let what he most values, what he believes to be the one essential to life, be snatched from him. I struggled like a madman, for I wished above all things to live a full and fruitful life; and how could I do that, I said to myself, without being cured first?

I might well struggle and fight for life; it was all in vain, and I had to accept the evidence which proved that my malady would last as long as myself. In face of this cruel persistence, and the failure of all the remedies that were tried, and the giving up of the battle on the part of the doctors, devoted as they were, I at last understood what every fibre of my being rebelled against — namely, that the malady which had seized me would not loose its hold, any more than a vulture would relinquish the prey gripped in beak and claw.

I cannot see any possibility of escaping the ever-present menace of heart attacks, which sometimes occur close together, at others are further apart, and which come on with the suddenness of a fire-damp explosion — without any

possibility of foreseeing them or guarding against them. It is established without doubt that it is beyond human power to relieve me of this daily and nightly terror, which makes me feel as if I were walking over ground laid with mines which might explode at any one of my steps.

Is there really nothing which can prevent me feeling my heart — that vital machine whose slightest deviation from the normal is enough to upset the entire body — suddenly give out, get painfully irregular, throwing me into an unimaginable state of crazy fear, while at the same time the lungs seem to be turned into cotton wool which lets no air pass, and in a few moments a glacial cold, such as I have never experienced at any other time, penetrates the whole of my being and turns it into a block of ice? Shall I, then, always be liable to those states of collapse when, in indescribable agony, gasping, and feeling death imminent, I find myself as incapable of resistance or defense as a plant whose stalk is suddenly cut?

Such crises bring one to that terrible region in life, or rather to that proximity to death, where isolation is more complete than one had previously had any conception of, for one is suddenly taken far away from all human help, where the most complete knowledge, the most ardent love, and the most firmly established friendship are of no avail.

When we are in good health we nearly all have a strange belief in the power and endurance of our bodies. We trust to the stability and the freedom from danger secured by this companion of ours, though we know all the time how fragile it can be, and how open to every menace even under a shield of robustness, and always liable — in spite of itself — to every kind of failing and treachery. Nothing disturbs this confidence for long at a time; neither

the earth mixed with the dust of many bones, which covers more dead than it carries living, nor the wide breaches which the departure of our dear ones has hollowed out in our lives, nor the knowledge that, to bring everything to an end before we have achieved or learned anything in the way of living, all that is required is a few seconds of drowning, a few inhalations of a noxious gas, the blow of a stone on the temple, a little too much loss of blood, or something which crushes the body in the way our fingers crush or our foot stamps on an insect.

But *knowing* is not in this case the same as *feeling*. From the day when we first experience the grip of death on our chest this confidence is so completely uprooted that living rather than dying seems impossible.

III

What is being ill? Besides the suffering, the weakness, and general discomfort to be undergone, it is to be condemned to live against the grain, and in a way contrary to all one's natural inclinations and tastes; it is to be forced to abandon everything one is fond of, and to long madly for what one will never have again. It is to hurl oneself desperately against obstacles unconquerable as the forces of nature; it is to find one's greatest joys poisoned, and the relations with those one loves best out of joint, or at least altered; it is to be continually hampered by impediments, big and small, not only to one's own comfort and selfish ambition, but also to one's highest ideals; it is to be subjected to the nameless horror of being shut up, and to the still greater one of being dependent on others; it is the likelihood of being a burden instead of a support, a shadow instead of a light.

For me especially, it was not being able to advance one step in the spacious

and brilliant career which was opening out to my view; it was being no longer able to 'serve' either my beloved music or those whom I loved better than myself, and had the happiness of knowing that I could render services to.

Of all the sacrifices I have had to make, giving up music has been the most heart-rending. It is not only being deprived of the purest and keenest of my pleasures; it is like being torn from my native soil, where all my roots have found their sustenance; it is being compelled to live out of the element in which I have been immersed since birth, in which it is natural for me to move and expand; it is being robbed of my deepest, most powerful, most necessary means of expression. Suppose I did get better, could I still convey through my hands that power of revealing the interior life of souls in some such way as the mysteries and wonders of those subterranean grottoes which the earth hides in her breast can be revealed by lighting them up? Should I experience again that glorious liberation of the soul, that radiant interior transfiguration of the being who, his instrument in his hands, is immediately freed from the restraining dullness of the spoken word, and who feels his spirit winged for the free sending forth of an expressive and subtle force? What can be compared to that joyous soaring, those strong calm flights across that marvelous world of sound whose sovereignty begins where that of the word ends?

Since I have become more and more bound down by the chains of my disease, and the many obstacles in my path have gone on growing and extending, and I have no longer been able to give myself up to the work I loved, I made a resolution, as all other ways were barred, to write down something of what still went on living in me.

Having to use words instead of sounds is like being forced to take to

heavy walking after having known the intoxication of flying, and in the eyes of the musician, accustomed to the delicate purity of music, words seem tainted with something coarse, almost indecent.

Why one writes, in spite of personal deficiencies of which one is only too conscious, and of hindrances which one sees only too clearly, is stated very clearly by Rainer Maria Rilke in *Letters to a Young Poet*:—

You ask me if your verses are good, and you have asked other people before me. You send your poems to reviews. You compare them with others, and get worried if publishers refuse your attempts. Well, then, since you ask my advice, it is to give up all that sort of thing. You go outside for assistance, and that is just what you should not do. No one can really advise you or help you. The only way is to have recourse to yourself. Ask yourself why you write, try to find out whether the roots of it are planted in your heart of hearts; would you dare to say that you would die if you could not write? Before all, *must* I write? Dig deep and find your answer in the depths. And if it is in the affirmative, if in answer to this most serious question you can say simply and firmly, 'I must,' then arrange your life accordingly.

Get near to nature, and try to tell as if you were the first man to be born what you see, live, love, and lose.

Avoid general principles and take refuge in those which your own daily life suggests; describe your sorrows and desires, your passing thoughts, and your faith in some form of beauty; describe it all with absolute sincerity, calmly and modestly, and make use, as a help to expression, of the things around you, your dream pictures, and things you remember. If your life seems too meagre to use in this way, do not blame the life but yourself, in that you are not poet enough to evoke its riches; because for him who creates something there is no poverty, no miserable environment possible. And even if you had to live in a prison whose walls shut off all sound of the outside world, would there not still be your childhood, that exquisite and royal treasury of memories?

And if out of this withdrawal into yourself, and descent into your own world, poetry is born, you will not think of asking anyone if your verses are good, because you will see in them your own cherished possession, a portion of your own life, and your own voice speaking. A work of art has no value unless it is born of necessity. The judgment you can pass upon it is born with it; there is no other. . . .

I do not wish my soul to vegetate like my body; if my bodily life is obliged to be restricted and to go slowly, at least it must not be the same with my spiritual life.

Neither do I intend that out of any trial, whatever it may be, — and I know by cruel experience what I am calling a trial, — my soul shall emerge impoverished, wilted, or deadened. It must, on the contrary, be vitalized, broadened, purified — less unworthy of Thee, my God.

But it must be remembered that one does not arrive in one day at the conception of what a mutilated life can achieve in the way of real living. There must be a long and hard apprenticeship for it.

IV

It is not enough to make a resolution not to stagnate! The ideal must be put into action. When the simple attractiveness of this aim is revealed to us, its first effect is to lift us up; we feel ready for any sacrifice, and, full of courage, we imagine that such a noble impulse will carry us straight up into the highest realms of patience, heroism, and saintliness! But we quickly fall down again into the gray web of everyday life, and find that, even with all our forces drawn up in battle array, we are terribly weak in face of the continual drain on our energies, and the unceasing effort called for in the struggle of a life hampered at every turn and in every way.

We walk with our eyes on the heav-

ens, and at every step get irritated by stumbling against stones or splashing into muddy puddles. We fail in our resolutions twenty times a day, we find ourselves as far from realizing our moral ideal as an artist his ideal of true art. We end by learning that a great ideal is often attained by means of a multitude of humble little deeds, in the same way that the greatest thoughts have to be expressed by inadequate words, and the most intricate harmonies are made with seven notes, which in themselves have neither meaning nor beauty. At any rate, it is beyond belief how much the making the effort to overcome all the piled-up little trials of every hour can contribute to the mastery of self.

Working one day at a fine piece of knitting, I was able to draw from it a valuable moral lesson. The intricate pattern of interlacing threads had to be worked from the back, so that in plying the needles one saw only the reverse of the stitches, the 'ugly side,' as children call it. But when the work was turned over the right way a network of charming designs was evident — one of those beautiful creations which make us imagine that the women who produce them by finding a thousand different ways of crisscrossing the threads must be full of intelligence, of the spirit of invention, of acuteness, of imagination, of gracefulness, and of accuracy. And the thought came to me that we may often have to weave our life from the back. But what does that matter, if, on the front, — that is to say, in the spiritual aspect of life, — God can discern the beauty of the work?

No one was more surprised than I myself at what I was able to get out of my life after several months and after several years of invalidism. Certainly nothing wonderful in itself, but at any rate far more than what beforehand I should have thought possible under

such conditions. I trained myself to work at times when previously I thought that absolute passivity was necessary, and to endure what, at the beginning, seemed unendurable.

I was too well acquainted with those hours when one's illness completely bowls one over to have any illusions about being able to swim against all currents, conquer all pain, or work under all conditions. I know only too well that we cannot do away with the boundaries which limit us. But it is something if we succeed in pushing them back ever so little.

It is very necessary for me to read over and over again the advice which I have been giving myself.

I must be strictly just when considering my own lot in life, and give full weight to the fact that in spite of my many deprivations there are glorious hours in it and splendid new country to be explored. To keep myself up to the mark I have given myself the task of making a 'Christian' self-examination every evening, which I have long since seen to be far better than mere introspection, though objective; and at the end I draw up the moral balance sheet for the day. On one side is put everything that I might grumble about, on the other what I should give thanks for. And, whatever has passed during the day, there is scarcely ever an evening that I do not have to thank God for something, be it on earth or in the realms of the spirit.

My God, what have I to render Thee thanks for?

For the loved ones Thou hast given me.

For my mind remaining clear in spite of my illness, and for my being able to coöperate with and follow its guidance.

For my matchless, faithful friends.

For those souls that like to come to me because they feel that I can do them some good.

For being one of those who have the gift of understanding sound, and who naturally dwell in the realms of thought.

For being sensitive to all forms of beauty.

For the fact that my disease does not make me an object of disgust or a danger to other people.

And for many other things.

But, above all, for the revelation of the deep and glorious meaning of suffering, and for all the radiant light Thou hast Thyself poured into the depths of my understanding.

V

Most convalescents, on recovering from a severe illness, confess to a feeling of being born again into a new life. They feel all the more alive from having been so near to death, and their renewed strength is more intensely rejoiced in because of the previous weakness. The danger which hung so visibly over them has withdrawn into the shadows without likelihood of a return in the near future. They experience a peculiar sense of relief and security.

But unfortunately one feels nothing like that after a heart attack. There are threatening murmurs still going on. The more frequent the attacks, the greater is the probability of their recurrence, and each one sends us down several more steps of the ladder of our illness. These continual relapses make me feel as if my head were pushed with redoubled force under the water as soon as it appears on the surface.

My God, how many times one has to begin all over again. . . . I entreat Thee, do not leave me.

VI

My illness, in everything which it has brought to an end, has attacked my

most sensitive and vulnerable points. It has robbed me of what I clung to with every fibre of my being, of what I am sure God did not ask me to give up.

If one means by resignation that one is not to regret that one's highest ideal has been broken in pieces, that one must no longer wish for one's buried treasures, nor vibrate in tune with all that sets one quivering, then I have never been resigned, even for a single hour. On the contrary, my desires and my ambitions, and even the very special hold the consciousness of my talents had on me, talents in the sense of the Gospel use of the word, which I could have made to bear fruit in health — all these continued to increase as my hopes diminished.

Have I found that joy in pain which some people speak of? No. Perhaps it is beyond me. I have only attained to the wish, humble yet strong, not to fall short of what my destiny demands, and not to lose what God has revealed to me of the usefulness of suffering.

My God! There are certain circumstances in which it is not easy to trace Thy hand. I fail to understand why Thou hast chained me a few feet away from my piano. Make me to understand Thy purpose, when Thou givest special gifts to a being, by the help of which he is able to approach Thee, and afterwards Thou makest it impossible for him to show them to others and let others benefit by them. Thou knowest, O Lord, that I tried to serve and glorify Thee with my music.

It is true that by electrophone and wireless the greatest of musical compositions executed by picked performers can be radiated into my room at any hour that I please. But Thou knowest, O Omnipotent Creator, that our poor human lives are transformed by what we create ourselves, however poor our powers may be.

Praise be to Thee for all that I listen

to, but have pity on me, O God, because I am condemned to be dumb where music is concerned.

I feel that my fingers are terribly rusty; perhaps I shall never be able to draw sound from a piano again, and yet—I seem to feel that the fire within me which burns so ardently and responsively, and those powers of expression which can interpret the art for which one is specially gifted, are amplified, enriched, and purified.

Paradoxical as it may be, I feel as if I had made progress during the last few months. Though in a sense I was indifferent, yet I wished to know. . . . I had my bed placed in front of the piano, and lying on my left side, even in this impossible position, and with pedals quite out of reach, I managed to play some of the tunes which I have loved all my life.

I saw what I wished to see; I knew what I wished to know: I have made, in music, the progress I thought I had.

One year's work, and everything would come back, and it would be less imperfect than before.

Lord, I am beginning to understand what Thy Voice has often conveyed to me without words: that Thou hast given these powers of expression in art to but a few, but in each one of us Thou has put the germ of something greater than art, and it is this something which every human being must discover and express for himself.

'My grace is also a free gift,' I hear Thee say, 'as unmerited as the artist's gift, and I leave every man free to let it lie fallow or to take every means to make it fruitful.'

My God, would that each morning, when I wake, I could forge the weapons requisite to follow Thee without failing through the day until the night falls and sleep supervenes.

May I not serve Thee less devotedly in my chains than I should have served Thee in my freedom.

(To be concluded)

FAILURE IN SCHOOL

BY JOHNSON O'CONNOR

I

A DISCREPANCY always exists between actual accomplishment and inherent ability; few persons ever reach the goal within their power. In school and college the hiatus is least for average boys and girls. They encounter fewer obstacles in classroom assignments; they complete more satisfactorily every course which they undertake; for each class sets its own pace, one suited to its average member. It is the exception whose grades fall short of what a knowledge of his capabilities leads one to anticipate, for, whether sluggish or brilliant, he who departs from normal finds the rate too fast or too slow.

One expects the dull boy to lag, and until recently it has been assumed that slowness in school evinced lack of intelligence. But during the last two decades a technique has been developed by means of which it is possible to measure capacity independent of its manifestation in the classroom. The original aim was to isolate the characteristics requisite to achievement in each occupation and profession and so guide boys and girls; successful surgeons, for instance, differ radically in their inherent characteristics from successful salesmen, and this difference can now be measured. Then the technique was turned to the study of retarded pupils with the aim of determining that characteristic which was wanting and examining it scientifically.

Poor students are of two types. Some

lack ability, as might be expected; others possess too much. This article deals with the latter group. From the standpoint of the school they are indistinguishable from the dull, for both fail. Only painstaking measurements sort the one kind from the other.

Even parents do not always recognize ability in their own children. The Human Engineering Laboratory at Stevens Institute of Technology and in Boston purposes to diagnose educational and vocational problems and so to assist in solving them intelligently. To this Laboratory a white-haired grandmother brought not long ago a nineteen-year-old grandson. His parents, both brilliantly successful, had given him up as hopeless. He had failed and been asked to leave a well-known preparatory school. The Laboratory staff were all but told that he was a hopeless moron. Only the grandmother had courage enough to hope that some hidden ability might be discovered. When measured, the boy excelled in every characteristic. The larger the number of aptitudes inherent in an individual, the greater should be his chance of success. But one as abnormally gifted as this boy, one who scores high over too wide a range, instead of ranking at the top in scholarship as he should, frequently falls to the foot of his class and often leaves school or college under the duress of some deficiency.

The failure of the highly endowed boy and girl, although incipient in high school and preparatory school, appears most strikingly in college. Some time ago the Laboratory measured one hundred members of a college freshman class. In a study of the results it arranged the individuals horizontally across the bottom of a chart in the order of the number of mental elements or aptitudes which a careful test, made at the beginning of the year, showed each to possess. It then plotted vertically for each his subsequent success in freshman year as shown by his average grade. Although the points obtained scattered widely, a curve drawn to represent their general tendency rose steadily with ability, as one might expect, until it reached the multi-gifted members of the class, where it turned sharply down. Such boys promise unwonted possibilities, but differ sufficiently from average to be likely to experience hardships.

The boy with a plethora of aptitudes is restless. He dabbles in many fields; he meanders, hoping to discover something absorbing, abetted by finding everything so easy that an obstacle causes merely a change in direction. Even when he graduates from college his first position seldom demands the full gamut of his endowments and he continues to stray aimlessly in search of an ideal niche.

A university student, measured eight years ago during his senior year in college, scored brilliantly in every trait which could be measured and I remember feeling that his future was assured, for this testing antedated our understanding of his handicaps. A few months ago he came to take a second group of tests and to discuss a problem which confronted him. At graduation he had entered engineering, as planned, and had persisted for two years before restlessness overwhelmed him. He imagined he wanted experi-

ence in the financial world; he wished to see something of the handling of money, and procured a job in an investment brokerage house. Once settled in the new environment he was not satisfied; curbing his uneasiness with difficulty for a while, he finally grasped an opportunity in commission sales, in door-to-door peddling. This gave him freedom, direct returns, and constant contact with people; and he kept at it for three years. But when he came to the Laboratory the second time he had begun to realize that such selling presented only a mediocre prospect, and he wished to discuss the advisability of going on the stage. In these years he had advanced little beyond the day he graduated. The parrying of restlessness by indiscriminate shifting does not obviate the dissatisfaction provoked by an overabundance of aptitudes.

II

The multi-aptitude student disparages didactic advice. He knows his ability, feels his own superiority to most of those counseling him. He needs not advice, but data on which to base his own conclusions. In order to provide this information the Laboratory put a hundred college freshmen through the tests at the beginning of their course, before the first marking period, and indicated to each abnormally gifted student his place on the general curve, thus showing him impersonally his statistical chance of flunking out. That year the chart for academic standing plotted against capacity displayed no break at the top. The gifted group, warned in advance of their danger, led the class. A presentation of the facts, impersonally, scientifically, is the first helpful step toward a realization of inherent possibilities.

The second step is the conscious utilization of each aptitude which can be measured; and then, as life pro-

gresses, the integration of the aptitudes into a complete pattern. Ninety-two chemical elements are recognized by the analytical chemist. Only eight mental elements, facets of the human mind, can be measured by the Human Engineering Laboratory with sufficient accuracy to identify them in the boy or girl of school age. Two more such mental elements certainly exist; and six or seven additional ones are already anticipated. The total may exceed a hundred, for the mind probably surpasses the material world in complexity, but the conscious use of even eight is a step in the right direction.

Engineering aptitude, which seems to be an inherent gift for visualizing three-dimensional structures, is measured by the time consumed in solving four simple but carefully designed mechanical puzzles presented under controlled conditions. These puzzles are solved more rapidly by surgeons than by physicians; the work of the surgeon demands that he visualize structures with speed and absolute surety. They are solved by architects, who must picture a building solidly in three dimensions before it is built. They are solved more rapidly by sculptors than by painters, for sculptors work with solid forms. They are solved by engineers, but rarely by bankers, accountants, and men in the advertising and merchandising fields. Surgeons, architects, sculptors, and engineers, although different in many ways, have one common factor: all deal with solid forms.

With boys engineering aptitude develops much as does physical height. With girls it is almost nonexistent, for only three in one hundred possess it to any great extent. It is dynamic and demands employment. Men who measure high in the trait and who are in work which does not utilize it seem restless and less successful than the Laboratory would expect them to be in the light of their other qualities.

The pupil with engineering aptitude has one of the characteristics of the successful architect, the successful engineer, and the successful surgeon, but may, because of this, find difficulty with school work. Not until he reaches the last year of high school does he ordinarily have an opportunity to use the gift. Until then he tries to visualize Latin and French in three dimensions, as he will later picture constructions in solid geometry and problems in physics. He seeks the whys and wherefores of language, but rebels at learning vocabulary and grammar rules by rote. Vaguely aware of a strength not recognized, he feels dissatisfied and experiences the same sensations as the mature engineer who is drawn by circumstances into a non-engineering occupation.

The remedy must give the boy a feeling of success in school; inspire him with confidence in his own capacity to do school work; and assure his teachers that he has ability, for too often the boy who measures extremely high in engineering aptitude is thought of as slow-witted, partly because of his language difficulties, partly because he insists on thinking through each problem in his own manner. Tinkering with an automobile, building a radio, and doing manual training utilize the ability, but are too far removed from the academic to be satisfactory remedies.

Some five or six years ago a boy who had failed repeatedly in Latin, French, and English was accepted by a preparatory school headmaster who has a gift for handling this engineering type. The boy had planned to adopt a profession which requires advanced education, but had been told that because of his failure to pass the language requirements he should abandon all thought of college. Although only a sophomore in high school, the boy already gave indication of being a failure.

The headmaster planned the boy's

first year in the new school with care: senior physics with advanced laboratory work, although the boy lacked some of the mathematics which is ordinarily thought necessary for such a course; chemistry, more difficult than physics for the engineer, but a science; and geometry — three subjects in which the engineering type can excel. As a fourth course, the boy took English, but was told that he would be judged by his sciences. At the end of the year he took college board examinations in his three engineering subjects and averaged high.

The result was unbelievable. The boy acquired a confidence in himself which he had never before had. But, still more important, the faculty of the school had confidence in him. No teacher is ordinarily interested in struggling with a boy who fails repeatedly in language examinations. But a boy who makes ninety in his sciences is a challenge. The faculty feels that it ought to be able to teach languages to such a boy.

At the end of his year this boy was told that he had succeeded, that there was no question about his success. So far as marks went, he could get them whenever he wished by avoiding languages. But the languages were important and he ought to get them. Two years later the boy not only entered college but took honors in English his freshman year.

Not every boy is fortunate enough to be with a headmaster who can solve a problem with so specialized a programme. But there are partially effective steps within reach of most high-school pupils: to take laboratory physics as soon as possible instead of postponing it for senior year; to take geometry before algebra; and to include the subjects required for entrance into most engineering colleges, solid geometry and trigonometry, physics and chemistry.

Tonal memory, as measured by one of Dr. Carl E. Seashore's musical tests, is another aptitude, a gift for carrying musical themes in mind. It is possessed by those who play by ear, and approximates what is ordinarily thought of as musical ability. It is essential to a musical conductor and probably also to one who plays with an orchestra. Not every boy should be driven to practise the piano or the violin. For one who scores low in tonal memory, hours of drill may not only waste valuable time, but may be extremely discouraging. But for one who scores high, no matter what occupation or profession he enters, music gives a sense of accomplishment, another means of self-expression, and the satisfaction of using one more aptitude.

Creative imagination is a third aptitude which if not used leads one astray. Actual accomplishments, which require work, materialize so slowly that one with an excessive creative imagination finds it easier to imagine a thing done than to do it. The solution is not to stifle imagination, as is the temptation, but to use it constructively. It plays a part in writing, in advertising, in creative work in music and art, and in original work in science and engineering.

A fourth aptitude, *accounting aptitude*, is requisite to school success. It is fundamental to accuracy in arithmetic, and plays a part in the solving of all mathematical problems; it is relied upon in the copying of themes and in the construction of neat papers in every subject. Unlike other aptitudes, its employment need not be consciously sought, for it is essential almost from the first day of school.

III

Only half the time does a multiplicity of gifts include accounting aptitude; and the boy who possesses a wide range but lacks this has not only the

school difficulties attendant upon restlessness, but the additional handicap of being without the one characteristic upon which schools call more than upon any other. The boy whose instinctive tendencies make him a poor clerk finds speed and accuracy hard to attain, for the discrepancy between his swift thinking, engendered by other aptitudes, and his tardy recording leads him into ever-recurrent lapses. In copying a theme his thoughts fly ahead of his place on the paper. He races on in his imagination, oblivious of having written only a single line. In solving an algebraic problem he sees the answer before reaching it and fails to record the intervening steps; or, conscious of this tendency, he wonders continually if he has slipped and reviews his work. Even though he finds no mistake he often errs in starting again where he stopped.

Accounting aptitude, which grows irrespective of environment as do other aptitudes, reaches maturity with boys at the age of 18 or 19, and with girls three years earlier, at 15 or 16. Even at maturity boys average lower than girls in this respect, although the difference is not great; but prior to this, between the ages of 12 and 18, the sexes differ strikingly.

Boys, as a group, never equal the level which girls reach as early as 15, and, in addition, boys of this age are still three years short of their own maximum. Between the ages of 12 and 18, boys are ordinarily outstripped by their feminine classmates, who, because of higher accounting aptitude, do their homework more easily and quickly and arrange it more neatly. In this period the boy who is naturally low in this characteristic, who will be low even when adult, is at a disadvantage if compared with girls. If in a coeducational school, he often becomes unreasonably discouraged. Sometimes he gives up all thought of continuing and,

disdaining physical labor, turns to a minor clerical job with a forlorn expectation of advancement. Sometimes he plods on with a sense of inferiority which he may never overcome, for low accounting aptitude often causes a boy to be considered mentally slow. Actually it means little more than a slowness in routine clerical work. Outside the clerical field its lack is unimportant; but this is difficult to explain to the discouraged boy of this age.

There are many reasons both for and against coeducation. Each parent must make the final decision. But, so far as this one characteristic is concerned, the multi-aptitude boy, with low accounting aptitude, belongs in a boys' school. In these ages a classroom comparison with girls exaggerates too dishearteningly this weak spot.

When accounting aptitude is sufficiently low to cause serious school difficulties, four remedial steps may be taken. They are briefly: correction of eyesight, separation of thinking from its recording, greater speed, and intelligent selection of courses.

Psychological tests have not yet reached the stage at which they invariably measure the desired characteristic, but, except for entirely uncorrected eye difficulties, the test for accounting aptitude ordinarily discloses an aptitude in the true sense of the word. The records of the Laboratory show that several times in the last few years the school marks of a low-accounting-aptitude boy improved strikingly after an eye examination and correction by proper glasses. Occasionally a reëxamination and a change of glasses achieved a similar result.

The second remedial step for the boy whose clerical aptitude is low in comparison with his other characteristics is the separation of his thinking from its recording. He should deliberately lay his pencil aside, think through to the end of the theme or the algebra prob-

lem, determine upon the procedure without the burden of paper or pencil. Then he should perform the clerical manipulation rapidly and with unquestioning confidence.

The third remedial step comprises the deliberate acceleration of clerical operations. 'Slow but sure' sounds true. The phrase carries conviction by alliteration. Unfortunately, however, its truth evaporates under scientific scrutiny.

Just how rapidly can work be done accurately? The time expended in comparing two parallel columns of numbers has been recorded for many individuals and the errors made by each counted. The shorter the time, the fewer the errors. The fastest individuals prove the surest. Exceptions turn up; an occasional person rushes through oblivious of mistakes, and another plods cautiously without them. But, *en masse*, quick workers are accurate, sluggish ones inaccurate. Lapses inevitably inspire the caution, 'Slow down; be more careful'; and yet, if the laws which have been found in the Laboratory hold in the classroom, such directions mislead and hinder. The corrective is not time, not even care, but speed. A boy must drive his pencil to keep pace with his mind; not, as so often happens, slow down his thinking to his pencil rate.

The last step is an intelligent avoidance of certain school courses. Although all school work demands accounting aptitude, some phases employ it more than others. Success in typing, stenography, bookkeeping, and accounting rests primarily upon it, and courses in these subjects should ordinarily be avoided by one whose weakest spot is clerical accuracy. Although they are often ideal for one who excels in accounting aptitude, for one deficient in this characteristic they are discouraging; they do not alter his inherent ability, and ordinarily do not develop

facility rapidly enough to warrant the time which they consume.

IV

Thus one might review in turn the eight aptitudes which can be measured, showing some of the uses to which each may be put. Then one should discuss each combination. Creative imagination and engineering aptitude are the characteristics of the inventor; and the schoolboy who scores high in these two should be given an opportunity to use his inventive ability perhaps in the solution of original problems in solid geometry and physics, perhaps in constructing new laboratory apparatus, perhaps in rediscovering for himself some of the scientific discoveries of the past. Creative imagination and inductive reasoning are the characteristics of the writer, and the boy or girl who scores high in these should be encouraged to write not only for his or her classes but for the school paper. Tonal memory is a characteristic of the musician, but low accounting aptitude may make it difficult to learn to read music. One who scores high in tonal memory but low in accounting aptitude should sing or choose an instrument with only a single clef.

Eight independent aptitudes combine in several hundred different ways. Each of these combinations probably fits an individual ideally for some particular type of work. About a hundred combinations have been studied sufficiently to give an idea of their significance, and research is under way on others. Ultimately each combination will be understood and it will be possible to guide everyone toward a field which will use each aptitude but overtax none. In the meantime, the too widely gifted pupil must be recognized early in his school career and a higher standard set for him, one more apt to require all of his gifts, for lack of early

incentive to work is one of the difficulties. During grammar school years a pupil progresses necessarily on the strength of inherent ability. Without factual background, he places himself by quickness of wit and by the ease with which he grasps new concepts. As a result, the multi-sided youngster hears only praise during his formative years. Without exertion on his part he obtains good grades and rewards of merit. As the years pass, the lower-ability classmates fall back or shift to special schools, and drop out altogether in high school. Before the first semester of college the student body, originally a heterogeneous assortment, has become selected. No longer do any few rise markedly above the group. In consequence, the basis of faculty judgment shifts from ability to attainment. A boy receives little credit for his innate gifts, but survives solely because of the completed work which he turns in. One whose limitations made it difficult for him to enter college continues under the new conditions. One at the top in aptitudes, with no previous challenge to develop sound habits of work, almost certainly fails when weighed by the altered criteria.

Although the Laboratory aims to seek the natural propensities of an individual, it has found a simple measure of pure knowledge, an English vocabulary test, convenient in showing the contrast between inborn qualities, won without labor, and grasp of facts achieved by study. A youngster, just twelve, recently excelled in all aptitudes, a brilliant boy. As he tried the aptitude-measuring devices and found himself transcending others of his age, he accepted his position at the top without comment. Not until he reached the English vocabulary did he fall to the bottom, possibly already too far below in accumulated knowledge to overtake the average person. In school he had always done reasonably

well, ingratiating himself by intrinsic worth. Only the sharp isolation of his factual acquirements from his inherent ability demonstrated the scantiness of his achievements.

The answer is more work rather than less. Such a boy must be challenged, not usually by skipping a grade, not by pushing him into advanced work so rapidly that he misses fundamental principles, but by giving him more difficult illustrative problems, problems which show the simple principle but which tax his ingenuity to solve them. The many-aptitude boy too often sees at a glance the answer to the ordinary classroom problem and never learns to use fundamental laws as tools. As a result, when later in life he encounters problems which cannot be solved at sight he has no technique for attacking them and gives up without effort. In the last years of high school and in college, a teacher needs courage to heap sufficient work on a boy already failing to compass his success. But success ensues often enough to warrant the procedure if the diagnosis is more than a chimerical impression of brilliance. In one case, a daring headmaster outlined a programme whereby a boy who had already been dismissed from two preparatory schools could complete in a year nearly two years' work, enough to enable him to enter college, and could carry at the same time heavy responsibilities in extracurricular activities, an impossible task for a normal person. Yet this boy finished the year triumphantly.

The piling on of additional assignments is not always a panacea for low school marks. A prudent selection of courses obviates some, alleviation of clerical chores obviates others; the stiffening of standards meets only the one impediment, a multiplicity of aptitudes. The efficacy of so drastic a therapeutic measure hangs on the accuracy of the diagnosis. Under such carefully con-

trolled conditions as obtain in the Laboratory, scientific instruments disclose the presence or absence of these isolated aptitudes as early as at ten years of age. At this stage a few schools now assign more difficult problems to the exceptional boy and so instill normal work habits early in life before their lack conduces to serious misadventure.

V

The reader, with a son in distress, unfairly criticizes some teacher or perhaps the entire educational system, not realizing that, while a school may cater each year to one or two extreme cases, the process cannot be carried far without handicapping the larger, normal group. The exceptional boy must train himself to hold his own standards sufficiently high. He may abate his instability by creating a use for every aptitude. He may aim to head his class; but it is irksome to plod through a mass of work which for him is uninspiring. A more effective solution involves an altered attitude, a new philosophy. He should, early in his school career, discover and prepare himself to solve some difficult problem, perhaps some tangled social question, perhaps some knotty scientific difficulty, perhaps some abstruse mental puzzle.

During the decade from 1920 to 1930 most college seniors expected to step, upon graduation, into some ready-made position. As a result, they learned in too many instances to regard education as preparation for a job. Because so few of these exist to-day, many of the younger generation face what seems to them a hopeless outlook. They fail to realize that, while there are no jobs, they have but to open any newspaper to see problems displayed in profusion. Serious nervous and mental breakdowns are still numerous, despite the mass of research under way in psychiatry; automobile accidents increase in

the face of improvements in mechanical devices; the problem of crime and its prevention is still unsolved; an ideal form of government as yet eludes mankind.

A spectacular bridge completed, a great dam finished, a new vehicular tunnel opened, may for a moment give the impression that any goal can be achieved. But there are more unsolved and as yet unsolvable problems to-day than perhaps ever before. Highly gifted boys and girls fail for lack of setting themselves sufficiently difficult tasks early in life before the necessities of job hunting and holding engross the attention. Since both school work and the first minor task at which one must start are unsatisfactory incentives, the highly gifted youth should tackle a social, scientific, or educational problem serious enough to tax every ability which he can marshal to its better understanding.

This research into the measurement of aptitudes was undertaken with the purpose of discovering the characteristics of successful men and women. But even to-day the Laboratory cannot define success. It can tell a boy or a girl his or her relative chances of earning a living in a number of different types of work. It can tell the chances of sticking to each type of work for a period of five years. It cannot tell the chances of finding real happiness in the work, which after all is true success.

Yet, whenever the Human Engineering Laboratory has an opportunity to measure an adult who seems in some intangible way truly successful, who seems to have found real happiness in work, it is always someone who has discovered a use for every aptitude which he possesses, who makes use of his entire range of abilities, who lives life to the full; and the Laboratory has taken a first step, a scientific step, toward helping each boy and girl toward this particular type of happiness.

WHALE!

BY ELIZABETH C. FORREST

I

ABRUPTLY we were wide-awake. Running feet were thudding down the hallway. That was no casual visitor — something terrible must have happened! Visions of gunshot wounds, of fatal hemorrhages, flashed through my mind. But Earle had another explanation. 'Whale!' he cried, sitting straight up in bed.

Three whaling crews were camped out on the ice twelve miles from shore at the edge of open water; at any moment one of them might kill a whale.

The door was flung open and Robert, our interpreter, eyes fairly dancing, burst into our bedroom. His round brown face was beaded with perspiration, his hair clung wetly to his forehead, and his breath came raggedly.

'James boat kill whale,' he panted. 'Just now I come from camp. All the people going on the ice. I go the quickly. You like come?'

Would we come! Before he had left the room we were out of bed and dragging on fur garments with awkward fingers. We snatched sweet chocolate, dried fruit, and hardtack and ran out of the building. Every igloo had disgorged its occupants. Already team after team was pulling out of the village, dashing to the tundra's edge, and dropping over out of sight. Amazed, I saw sleds slide past bearing shriveled old men and women who had huddled bedridden all winter in their igloos.

Robert dashed up with James's nine

sturdy dogs. Rhoda was already on the sled. We flung ourselves at it as it slipped past and were off down through the igloos and caches of the village, hurtling down the sheer pitch to the beach, and off along the discolored thread that wound into the crushed and high-piled ice of the arctic pack.

Earle and Robert took turns at running alongside, one hand on the sled rail, urging the dogs to greater speed. We jolted over shattered fragments of ice where trail work had been done, slipped between sheer glittering walls, grazed azure boulders. On a wide snow-covered flat we pulled steadily up on the team ahead while our dogs gave excited tongue. When we were alongside, there was a brief tangle, snarl, and snap, and we dodged into the trail ahead of them. Another team and then another we passed in the same fashion.

'It pays to feed dogs well. Eh, Robert?'

Robert grinned at Earle's praise of his father's well-fed team. We pushed on until we headed the line. On the summit of a pressure ridge where meeting ice fields had buckled and upheaved twenty feet in air, I looked back. Along the tundra's edge clustered the village. In between, the trail was animate with moving teams, dark, many-footed reptiles, one behind the other, winding across the whiteness.

Two hours of travel. The dogs were panting in their heavy winter coats.

But the dark water cloud drew steadily nearer. Suddenly Robert cried out, and pointed. From a boat's mast planted in a heap of high-piled ice a flag was fluttering, broad stripes of black and red calico, James Angashuk's boat flag. The dogs, scenting fresh blood, uttered harsh cries and broke into a frenzied lope. On one runner we flew about sharp angles, miraculously right side up, and there before us was the scene of the kill: two tents, dull gray against the whiteness; a strip of open water, black between the floes; and, in the water at the floe's edge, a dark bulk floating. Sealskin lines through the broad flukes of the tail held it securely to the ice; bloated sealskins, air-filled, kept it afloat. Beside it men in oomiaks were busily at work hacking off great chunks of meat and skin and blubber, passing them up to others on the ice. A crimson smear across the snow marked the path from whale to dumping ground.

Swiftly the other teams arrived. The frantic dogs were securely fastened among heaps of broken ice, where they shrieked and lunged until quieted by chunks of whale. All set to work helping to cut and carry great masses of raw flesh and heap it on the ice. James produced a strong hemp line and block and tackle, purchased from some whaling captain. It was fastened about the tail, and the entire population in Wainwright, man, woman, and child, Earle and I among them, leaned and chanted and strained. Slowly the vast bulk rose from the water, moved slowly out upon the floe. A great shout went up.

'Adreegah! Ko-yeh-nah!'

There was no time, however, for idle rejoicing. Every moment was valuable. A gentle west wind was blowing, holding the ice inshore, but at any instant it might veer to the east, break off the field that held the monster's carcass, and carry it away to sea. Bitter experiences in the past had taught the

natives this. The time for feasting and rejoicing was after the harvest had been safely garnered, stored in the cellars of the village. Time enough, then, for the whaling festival — the Nelakatuk.

II

Everybody set to work swiftly. The women drew their parkas high through tightened belts, blousing them out in incongruous pouches that left exposed long-legged trousers of fur fitting closely to legs like broomsticks, then pushed back their sleeves and waded in, fairly wallowing in the quivering mountain of flesh. I stared amazed. Doing the tasks at which we set them about the village, carrying in coal and ice, washing clothes and dishes, scrubbing floors, they moved with almost unbelievable slowness; but here they were brisk and efficient.

According to time-honored custom, the very old people of the village were given first chance. Shriveled old Shuguk with the red watery eyes, whom I had never seen do anything more strenuous than crouch above a seal-oil lamp tending the moss wick, moved spryly about, slashing with a long butcher knife. Behind each of the withered ancients a chain of daughters and sons, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, seized each piece hacked off and dragged it away to a private heap. At last the old ones drew off and sat huddled up in the warm sunshine on bits of skin spread on the snow. I too sat watching. Reek of warm blood filled my nostrils. The pure white snow was now a shambles. Steam of body warmth still rose from the great carcass, and over it, like bees over a comb, swarmed men, women, and children.

From time to time one of them paused to cut off a bit of pale gray tongue, a piece of gum or tail or thick black hide, and, head cocked on one

side, slowly chew it, savoring its distinctive flavor. Again and again I saw a workman pause for breath, straighten bent back, and draw a cautious tongue along his dripping scarlet blade, leaving it clean.

All about me on the ice tiny Primus stoves were burning with kettles bubbling on their clear blue flames. Every little while a woman stopped to pour the contents of a kettle out into a pan upon the snow. A swarm surrounded it, spearing for choice bits. Loud smackings of satisfaction resounded, and presently the pan was empty.

At the edge of the ice a watcher sat alert. Spring whaling time is only six weeks long, and, even though the village is absorbed in the cutting-in of one whale, the hope of getting another is not forgotten.

James did not work. He was the headman, the *oomalef*, of the killing crew. He it was who was giving all this bounty to the village — everything save the baleen, the black fringed slabs of valuable whalebone eight feet long that filled the mouth. He sat on a thronelike pinnacle of ice, beaming upon the busy scene. Presently he descended, approached a simmering kettle, and with his sheath knife speared a portion from the mess. Carrying it before him, he came grinning to where I sat on a walrus hide in the tent door.

'*Muk-tuk adreegah!*' he said. 'White man all time eat whale skin.'

Poised on the point of his knife was a slab of thick black skin. At the Barrow trading post we had sampled it, pickled in vinegar, bay leaves, and spices. It had not seemed unpleasant to me then, somewhat resembling the white of hard-boiled egg in flavor. But I had seen what went into that bubbling kettle: indiscriminate chunks from any portion of the whale, sections of gut, contents and all, among them. Its odor contaminated the air. Inwardly I shuddered; outwardly I said, 'No,

thank you, James. I can't eat a bite. No hungry now.'

He persisted, eager black eyes hopeful. 'Very fine eating. White man all time eat. You try.'

But I continued to shake my head stoutly. His face clouded and I added quickly, 'You give me piece to take home. I cook igloo myself.'

The disappointment faded in a satisfied smile, and he shuffled happily back to his seat and fell to eating the rejected portion.

III

Hour after hour I lay in the bright sunshine inside the open door of the tent, screened from the chill breath of the ice fields. When I grew hungry I nibbled at chocolate and hardtack, and drank from clear pools of sweet cold water cradled on top of azure boulders of old ice.

Suddenly a bated cry went up, '*Ah-kah-look-whale!*'

Swiftly, and silently, the oomiak that lay ready at the edge of the ice was slipped into the water. Nine men took their places in the boat. The paddles dipped soundlessly.

In the bow old Tamaichuk, veteran of many spring whalings, stood upright, shoulder gun in position to shoot the deadly dart, which, opening inside the victim, cuts and holds. Behind him, Walter held the bomb gun, with its powerful explosive that would tear and mangle. As I watched them, breathless, came visions of former days — these same Eskimos with nothing but crude stone-headed spears, attacking these same monsters of the deep. It seemed incredible. Yet blue lines of tattooing from mouth corners spreading fanwise on the cheek attested the repeated successes of many men in our village — a blue line for each killing.

I stood at the edge of the ice, kodak ready, my eyes on the finder, waiting for the monster to rise to the surface.

'*Adrah!*' A muted exclamation from the watchers.

Under the very bow of the oomiak a great dark thing upheaved, water streaming off its slippery curve. For a tense second it was visible while held paddles checked the forward motion of the boat and every man in it stood frozen. Then it was gone — and a babble of excited cries went up.

'*Ah-la-kah!* Too bad! What a pity!'

Why had n't the gun men struck? Fear or wisdom? Opinions were divided. So close, the whale would surely have shattered the frail boat with his first stricken thrashing.

Once more the oomiak was drawn out upon the ice in readiness and all resumed their tasks to the accompaniment now of much excited chatter, reliving that tense moment, questioning, praising, condemning.

At last the cutting-in was finished. Only a heap of raw red ribs, a huge skeleton, lay where the whale had lain. James rose and spoke, pointing to the numerous heaps of meat and entrails, skin and bones, portioning them among the families. Now the dogs were led close, sleds loaded to capacity, and the procession set out for the village. All except the very old and crippled walked. Here and there a man with but three or four scrawny dogs tied a rope about his own waist and leaned against the load beside the straining dogs.

The way back to the shore was long. Behind the thick black glasses that protected them from the glare of sun on snow, our eyes burned from lack of sleep. Now and then on a down grade I perched briefly on the side rail of a sled piled high with raw, red meat and relaxed aching muscles.

At six o'clock in the morning, twenty hours after we had left home, we stepped once more out of the glaring sun into the cool twilight of our snow hallway. For us there would be sleep now without interruption. But for our

people there would be many sleepless hours, back and forth from open water to shore until every vestige of the huge sea mammal had been transported from the floe to the caches and cellars of the village — food and fuel for many weeks to come.

IV

By the middle of June the floes were so widely separated that the pursuit of whales was no longer safe. Boats and gear were moved in from the ice to be stored until another spring. The whaling season was over. Now was the time to celebrate the Whale Dance — the Nelakatuk.

At six o'clock one morning we had just finished a dinner of delicious fried ptarmigan, and were preparing to retire, when we noticed unusual activities taking place on the high ground between the schoolhouse and the edge of the bank. We had not slept in twenty hours, but, if the Nelakatuk was about to begin, this was no time for going to bed. We had fallen into the Eskimo habit of irregular hours, staying up until we grew sleepy and then sleeping the clock around.

We pulled on our parkas and walked out to watch the preparations for the dance. The three whaling boats, Kotook's, Adam's, and James Angashuk's, had been dragged up on to the bank and tipped on edge to form a three-sided shelter. Beneath them, walrus hides were laid upon the ground for seats. Bright-colored calico flags fluttered from the lifted masts of the three boats. A great circle of walrus hide with loops of rope woven into the edges was stretched taut as a drum and held, breast-high, by four driftwood tripods at the corners.

By ten o'clock a crowd had gathered. Grace Azuvik was first to volunteer for the dancing. Eager hands lifted her to the walrus-skin platform. All crowded close about its edges,

grasping the loops. With great shouting they snapped the hide, flinging her ten feet into the air. She landed lightly on her feet and rebounded like a released spring. High above the heads of the crowd, she jackknifed, touching her extended toes with her fingertips. She came down sitting and sprang again into the air, with dancing gestures, landing skillfully on her feet.

An unexpected jerk of the hide would fling her, from time to time, head foremost toward the edge of the skin. We all shrieked in alarm, expecting her to catapult headfirst on to the ground, but each time some man quickly intervened his body. Grace was stockily built, and the impact of her weight knocked her rescuer breathless. Kotzebue Dick was oftenest the victim. As she grabbed him violently about the neck to check her fall, his face, startled and lugubrious, sent the crowd into shouts of laughter.

One after another, women and girls took their places on the hide — each with an individual style of dancing. Selameoo's wife crossed her legs, scissor-fashion, many times in the air; others clapped hands and feet together. The younger girls were generally poor performers. Eunice of Icy Cape sat down with a heavy thud each time she was tossed.

Few of the men attempted the Whale Dance. Those who did were awkward and brought taunts of ridicule from the women. Kotook alone was skillful; he put on a clever caricature of a woman dancing, taking absurd positions as he bounced high in the air, knocking his heels together and whooping, to the delight of his audience.

Earle's six-feet-four loomed head and shoulders above the others in the circle. Carried away by the hilarity of the crowd, he snapped the hide taut with all his strength. The nervous tension was exhausting. Each time a girl was flung toward the edge of the

skin platform we cried out, anticipating a broken neck or shoulder. Our own necks ached from the strain of bending back to watch the performers; our voices were hoarse from shouting.

Against the white of the snow-covered tundra new snow shirts were vivid — bright pink and lavender, scarlet, yellow, and sky blue. Under the translucent oomiaks the old people sat watching, toothless gums showing in delighted grins. The drummers had gathered and sat in a row, their skin-covered instruments held ready, awaiting their turn to take part.

At intervals the dancers stopped to feast. The women set huge steaming kettles on the ground, and all gathered round them. Stews of *oogrook*, walrus, and polar bear quickly disappeared; duck soup, ladled into granite cups, was gulped noisily. Whale, however, formed the *pièce de résistance*. It appeared in various forms. Sled loads of tail and flippers were brought from ice cellars and eaten, frozen raw; pans of *muktuk*, the highly prized black whale skin, came smoking from igloos and were received with shouts of delight.

The greatest delicacy was in the sealskin pokes. Long-seasoned and ripened, choice bits of meat, pickled in blood and oil, were now unsealed. Kotook hauled one of the pokes to the centre of the crowd, laid it on a skin, and slit it from end to end. How the fumes rolled out! Earle and I retired to a discreet distance while they pounced upon it.

When the feast was over, the drums struck up a monotonous beat and the mechanical posturing of the regular Eskimo dance began. For hours we had been watching. Our faces and eyes burned from the glare of sun on snow and lack of sleep. We had n't been to bed in twenty-four hours. Leaving the festivities at their height, we slipped away to the schoolhouse and fell asleep to the thudding of the drums.

IN PASSING

BY JOHN CHEEVER

I

I WAS living then with Anna and Nicholas Shusser in a house out beyond the race tracks. Nicholas was the manager of a five-and-ten-cent store in the town and I worked for him. I ate all of my meals at the Shussers' and usually spent my evenings with them, sitting in the plot of grass out behind the house, drinking beer. We never did much else. Neither they nor I had the money to go anywhere. But it was nice sitting out in the back yard when we were tired from the store. It was quiet, because most of the houses in the neighborhood were closed. The racing season had n't begun then.

Anna was beautiful. Nicholas talked all the time. He usually talked about the *lycée* he had attended in Geneva and about their annual *grande course* in the mountains. Then sometimes, after they had gone to bed, I would walk down the road by the race tracks. Preparations were already being made for the season. They were painting and gilding the iron fence that enclosed the tracks and trimming the shrubbery. Some of the horses had arrived, and when you passed down the road you could smell their bodies and the liniments and the manure. A police dog guarded the stables, and whenever I passed down the road he would begin to bark. That end of the town was still empty. The mansions were boarded up. I never met anyone on that road and I never heard anything but the sound of

my own heels and the barking of the dog.

Both Anna and Nicholas came from abroad. Anna came from Moscow and Nicholas from Palestine, but his family had moved to Geneva when he was young so that he could get an education at Swiss schools. Although they had been in America for nine years, they still spoke with a strong accent and always talked about Europe. Anna talked about the elevator in her home in Moscow and about the kind of cakes they had for tea. Nicholas talked about the *grande course* or about the way they trapped flies under a glass bell in Palestine. They both loved cities and crowds and they hated that town. But they hated it less than they would hate any other American town, for in some way it resembled the world they were most familiar with: a world of impermanence, travel, train compartments, damp *pensions*, boats. New York stood second to Europe in their minds. They always wanted to go to New York. Anna kept the radio on a New York station all day, and sometimes when we were sitting in the garden drinking beer she would turn her head when she heard the cars passing on the New York highway.

'Those are cars, are n't they, Nick?' she'd say. 'Those are cars, are n't they? That noise I hear.'

Nicholas would laugh and speak to me. 'See Anna, poor Anna. She wants

to get out, to get away. Yes, Anna, those are cars going down the New York road.'

'How far is New York, Nick?'

'Four hundred miles. Maybe at Christmas you can go down this year.'

Anna's mother and sister were in Palestine, and her brother, Lazar, conducted an orchestra in Paris. He was famous and wealthy. They corresponded with one another and she lived for his letters. It seemed strange to her that she should be imprisoned in that little upstate town, with its race track and curative waters and vast, windy hotels, and that she should sit in the back yard and read letters from her brother speaking in terms of thousands of francs earned and spent and thousands of people and crowded, lighted houses.

Nicholas's family were all in America. His brother was a successful chain-store manager in Cleveland and his mother and his sister lived in New York. His sister taught mediæval history in a college in the city. He liked his sister; he liked her better than his brother; but he always spoke of her with reserve. Their worlds were different. She was a scholar. She was ugly and absent-minded; he told stories about her absent-mindedness. But in the end he would say that he loved her, but she was a scholar and scholars were beyond his understanding.

They had almost no friends in the town. They did n't like the people. Most of the population were dependent upon the racing season, and that fast month of easy money had spoiled them. They had none of the ambition or experience of Anna and Nicholas. They had never been to another town and they never wanted to go to another town, and the faint rush of cars on the highway meant nothing to them. They were malicious and selfish. Nicholas had a few business friends, and sometimes friends of theirs from the city

would come up for the races or the cure. Then there were indirect friendships formed through their family. Friends of Nicholas's brother or sister or mother would pass through the town and stop to see them. During the summer months fifty per cent of the population of the town was transient. It was the scene of continual arrivals and departures. And so there were always people passing through to see Nicholas and Anna. Girsdansky was one of these.

Neither of them had ever met Girsdansky before. They had n't even heard the name. I was there when he called up on the phone that night and introduced himself as a friend of Nicholas's sister. Nicholas invited him up to the house. But all that evening before Girsdansky came Nicholas kept trying to remember if at some time he had not heard the name before. All he could think of was a Hebrew scholar with a similar name. He finally decided that Girsdansky would be the scholar. 'I'll be glad,' he said, 'I can talk in Hebrew. It is a better language than Yiddish. Yiddish is nothing. I hope he can stay a long time.'

II

Girsdansky came up to the house that night about an hour after he had phoned. We were sitting in the back yard and Nicholas had put a lot of beer on the ice. He was excited. They were both excited, but Anna was quiet. They were excited at meeting a stranger from the city. Finally Girsdansky came. The first thing I heard was his heels on the sidewalk. His step was young and quick. Then I heard his voice in the hallway, while Nicholas greeted him. It was not the voice of a Hebrew scholar. It was the voice of a young man. It was precise and composed and a little flat, like the voice projected by a phonograph. Then he

came down into the yard and we all shook hands and Nicholas brought out the beer.

The light in the yard was weak and only a little light came from the kitchen and at first I could hardly see him. At first I thought he was an adolescent. It was his figure and his complexion that gave the impression of an adolescent. His figure was slight and callow, not at all effeminate, but it had none of the development that the figure of a man of his age usually has. It was not gross or thin or crooked or strong. It was the straight callow figure of a boy. And his features had the same unusual youth and simplicity. He was a blond, Polish type. His complexion was as clear and highly colored as a girls. His hair was brown and wavy and parted in the middle. He wore a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles that flashed in the light from the kitchen when he turned his head. When I first saw him I thought he was seventeen, eighteen years old. He looked like the picture of Sir Galahad that used to hang in the Public Library of the town I come from.

But after we had talked for a little while I knew he was older than that. He was at least in his early thirties. He did not talk like a boy, although his voice had the same clarity and callowness of his figure and his features. He talked like a man. The impression of youth that he gave was largely because he showed no trace of confusion or habit or vice, and because age seems to be indicated by confusion and habit and vice.

We drank a lot of beer and talked, and Nicholas got some crackers and we ate crackers. Girsdansky told Nicholas the news of his sister and his mother and they found they had some common friends in the city and they talked about these. Nicholas told a story about Geneva and the *grande course*. Anna asked Girsdansky if he had ever

been to Moscow. Girsdansky said that he was a Communist; he mentioned it casually. He said that he had been sent up there to do some organizing of the Negro workers. He said that he was working for the L——, giving the name of a large organization that was sympathetic to the Communist Party. He said that he would be in town for a week and he invited us to two meetings where he was going to speak. Then, at about eleven o'clock, he left. He was a little uncertain about finding his way back into town and I wanted to take a walk anyhow, so I offered to walk into town with him.

We walked down the main avenue that led into the town. We talked about Anna and Nicholas and the town. 'I've only been here for a couple of days,' Girsdansky said, 'but the little that I've seen of the town seems to incorporate and intensify all of the corruption and unpleasantness of the capitalist world. These *lumpen* towns are heartbreaking. They will be the last places where the truth is realized. Everywhere you go you see people led on by the delusion of easy money. But even these towns have n't long to go. If you are poor, you eventually have to admit that you are poor. I've talked with a few people and they say that during the last five years the betting goes down and down. There is less business. They tell me that a couple of the gambling houses have closed. Not because of the Federal Government,' he said, 'but because they can't afford to keep them open. Poverty is a greater force than the Federal Government. Are you a Communist?' he asked.

'No,' I said.

'Look at those houses,' he said. He pointed to the mansions that lined each side of the street. They were dark and boarded up. 'To think of building places like that! It makes me sick. And you find them outside of every small town.' He yawned. 'I'm tired,'

he said. 'I'm on the go all the time, day and night. I'm with my wife about two months of every year and my son does n't recognize me. When I leave here I'll have to go down to Pittsburgh and then Philadelphia and then Boston and the mill towns around there. It's a hard job,' he said, 'but it's worth it.'

'How long have you been organizing?' I asked.

'Eight years,' he said, 'ever since I left college. I studied philosophy,' he said. He laughed. 'But when I got out I changed my field pretty quick. I've been going up and down the country now for eight years. It's hard work. But there is no work with a greater compensation. I can see how, after eight years, things have changed, and how much nearer we are to a revolution. At first I thought it was something I should never see — or even my son. But now I feel sure I'll see it. And before I'm much older. I hate this world,' he said, 'and these houses and these streets.'

We went down by the dark race track. We could hear our own heels on the road and our own voices. The police dog began to bark. He continued to bark long after we had passed the track and we could hear him barking in the distance. We walked down into the village, down to the small hotel where he was staying. He explained that the people who owned the hotel had been trying to form a Communist local for some time and that he had been sent up at their request. He said that he was speaking at a Negro church in the South End on the next night. I told him that I'd see him at the meeting. We said good-night and I walked back to Shussers' alone.

III

Nicholas was too tired that night to go down to the meeting and Anna stayed home with him. Both Nicholas

and Anna liked Girsdansky; but in some way he had disappointed them. 'He does n't smoke,' Nicholas said. 'He hardly touched his beer. Maybe he did n't like our beer.' They had felt somehow that through his clear, temperate, sensible character he was different from them, for Nicholas was confused, intemperate, and extravagant. He loved to spend money, and, although they had almost no money, he wasted what they had with great pleasure. He loved extravagance. He used to bring Anna cut flowers when cut flowers were expensive. He felt that extravagance was a full expression of his character. And it seemed impossible to him that Girsdansky could imagine, in anything but hate and impatience, his love of Anna and money and drink and the world. Girsdansky's slight figure and his young, clear face and his dry voice seemed to show no room for an understanding of those things. In front of Girsdansky, Nicholas felt like a sinner. And so he said he was tired that night and Anna stayed home with him and I went down to the meeting alone.

The meeting was in a little, musty church in the South End. When I came in, the church was nearly full. The audience was half Jewish and half Negro. The Negroes were from the South; they came North every year to work in the stables and at the big hotels. Girsdansky was standing on the platform talking with the preacher. The preacher introduced him. Then Girsdansky began to talk about the Herndon case.

He was careful — very careful. None of the Negroes in the audience had been exposed to Communist propaganda before. They were even suspicious of the term 'Communist.' But they listened to him while he told the story of Angelo Herndon, a young man sentenced for the expression of his opinion, by an ancient, lame law, to certain

death on a chain gang. He spoke for about an hour. He was a good speaker; his voice and his presence were attractive and he could lift his voice until it filled the little church. He still looked young and he gave the impression that he would never grow old, since he would never grow old through habit or love or vice. There was a lot of applause at the end of the speech. The Negroes were glad to hear the discrimination they were bitterly familiar with described in terms that implied some rebellion. It was a strange, new world. Then refreshments were served in a vestibule off the church. I stayed to speak with Girsdansky for a minute and then I left.

The night of his second speech was on a Saturday, and Nicholas and I were working late in the store, so neither of us could go. But on Sunday afternoon I met him on Main Street. That was the day before the racing season began and the small street was crowded with traffic and the sidewalk was crowded. I saw him ahead of me long before he saw me. He looked unlike anyone else on the street. He was carrying some books under his arm. He looked as though he did n't see the street or the musty hotels that were being opened then or the touts standing in front of the drugstore. I said hello and we shook hands and I asked him if he wanted a drink. He said that he had n't eaten his lunch yet, but if I wanted to have a drink while he ate his lunch it would be fine. So we went into a lunch cart near there and he ordered lunch and I ordered a beer.

He looked tired, very tired. He said that he had been working day and night and that he was translating some of the Marx and Engels correspondence in his spare time. 'I just got a letter from France to-day,' he said. 'My only regrets in this work are that I can't be all over the world at the same time. There's rioting in Havre, Cher-

bourg, Bordeaux, Calais. That's good news. It brings everything nearer. But the news from Paris is n't so good. That's the Fascist headquarters; I don't have to tell you that, of course. And De la Rocque, financed by the Cotys and the De Wendels, is forming an armed militia of forty thousand men. It's discouraging. Armed men will have to be combated with armed men; and forty thousand is a formidable number to fight against—particularly when our armed militia amounts to exactly one hundred and forty-three men.'

He ordered bacon and eggs and drank a couple of glasses of water. He talked and talked and talked. He talked continually about revolution. He talked about history, and about the tendency he saw in that unconscionably long story toward revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. He spoke of revolution as if it were something he would see on the next day, or the next, and as if the noise of traffic on Main Street were the noise of military lorries.

'A great deal will depend upon the young men in your generation,' he said. 'You've had the good fortune to miss the boom period and all of that harmful, inflated ambition. You have never known anything but what it is to be poor. You have probably learned by now,' he said, 'that there is no greater power than money,—inexpressibly greater, to be romantic, than love or death,—and that you will never have money in this rotten world and that you will never have power. We depend upon your generation for a great deal, for if anyone has the right to ask revenge or justice it is the young men. And there are twenty million of them,' he said, 'twenty million men of your age, cooling their heels right now in lunch carts, employment agencies, furnished rooms, buses, or, still worse, in homes, listening to the radio and re-

reading the paper. Youth is valuable and irretractable. And no man of any courage is going to sit back and take day after day that bears no resemblance to a just and full life. There are twenty million. You know how many that is. Think of it!

'It's simple,' he said. 'It's as simple as A B C. Anyone who has been poor and helpless and hungry, day after day after day, with no prospects of ever being anything but poor and helpless and hungry, must eventually realize it. It is simple. These are your chains; no iron was ever heavier. And you have to break them. And you can — with your own hands. Can't you realize? Don't you see? It's a new world. No more hunger, no more worrying for to-morrow's food and to-morrow's, no more sitting in a hallway waiting as if you were waiting for a train. It's simple, simple, simple, and everyone, after these years, must come back to justice and reason. It's a rotten world — everyone has had a chance to realize that. Its rottenness pervades everything. The only thing to do is to change it. It is as simple as the desire to eat and drink and live. If a man of any courage or strength finds himself bound hand and foot he will naturally break his bonds. The world is slow to learn, but people will learn. How can they avoid learning? And they are learning! I've seen that during the eight years I've been going up and down the country.'

His voice, even when he spoke in hate, was precise and impersonal. He talked like a book; his talk had the clarity and dryness of a book. He ate slowly and uninterestedly. After his eggs he ordered a baked apple and a glass of milk. I kept drinking beer. By that time I knew that he neither drank nor smoked. He had the temperance and the reason and the faith of a saint, and he spoke of another world with the simplicity that a saint

would speak of the City of God. 'It is simple,' he repeated. 'It is a matter of pure reason. We are living in a rotten world, shaped by dead hands and ruled by dead hands. We are the young. It is in our power to change it. It is as simple as the desire to eat and sleep and live.'

When he had finished eating we went out on to the street. It was getting dark. The narrow street was crowded. It looked and smelled like a railway depot and it had the feeling of a railway depot. He talked without interruption. '... Men are poor. Poverty will define itself to them in these ugly years as an imprisonment worse than any jail. They will realize that there is only one way out. Revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat — there is not another reasonable answer. There is no other reasonable hope. . . .'

People kept separating us, but he went on talking. He looked different from anyone else on the street. He looked like an American on the streets of London. He was slim and young and he was carrying some books. He did not notice the street or the crowd or the touts or the harlots. He seemed to have less room in his character for a hate of them than he had for plans of what another world would be. 'There will be a strike,' he said, 'this fall. Longshoremen. The docks. The East Coast and the West Coast. Our Marine Unions are powerful. . . .'

I walked down to the end of the street with him and then we said good-bye. His work there was finished; the local was organized. He was leaving for Pittsburgh on the following morning. 'Good-bye,' he said. 'Maybe I'll see you in New York. Maybe we'll meet on one of the barricades. It won't be long now.' We shook hands. 'Good-bye, good-bye.'

Then I walked back up the main street, and into the crowd again. I like

crowds. The big hotels were open. I went into the bar of the Excelsior and ordered a beer. The season had begun; the bar was full of touts and trainers and horsemen talking about horses. Everywhere there was the tension of a gambling house. Craps and roulette and *chemin de fer* tables were set up in a casino in the courtyard. I went down and watched the gaming for a little while and the faces above the tables. They were intent and greedy. The players were not rich. The betting was low, and some of the people, particularly some of the women, were shabbily dressed; but there was nothing in their faces but a love of money and the incorrigible dream of big money. Dance music was coming from the dining room, and from the street beyond the hotel I could hear the noise of traffic, the noise of the cars from every state in the Union, crowding into the village for the races, like the crippled pilgrims at the news of another miracle in Lourdes or Seville or Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré.

IV

The racing season lasted five weeks and I stayed there until the end of the meet. Like the rest of the town, I bought dope and played the races, and on the last day Nicholas gave me the afternoon off and I went down and saw Corabelle win the Hopeful. She was n't the favorite; she had a bad post position, and she did n't take the lead until halfway through the race, but then she nosed her way down the crowd, sweeter and faster than anything in the world with that faint thunder of hoofs, stirring you like something you remember but can't place; and everyone went wild, yelling and screaming and throwing up their programmes. And that night we could hear, from the back yard at Shussers', the horse vans going down the southern highway to Aqueduct and Belmont

Park, as if they were dragging the breath out of that village, leaving a settlement of musty, empty rooms.

When the season ended, there was n't much business in the store. I planned to go back to Manhattan. I planned to go back there until I received that letter from my father. 'I feel that you ought to know,' he wrote, 'that we are leaving this house after thirty years. The bank has foreclosed the mortgage and sold the land to Standard Oil. They are going to tear down the house and put up a gas station here. We are going to take an apartment in Adams. Jim is going to boarding school, although I don't know where the money is going to come from. I don't know what is going to happen to the rugs and furniture, etc. . . . I don't know what your mother's plans are yet. But we should like to see you before we leave here and if you could come down we should be very grateful.' And so a few days later I said good-bye to Anna and Nicholas. They went down to the bus depot with me. We shook hands.

'Good-bye, stranger.'

'Good-bye, Anna, Nick.'

'If you could only have had better weather,' Anna said. 'It makes me lonely. Cold, rainy. I hope it is n't cold on the bus.'

'Good-bye, stranger,' Nicholas kept saying. Then the bus started up and we went down the long road and out of the Adirondacks. It was good to be on the road again. It was rainy and cold. Some of the grass along the road had begun to take on color and some of the swamp maples had turned and the mountains all around the sky were purple. Most of the roadside stands had closed and it looked like autumn. We came into Albany late that night. It was still raining — a light, cold rain. I walked around the streets and spent the night in the bus depot. In the early morning I took a bus to Boston. That trip took nearly all day. We went

through the flat, cultivated valley of the Connecticut and crossed Lebanon Mountain and left the Berkshires for the straight turnpikes of my own country and that worn landscape with its hotels and roadhouses and gas stations. We came into Boston a little before dark. I took an evening train to the cape where our home was. My father met me at the depot. I had written them the day I was coming and so he was there when I got off the train.

He looked a little older. He was in his early sixties then, and had not worked for a long time. He was living off a little royalty money he received for an invention he had designed some time before. He had made a lot of money in his life and had spent a lot of money. He loved to spend money; extravagance seemed to be the fullest expression of his character, and when he lost this power he grew old quickly. He looked older than his age that evening when he met me. But I was very glad to see him.

I drove the car down to the house that night, and when we came down on to the highway I could see it ahead of me. It was a large, rambling house, which had been built before the Revolution. It was the house that I had been born in and that my parents expected to die in. The rooms were lighted, and when we came up the drive my brother and my mother came out to meet me. It was good to be back. It was better than I could have imagined. Nearly everything was unchanged. My brother was taller and stronger; he was seventeen years old then, five years younger than I. My mother did n't seem to have changed any. Her hair was gray. She was wearing a fresh linen dress. She looked a little tired, but she looked the same.

I had a couple of drinks and some supper in the kitchen. My brother wanted to know about the races and I told him about Corabelle. 'I'd like to

go up there next season,' he said. 'I've never seen a real race. I'd like them, I guess. I'd have good luck with my bets; I usually have good luck. I got two dollars out of the jackpot down at the corner last week.' I told them everything I could remember and then I walked through the house with my mother. Neither of us mentioned the fact, that night, that they were leaving the house. She took me through the rooms as if she enjoyed it as much as I did and as if it would be hers forever. 'See,' she said, 'everything's the same, is n't it?' Everything was the same. There were the same Turkey carpets and portraits of my grandmother and my brother and myself, and the handsome, shabby furniture and curtains and books and the cast of Venus de Milo. She took me through all of the rooms. 'Your room is just the same,' she said, 'is n't it? Jim wanted to take down the snowshoes, but I would n't let him. He has a pair of his own. And whenever he takes out the books I make him put them back where he found them. The moths got into that carpet. I guess it's because you were n't around to spill your cigarette ashes. But we had it mended. You would n't know the difference, would you?' Then we went back to the kitchen. We were all happy and we were all talking at once. 'I found your steam engine up in the attic,' my brother said. 'You know — the electric one. I've got it now so it can cut wood. And I took apart the old rheostat and fixed it so I can candle the lights in my room. I'm going to take it back to school with me.'

'Did you get any long shots?' my father asked. 'I read in the paper that a sixty-to-one horse came in. I wondered if you had any money on her. I thought about you when I read it.'

'Would you like something more to eat?' my mother said. 'I made some Chess cakes yesterday and there's an

Edam in the ice chest.' Finally we all went upstairs. I was tired. I talked with my brother for a little while in the hallway. He told me his plans for returning to boarding school and about the college he wanted to go to and about the basketball team. Then I undressed and went to bed.

V

I spent the first couple of days cutting wood. The woodbins were empty and my parents did n't want to order another cord because they were moving so soon and because they had a long bill at the wood dealer's. They had bills everywhere. And so I felled a couple of trees and cut them into lengths with my brother and split them for the fireplaces. There was n't much else to do. We inflated the old football and passed it back and forth in the yard. I went swimming in the lake a couple of times and in the afternoons I walked out into the woods behind the barn that stretched to the south for thirty miles without a house or a road. And in the evenings I sat in the kitchen and read *The Conquest of Mexico*.

Neither of my parents seemed bitter or greatly disturbed over the fact that they were being forced to leave the house. They only spoke of it when they were reminded of some preparation that would have to be made. So far they had done nothing. My mother wanted everything left as it was until the day the moving men came. And they did n't seem greatly disturbed over the fact that they were poor. My father still smoked cigars and my mother still went through the grocery store, trailed by a couple of clerks, buying anything she wanted. They owed money everywhere. They had lost their credit, but they lived comfortably, day after day, with the little cash they had. They did n't know

what they were going to pay the rent of their apartment with when they moved or who was going to pay Jim's board and tuition at school. I worried about it. Finally I asked my mother. 'Don't worry,' she said. 'We have n't any money, that's true. But we've always been able to find some. And I guess our luck won't break now. The lame and the lazy are always provided for. Remember the lilies of the field . . .'

I decided then to go on to New York. There was nothing much I could do there. I decided late one afternoon when I had gone swimming alone and when I was walking back from the lake. The water had been cold and the air was cold. It was a cold, gray day. It looked like rain and some jays in the orchard were calling for rain. Then I noticed the two men in the orchard behind the house. They had on riding breeches and high, laced boots. They had surveying instruments and they were surveying the level of the ground where the house was. I knew they were from the oil company. I did n't say anything to them. I walked through the orchard up to the house.

My mother was in the cookroom cutting out biscuits with the bowl of a wineglass. 'Tom,' she said, when I came into the room, 'who are those men out there? They've been there most of the afternoon. Do you know who they are?'

'No,' I said, 'I don't know who they are. I guess they're surveyors from the oil company.'

'Don't they know we're still living here?' she said. 'I wish they would n't do anything until we go. I asked them at the bank and they promised they would n't. We're going soon enough. I wish you'd ask them to leave,' she said. 'Tell them to come back the first of the month. We'll be gone then. Tell them this is still private property.'

'Sure,' I said.

I went out and told them they were trespassing on private property and that this would remain private property until the first of the month. They thought I was fooling, so I told them again. Finally they packed up their stuff and went off. I went back to the kitchen. My mother was still cutting out biscuits. She did n't say anything about the surveyors.

'Tell me about the races,' she said, 'or about the place where you worked or the people you stayed with. You have n't told me anything yet. I've never been up there. I always wanted to go when I was young, but we never made it. Tell me about the town. Does it look anything like the pictures on the bottle labels? That's the only idea I have of it. The pictures on the Vichy bottles.'

She suddenly turned pale. She had pressed too hard on the wineglass and the base had broken and the stem had stuck up into her palm. The blood spurted out over the table. 'I've cut myself,' she said. 'I guess I've cut myself.' She sank into a chair beside the table. The blood was running all over her fingers and dripping on to the floor. I staunched the cut with a napkin and got some cold water. She told me where the iodine and the bandages were. When I came back into the room she was whiter than her linen dress. I swabbed the cut with iodine and clumsily wrapped a bandage around her palm. 'That's all right,' she said. 'It's not such a bad cut. I was lucky, I guess. It might have been much worse. It's not such a bad cut. We're always lucky,' she said bitterly. She began to cry. She cried like a young girl. She gasped for breath as if she were suffocating.

'Why do they have to come while we're still here?' she said. 'Why can't they wait until we go? We're going. We'll be gone in a little while. Why

can't they wait? Oh, I can't stand it!' she cried. 'I can't stand it any longer. It's too much to ask of anyone. This is our house; my sons were born here; I want to die here. For thirty years we've been working, saving, trying to find something, anything. And now it's all gone. We're poor. We have to count each penny. I lie in bed at night worrying about the bills. I can't sleep. We have n't anything, Tom,' she cried. 'We have n't anything, anything! Do you know what this is? You can't know; you're too young. We have n't a place to rest in, a place to die in. We may die in a hotel. On the street. We have n't anything, Tom, anything! Oh, sit down beside me,' she said. 'Give me a cigarette.'

'I'm tired,' she said. 'I guess I'm tired out.' She had been crying for a long time then. She stopped. She was speaking in a low voice, nearly as if she were speaking to herself. 'I would n't mind it so much,' she said, 'if I were younger or older. I would n't mind it if I were an old woman. If there was n't this horrible fear all the time! We're poor sinners, I guess, and everything we own and everything we know and love and remember is open to dust and rust. But it does n't seem right that we should lose everything, after all these years, everything! It seems to be against everything I have ever known or ever expected to know. It seems as if we ought to be able to make a decent living.'

It was growing dark in the kitchen. The last gray light was going out of the windows. I heard my father coming down the stairs.

'Don't mention this to your father,' she said. 'Don't say anything about this to him, will you? Make the tea for me — all you have to do is to pour some hot water into the pot. There's some cake in the cakebox. Put it on a fresh plate.'

There was a fire in the living room

and I took the tea in there. 'Don't mention this to your father,' she said, 'will you?' She sat down by the fire and tasted her tea and watched the fire. 'There is n't much sense in crying, I guess. But sometimes it gets me down. And I don't suppose we have much to cry about. We have plenty to eat; our clothes are whole. And we'll get some money, somehow. We always have, we always will.' She spoke dryly, then. She spoke without any trace of having cried. 'We're lucky. I mean it. We'll find some money somewhere. It's always like this. We get down to the bottom, then something comes along. We'll find some money — lots of it. Maybe I can borrow some from the bank. They ought to loan us a few dollars. That would be a start. That would tide us over until something else turns up.'

My father came into the room and sat down.

'You know,' she said to him, 'we might be able to borrow some money from the bank. We've been good customers of theirs. I know Mr. Godfrey. He's influential there. He might be willing to help. We might be able to borrow a few hundred dollars.'

'Sure,' my father said, 'sure. I don't see why we can't borrow money from the bank. We've been good customers of theirs for thirty years. That's what the money's there for — to be borrowed.'

'Not much,' she said, 'but a few hundred. Enough to tide us over.'

'It seems funny to talk about money the way we talk about money now,' he said. 'It seems funny, does n't it? It was n't like that in the old times, Tom, let me tell you. Why, you know I was working for Flint. I worked for him for a few years and then I had a better offer out in Syracuse, so I resigned. So when I resigned Flint calls me into his office and gives me a drink and asks me if they owe me any

money. "No," I says, "no, I don't think you owe me any money." Well, he rings for his secretary and says, "Make Mr. Morgan out a check for a couple of thousand." Just like that. Just like that he gave me a couple of thousand. Why, I used to go over to New York once a month, and Flint used to come along with me — just to have a good time, you know. We used to get the five o'clock train, get into New York about ten, and start hitting it up then.

'Well, one night we were going over on that train and before dinner we went up to the smoker for a couple of drinks. While we were in the smoker I sees Danny Donnelly. He and I used to go to grammar school together and we boxed in the same gymnasium. Well, he had been playing bull on the market then and he was a millionaire. I went over and spoke to him and when I came back Flint asked me who my friend was. I told him and he asked me to have him eat dinner with us. It was agreeable to Donnelly, so we all went up to the diner together. All the time Donnelly thought Flint's name was Flynn. He thought he was another Irishman. See? So when we sit down the first thing he does is to order a bottle of Gold Seal. Then I order a bottle of Gold Seal. Then Flint orders a bottle of Gold Seal.'

He broke out laughing. He laughed so that it was hard for him to speak. 'Well, we drank every quart of champagne they had on that train,' he said. 'Then we had to start ordering pints. Honestly! We drank every quart. We stayed in that car until the train came into Grand Central about ten o'clock. Oh, those were the days, those were the days!'

His voice was kind and genial. He spoke as if he were conscious of the warm room and the cold evening. 'We had plenty of money then,' he said, 'plenty of money. But we'll have

it again — don't you worry.' He was speaking to my mother then. He was speaking to her with the confidence and ease of their love that, after thirty years, had left them as indulgent of one another and as hopeful as a young man and a girl. 'We'll have it again. Maybe our horse will come in on the sweepstakes. I have a sweepstakes ticket. If we could win one of those prizes we would n't have to worry about money again. It's a good ticket. A friend of mine, a Canadian, sold it to me. We might win, you know. I would n't be surprised. I found some four-leaf clovers out behind the barn. The frost had killed everything but them. They're the first four-leaf clovers I've found this year. That means good luck.'

My brother came into the room. He poured himself a cup of tea and sat down.

'Why do we always have tea?' he said. 'Why do we always drink tea?'

'Because I'm English,' my mother said, 'and because English people drink tea. If you don't like tea you can make yourself some coffee.'

'No,' he said, 'I don't want coffee. I just wondered why we always drank tea.'

'Or I might get some more money on my patent,' my father said. 'They might increase the royalty. Lots of men make ten, twelve thousand dollars a year on a patent.'

My brother got up and crossed the room. There was an old steel engraving of Egypt on the wall.

'Have any of you people ever been to Egypt?' he asked.

'I've never been to Egypt,' I said.

'Alexandria, Karnak, Cairo,' he said.

'The names sound nice. I'd like to go there. I will go there some day.'

'Where do you think you'll live in New York?' my mother said.

'I don't know,' I said. 'Somewhere on the West Side.'

'Listen to that wind,' she said. 'It sounds like winter. There'll be big waves on the lake to-night. It'll be cold out there.'

'Did you know that this knife was made in France?' my brother asked. He had picked the knife off the cake plate and was examining the blade. '*Fait en France, it says, M. Pouzet. Médaille d'or. Exposition 1878. Lyon.* Lyons. That's a city in France, is n't it? I'll go there some day. Lyons, Marseilles, Paris — all those cities.' He lifted the knife up so that my mother could see it. 'Did you know it was made in France?' he said.

VI

I planned to take the night bus from Boston. My brother drove me into the city on the day I left. It was raining. There was a light, high wind from the coast, beating the smoke down on to the roofs. The wind and the rain were cold. I said good-bye to my parents. My brother raced the car down the drive. The road was empty and straight and wet, and he drove the car as fast as it would go.

'Have you ever seen a Dusenberg?' he asked.

'Yes,' I said. 'I've seen and driven a Dusenberg.'

'Gee,' he said, 'I'd like to drive one. I'd like to drive a Lancia — a real racing car. Or an airplane. I'd like to get a pilot's license. But it takes a lot of money to get a license unless you're in the army. Maybe if there's a war I'll volunteer as an aviator. Then I'll get all the flying I want for nothing. But I hope there is n't a war. It'll spoil my plans. You can't do much while there's a war going on. And there are lots of places I want to go and things I want to do.'

'I'm going to Technology,' he said. 'I want to take up engineering. I don't want to stop at that, of course,

but it will be a good beginning. I can make some money and I can travel. I want to make a lot of money, and I want to travel. I don't think I'll get married right off. I'll wait a little while longer. I'd like to look around and spend money on women. If you have money you can know all kinds of women.

'I've been reading some of the books in your room,' he said. 'I don't read much, but I like some of those books. The lives of the Generals — Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar.

'How is it in New York?' he asked.

'Oh, it's all right,' I said. There was n't much else I could say. I could n't tell him about sitting in a furnished room day after day, living on chocolate and stale bread.

'I want to make a lot of money,' he said. 'I like money and I like women and I like to travel and go fast. I'm going to do all of that before I settle down.'

When we came into the city it was getting dark. It was still raining. I said good-bye to my brother. I checked my valise and bought my ticket and walked uptown. It was cold — like winter. The wind was blowing the

leaves off the trees on the Common. The sidewalk was covered with wet leaves.

I walked down to the mall. There was a political speaker on the south side of the walk. Only a handful of people were listening to him. But he was addressing the trees and the wind and the sky as if he were addressing thousands. It was Girsdansky. I recognized him from a distance by his spectacles and his dry, slightly rasping voice. 'It is simple,' he was saying. 'It is a matter of pure reason. We are living in a rotten world, shaped by dead hands and ruled by dead hands.' He was speaking with the same intensity and purity that he had spoken to me on the streets of the spa.

'It is in our power to change it. There is only one way out — the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is as simple as the desire to eat and sleep and live. . . .'

I did n't stay there long; it was too cold to stand still. I did n't speak to him. I don't know whether he recognized me or not. I walked down Charles Street scuffing up the dead leaves and wondering where I should be in that season in another year.

ESCAPE FROM THE CITY

BY CONSTANCE CASSADY

I

FIVE years ago my family moved to a middle-class suburb. I must run the risk of striking a note of snobbery by designating it as middle-class, because there is no other way in which I can set it into its own peculiar niche. It *is* middle — midway between those leisured towns whose spacious dwellings and sweeping lawns proclaim the advantages of wealth, and the scrubby, unkempt communities of the truly poor. Ours is neither.

Seen in its more becoming seasons of the year, Middleville is a pleasant-looking town. In summer, its gardens (tended for the most part by the householders themselves, without benefit of professional help) are gay splashes of color along its elm-bordered streets. Forsythia comes like a sudden burst of sunshine in early spring, no sooner vanished than the lilacs appear in a purple froth, and the delicate white of the bridal wreath. The summer is a long and crowded procession of color, ending in a splendid finale of dahlias and golden glow. A little later, and the maples blaze all up and down the streets, the elms toss their bright coins prodigally to the wind, and the air is heavy with the bitter-sweet scent of burning leaves. Winter, too, has its special beauty, — mornings white with snow, and every branch of every tree a finely drawn pen line, — incredibly lovely, a study in contrast without color. But there are days and weeks of

utter dreariness, dripping, naked days when the trees stand gaunt and shivering, when the gutters are slick with slush, and the houses appear in all the barren ugliness of their architectural errors. At such times Middleville is a sniveling hag, with rheumy eyes, and dank hair about her shoulders.

This is the place to which I brought my city-born children. With the memory of countless city miles trudged behind a baby carriage in the interests of fresh air and sunshine, with the ever-present menace of city traffic driving me from the crowded centres, with the hideous lack of privacy endured by apartment dwellers still fresh in my mind — what a haven was Middleville to me and mine! A wide yard where two small sons and a daughter could play seesaw and plant 'gardens'; rooms full of unadulterated sunshine; and no downstairs neighbors who, unlike Longfellow, took no sentimental pleasure in the 'patter of little feet.' True, there were some among my better-heeled relatives who regretted that I could n't have moved to a 'nicer' suburb, but them I squelched promptly and virtuously. Middleville *was* a nice suburb. And what did they mean by 'nice,' anyway? Good, simple American people (look at their neat, respectable little homes). What better or more wholesome atmosphere could one ask for American children?

That was five years ago. And in

these five years I have learned that, with a town as with an individual, there is much that does not meet the eye upon a first casual meeting. I had, indeed, a faint foreshadowing of that fact shortly after our arrival. My six-year-old was busy with a small hoe in the yard, while I watched him from the porch, happy in his manifest contentment. Presently two neighbor children drifted up and stood staring. 'Hello!' said Kevin, and then, as there was no reply, went philosophically back to his work. At length one of the boys spoke. 'Have n't you got a car?' he demanded. Kevin replied, cheerfully, that we had not. 'Then,' said the little lad triumphantly, 'you got no right to live in this neighborhood.'

This, I admit, was a shock. Where were my kindly, simple villagers? Where indeed? I realized now that our coming had been treated with complete indifference. No housewife had bustled up to my door with offers of assistance or a loaf of fresh-baked bread to 'help out till we got settled.' No friendly face had greeted us in any doorway as we went to and fro. Ah, well — I had always lived in New York and Chicago. Perhaps my impression that one did such things in smaller towns was merest fantasy. Yet the incident disturbed me. It implied a hostility wholly unforeseen. It was tinctured with something small and mean. What sort of parents must such a child have sprung from?

As the weeks wore on, I sensed more and more that what I had mistaken for a negative lack of interest in us and our affairs was really an active resentment. The girl next door, her eyes sliding away from me as I worked in the garden, offered many unpleasant little truths for me to gnaw upon in private. 'All the neighbors said such mean things, — of course, you being renters, — and the way they talked about your furniture!' So they had stood behind drawn blinds and squinted at our bat-

tered and beloved household gods as they were carried from van to house — the dear old rosewood table which had belonged to my great-grandmother, the bedsprings that had been the scene of all too many pillow fights! So they had told each other that we'd come from a 'colored neighborhood' — a conclusion drawn presumably from the presence about the place of a stout black scrub-woman!

I sat alone, savoring each bitter mouthful, and it seemed as if my quiet, pleasant home were hedged about with horror. That they could not hurt me I knew. I knew them now to be ignorant and, therefore, pitiable. What lay most heavily upon my spirit was the discovery that humanity could be so degraded, could put forth so poisonous a plant in the midst of this peace and beauty. And, when the first reaction was over, I resolved to be blind and deaf and dumb to my neighbors. I had no need of them. I would raise my children and plant my flowers and sweep and garnish my home, independent of them all. I would not hear the 'thin gnat-voices.' In winter, with a fire burning bright upon the library hearth, I would be safe within my own life — safe with my own people, safe with my books. They were my friends, tried and true. I looked at their ranks upon the shelves, and thought of Gissing's 'ragged veterans.' My old friends — Conrad and Hardy, Shelley and Keats and Emily Dickinson, *Candide*, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. These and other things — a fragrant cake fresh from the oven, a blue bowl of calendulas upon a table, rooms gracious with the soft sheen of old furniture and worn old rugs brought, by a roving grandfather, from Persia. What more did one need for contentment?

All of which was, and is, quite true, but, like many obvious truths, it is only a part of the whole. What I had reckoned without was the pliability of

childhood, the amazing faculty of youth for taking on the color of its surroundings. And, to make plain what this implies in the present instance, I must draw a more detailed picture of Middleville. Not the streets and houses and stores, not the face and figure of Middleville, but its mind and spirit, its ethics and its aspirations.

II

For the inquirer who does n't care to scratch below the surface, Middleville is simply a community of twenty-five thousand, about nine thousand of whom are 'on relief.' I should say that the majority of the unemployed are skilled laborers of one sort or another, — carpenters, builders, and so on, — for it is a town of higher-type manual workers and the lower strata of 'white-collar' men. Its government is by a town council consisting of a president and six members elected by the voice of the people. A volume could be written about the politics of such a town, and the surprisingly large sums which change hands when there is a paving or a water-main contract to be let, but these are matters which do not concern me directly, however complex and far-reaching may be their effect upon the life of the private citizen.

The field of education, however, is something that immediately concerns my family. Middleville is provided with four public grade schools. The teachers in the one of which I have first-hand knowledge are predominantly young, fresh from normal school, and, in some cases, amazingly incompetent. In the third-grade room, I have counted three misspelled words in a paragraph that the teacher had written on the blackboard. More than once my children have been corrected for pronouncing a word properly. 'Eye-talian' was one of the required pronunciations! There is apparently

no attempt to teach good speaking; the wealth and color of the English language are as unknown to them as Sanskrit. Speech, in the schools of Middleville, has degenerated into monosyllabic incoherence, and he with the loudest voice wins.

Nor has the written word fared much better. We point with pride to our school library (where the Junior Literary Guild selections rub elbows with Gene Stratton-Porter). Yet the sixth-grade library period is given over, once a week, to lectures by a lady not officially connected with the school, who extols the virtues of a certain set of 'encyclopedias,' comparing them with the standard works to the derogation of the latter — the sequel being that the same enterprising person makes a point of calling on all sixth-grade parents during the course of the year, introducing herself as 'one of Junior's teachers.' Other examples of the same surprising tendency occur — public education reduced, let us say, to its lowest terms, and demonstrating the proposition that we have included in Middleville a subject not generally found in the curriculum of the grade school: namely, practical lessons in sales promotion.

But this is a digression. There is, so far as I have been able to discover, no attempt to introduce the classics, ancient or modern, to the students of our schools. They emerge from the eighth grade with only the sketchiest smattering of 'book learning.' On the other hand, no courses in manual training are given, though much talk is heard concerning the 'practical value' of education, and fitting the child for his place in the present-day world. The local Parent-Teachers' group seems largely concerned with raising money for gymnasium equipment, and much time is given over to arguments about parliamentary procedure. One phase of the educational picture which has

struck me is the fact that our schools are an ever-available laboratory for anyone who wishes to impose his pet phobia upon the plastic mind of childhood. An emissary of the W. C. T. U. addresses the upper grades on the Evil Effects of Alcohol on the Human System; the Legion sends one of its gifted orators to inform the eighth grade of the perils of Communism and the duty of every loyal fourteen-year-old to be shot, if necessary, for God and country. The flag is raised, the national anthem is pounded to shreds on a loud piano, and anyone with the temerity to suggest that love of country might take some more constructive form than mawkish sentimentality or militarism would be branded a subversive influence.

As to progressive forms of education, they are unknown in Middleville. So far as I have been able to discover, there is no attempt to develop the individual child. There is no provision for the 'backward' student. He is placed in the same classes with those of normal intelligence, and if he spends four years in the third grade — well, who cares? No social training is given, and the teaching of biology would be cried down by a thousand upstanding churchmen. Yet children of twelve go about in pairs, unchaperoned, till the small hours, and at least one girl and boy of seventh-grade age (and 'good' families) are known to have had sex relations. In short, young Middleville's knowledge of life is of the unhealthy brand meted out by Hollywood. For every child spends Saturday afternoon at the local movie, rain or shine; and the owner, astute business man, has discovered that if he runs a picture unfit for juveniles on Saturday, and *Little Women* on Wednesday or Thursday, the kiddies will come twice that week.

The only field in which our schools would seem to have been eminently

successful is that of orchestral music. Free instruction in all the instruments is given, and the result has been a band and an orchestra of surprising attainments. Yet it is only fair to add that this is due rather to the tireless labor of the talented young director than to any great measure of coöperation on the part of our good people. There was the recent occasion when the orchestra parents preferred to spend three hundred dollars on uniform capes for the children rather than buy some of the bass instruments which were so badly needed. Aggressive fathers declared in meeting that blue serge with red linings would stimulate a desire among our young to become violinists and cellists — a sort of musical-comedy route to Mozart and Beethoven.

My personal experience has been confined, so far, to the grade schools. We have a township high school, larger than many colleges, which serves Middleville and several neighboring villages. Of this I have no first-hand knowledge, though the appearance of the slouching boys and half-clad hours I have seen milling about its doors of an afternoon has seemed to me unprepossessing.

III

Passing from the question of education to the more general aspects of culture and social conditions, I find myself confronted with an imposing difficulty. Have I, after all, the right to generalize? Certainly I do not know all the twenty-five thousand souls of Middleville. Is it not possible that, hidden behind one of these prim stucco fronts, there is some solitary man or woman who loves the same gracious and enduring factors which to me mean the whole difference between living and mere existence? Small, intangible impressions recur to my mind, — a word, a shadow of wistfulness upon a plain face, a sense of incompleteness, of

reaching out and drawing timidly back into the rigid pattern of the whole, — and the possibility that here was one who had been forced unwillingly to conform. If there is such a one, it is to him that I owe my apology. Yet I have met Middleville's Best People — women whose names grace the local society notes each week — and we have spoken across a vast chasm, and in different languages. Ruth, 'standing amid the alien corn,' was no more a stranger than I in this, my country.

I have heard their shrill voices in a room full of bridge tables, and the topics they discussed were the movies, ice-box cake, and radio comedians. But dominating all else was the insistence of each individual upon her material possessions: a new refrigerator, a larger car, a son's college education, tossed like a beautiful firecracker into the midst of the conversation. 'I told Walter he was crazy to spend so much on it. . . .' Chain letters, 'Bank Night' at the local movie, and the Walkathon which charmed our first families for three months — a number of disheveled girls and boys plodding drearily around a platform erected in an ex-garage. 'What will we ever do without the Walkathon? What'd you think of Mickey? Mickey and Ann were the ones I liked all along. . . . I just cried the night they dropped out.' Mickey and Ann — Homeric tragedy to the matrons of Middleville.

There they sit behind their cards. Is there a constructive idea, the germ of an abstract thought, behind any of these bland faces? Have their minds and souls gone down the drain with the dishwater which they throw out three times a day, or have they shrunk from disuse to so infinitesimal a size that the ladies have forgotten their existence? I wish I knew.

The arts, in our town, are neatly catalogued and assigned to their proper places. They do not interfere with the

real business of living. The most exclusive women's club meets once a week for the pursuit of culture, and culture wears some strange disguises. Now it is a faded lady in classic draperies who discourses upon Charm, or the correct use of English; now a buxom intellectual who reviews the latest best seller. (That, as the members will tell you complacently, saves you the trouble of reading it yourself.) For, indeed, books are a commodity not included in the average Middleville budget. There is the public library, where 'a good love story' is always in demand, while the masters stand gathering dust upon the shelves. And there are the drug-store rental shelves, where pornography flourishes. Apparently they do a good business. Occasionally a Middleville woman buys a book — the movie edition of one of the more romantic classics. But most of the homes are singularly free from reading matter. A pile of screen magazines, a case of Miss Alcott's works, and the *Bobbsey Twins*, shunted into a dark corner of an upper hall — this is the average home library.

As to pictures, we point with pride to the Middleville Arts Club, which has an annual exhibition at the high school. It is, I imagine, a sort of unofficial *salon des refusés* — old mills galore, floral pieces as neat as any undertaker could wish, and portraits of leading citizens, warmly clad. Last year there were two or three canvases of merit. The rest might well have been done by a maiden aunt of the nineties. Nevertheless, it is a tiny spark of creative spirit, however feeble, alight in our darkness.

Pictures in the homes are confined to hand-painted photographs of the children, cheap reproductions (mostly of Whistler's Mother), and a certain type of originals known among professional artists as 'buckeyes.' A buckeye can be produced in one hour by an ac-

complished sign painter, but the owner will tell you naïvely that she has seen sunsets exactly like that — a bit of artistic criticism to which I, for one, have never found an answer.

The arts of decoration are in almost as bad a way among us. The choice and arrangement of furniture seem to follow a pattern as custom-bound as our outward morality. If, as has been said, one's home is the expression of one's individuality, the people of Middleville must be distressingly alike. The overstuffed chair with a lamp drooping above it, the lounge with its end tables, the secretary-desk, and the pseudo-Oriental rugs — identical in every well-thought-of menage. And if one pampered lady ventures to stuff a Jacobean dining-room suite (machine-carved in Grand Rapids) into her home, it gives rise to as much awed comment as if it had come direct from Hollywood.

Music is represented chiefly by a group of some twenty women choristers from the Methodist Church, who give frequent concerts during the winter, and who are, I believe, not quite so competent as the grade-school orchestra. This, though, is probably a matter of personal taste.

But drama and the dance are the arts which Middleville has taken to its bosom. We have at least two flourishing 'academies' where the children of the privileged class are instructed in the intricacies of 'tap' and elocution, and it is nothing short of a disgrace if any child whose father makes \$2000 a year is not exposed to these advantages. Not a school or church entertainment can be given without some tot going through her paces, or some future Bernhardt giving her side-splitting rendition of 'Junior at Sunday School.' (I have long wondered if these self-sacrificing mothers plan to storm Hollywood with their talented young, or if they have a weather

eye cocked toward the four-a-day.) Periodically, the more advanced students give a play. I do not know where Miss Popp and Mrs. Thrum get the dramas which they single out for production, but they are, at any rate, most amazing — deadly little affairs whose ingredients are, roughly, ten per cent homely philosophy and homespun virtues, another ten allegedly humor, and the remainder the priceless and time-honored hokum. So much for the little-theatre movement in Middleville.

Religion in our town is a social affair. One joins a church in order to 'know people.' One remains in it to take sides in the petty squabbles and confusing issues which are ever vitally present. Catholic or Protestant, there seems little choice. All are concerned primarily with the raising of money, secondarily with the externals of morality, or, more accurately, of respectability. Even those sects whose ritual is one of tradition and dignity appear to attach little spiritual significance to religion. The deeper needs of the human soul are casually disregarded. The churches concern themselves with the questions of whether we shall permit liquor to be sold in Middleville, whether a fourth-grade teacher shall mention the descent of man to her innocent pupils, whether the local movie magnate shall be coerced into showing pictures suitable for children. (And the answer to all these is No.) The ladies play bridge and hem diapers and sell doughnuts for the glory of God, and the rector gnaws his fingernails and wonders about the mortgage.

Among us, morality is reduced to its simplest terms. Middleville housewives go about in clothes so impeccably unattractive that no frail brother would give them a second glance. Their faces are forbidding, unlit by any fires, and they address a neighbor's husband with a stiff and awkward for-

mality which avoids even the appearance of evil. Our communal conscience is a lively one. We have no saloons. In fact, the demon rum (as well as the demons gin, whiskey, and dry Martini) cannot even be mentioned in our dramas. Slot machines are taboo. Yet our movie house and the street in front of it are packed with moral citizens every Wednesday night, when fifty dollars is given to the holder of a lucky number — proving, I suppose, that even in Middleville there is a certain piquancy in the idea of something for nothing.

IV

This, then, in a few words, is the middle-class suburb as I have come to see it.

Has my picture been one-sided, my colors too crude? Have I, perhaps, blinded myself to Middleville's peculiar virtues — the little instances of individual kindness, of courage, of friendship, which have occurred from time to time? Perhaps. Yet, looking back, these seem to have been confined to a small and scattered few among my acquaintance. Vastly overshadowing them

is the impression of a widespread sterility — shallow minds accepting standardized fallacies, hearts in which shoddy and obvious sentimentality has usurped the place of true greatness, poor spirits groping after something cheap and glittering, when all the while the stars are just overhead.

And what of my children? All very well for me to sit, supine and content, over my books, but what of them? Are they to grow up adoring the shabby deities, reaching for the false goals, of Middleville? And suppose we shook this dust from our feet, should we not find ourselves in another Middleville? Our income, these depression years, is probably about the average one of the 'better element' of the town. So we are bound to it by economic chains. No private schools open their doors to the sons and daughters of the poor but intelligent. But for the grace of God, my children are doomed to Middleville, to its mediocrity and its darkness, its folkways, its hostility to the unknown and the divergent pattern. Is it possible that they may grow in, but not of, it? It is on this forlorn chance that I pin my hope for the future.

RADIO AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

It was a Scottish nationalist who said, two centuries ago, that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who made the laws. Shelley, in a famous apologia, echoed the thought a hundred years later. Another century (of progress, no doubt) has reduced the making of laws to a status quite secondary in importance — and in talent — to the making of money; and the songsters have appropriately moved with the times into the ranks of big business. When, a few years ago, Warner Brothers paid \$10,000,000 for the music catalogue of a small group of publishers, outsiders had a chance to see just how big this particular business was getting.

It grew, of course, on the wholesale mechanization of sound; and its growth displaced tens of thousands of musicians who had been hired to dispel the silence of the 'silent' film, and also a tremendous proportion — over two thirds — of all sheet music. Any summer evening of the 1920's, suburban streets were enlivened by Millie's efforts to render the new 'song hit' on the family piano, or Tom tooting something on the saxophone, or brother Ben picking out notes with one finger and wishing he had learned to 'play.' The modern Millie flops down by the radio and Tom 'tries out a few records' and Ben borrows the family car and is off to the movies or a roadhouse.

Day and night, from over six hun-

dred broadcasting stations, androgynous individuals bleat about 'love' — in person or 'by electrical transcription.' And the tunes stale much more quickly through their incessant repetition by radio, record, and film; the average business life of even a first-class hit is not over three months. So the demand has multiplied, and the supply has fallen behind. The National Broadcasting Company tried to meet the situation by engaging a permanent corps of musicians and absorbing a couple of well-known publishing houses — a step which was expected 'to secure control of a sufficient number of composers so that it can dictate satisfactory terms for the vast amount of musical composition necessary to commercial broadcasting.' All in vain. The cost of the supply, represented by royalty fees, continued to rise. Last year the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers — ASCAP for short — received some \$3,000,000 for performance rights, mostly from radio stations. At this writing the Warner group has seceded from the ASCAP system and is out for more money. It will get it. The Warner group's rating for 'hits' — an objective, statistical affair — is very high. And music, mostly jazz, continues to occupy about two thirds of all time on the air.

Is this what the public prefers? That depends upon what you mean by 'the public.' This entire broadcasting busi-

ness — that started barely fifteen years ago as a mere sales agency for receiver sets, and is now drawing nearly \$100,000,000 a year gross advertising revenue — this whole business is conducted solely in and for the public interest. Believe it or not: that is what the law requires. No station may operate without a license, and no license may be granted except on grounds of 'public convenience, interest, or necessity.' It sounds impressive — until one remembers that there is no such thing as *the* public. 'Publics' are made to order. In broadcasting it is the exact truth that 'you pays your money and you takes your choice.' The government of this country has never been able to make up its mind what sort of public it desired to serve in radio administration; the advertisers know precisely what public they desire to reach. They pay their money (up to \$15,000 an hour for a national hookup, excluding programme costs) and there it is waiting for them. How do they know? They have very ingenious ways of finding out, apart from actual sales.

Here are two little success stories culled almost at random from the trade journal, *Broadcasting*. A Mid-Western firm selling children's shoes is confronted with this problem: There are not enough agents in the territory to enable them to say, 'Go to the nearest dealer,' but there are too many to permit the reading — over the air — of the whole list; what to do? A children's drama sequence is constructed around a central character, whose adventures are further described in a children's newspaper. The newspaper is offered free for twelve issues to applicants; it carries the list of stores where particulars of prizes, premiums, and membership in a 'club' are available. Presto — there is precisely the right 'public' walking in at the shop doors! Oh yes, it responds all right. The Horlick's Malted Milk people, about a year

ago, offered over nine stations for three weeks a flashlight at ten cents (plus the usual wrapper). They and their contractors were deluged with no less than 174,000 requests. Now come tidings of a campaign conducted by the International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers 'to make the nation ice-cream conscious.' They will probably succeed without difficulty if they can spend enough money. After all, it was a radio campaign conducted in prohibition days that persuaded 'the public' to eat yeast!

This is probably not quite the same 'public' that listens to the opera or the Boston Symphony Orchestra; but how far is it the same 'public' that listens to President Roosevelt and Dr. Townsend and the religious revivalists? Heaven knows — or it ought to: Father Coughlin is spending \$300,000 this season to broadcast his peculiar brand of salvation.

II

This idea of the public interest, much or little as it may mean, developed almost inevitably in the course of radio litigation and legislation. The courts have held that broadcasting channels, or wave lengths, are in the nature of a public domain. They cannot be privately owned; and, since they are strictly limited in number, private concerns must be licensed to use them. These concerns, however, have never been asked to pay for the privilege; there is no franchise tax, license fee, or anything of that sort; so, in order to rationalize the situation, the phrase about public interest was written into the first radio law of 1927, and reenacted in the Communications Act of 1934.

The Federal Radio Commission, established under the White Act of 1927, officially ended its existence on July 11, 1934, when its successor, the Federal Communications Commission, was sworn in. The new Commission has two more

members than the old — a total of seven — and includes in its jurisdiction communication by wire and cable; but so far as broadcasting is concerned the provisions of the old law are substantially incorporated in the new, and there are no major changes of principle or procedure.

The old Commission had had a troublous life, and no tears marked its passing. The conditions under which its work began were, as its chairman said, 'very, very chaotic,' and the Commission is not altogether to blame for the fact that chaos has largely persisted. As with most other aspects of American life, the situation had been allowed to develop without plan or foresight, and the attempt to tame it *ex post facto* proved too much for a weak administration. The Commission had had two basic principles to guide it, both of which are made binding on its successor. The first demanded that it should work toward an equalization of broadcasting facilities throughout the United States, on a somewhat complicated basis of zones, states, and population. This principle, however, was never made the dominant consideration in the renewal of licenses (that would have meant a minor revolution), but remained rather an ideal to be invoked in cases that proved disputable on other grounds.

The second principle, with which this paper is mainly concerned, is that the grant of a license to broadcast must be conditional upon 'public convenience, interest, or necessity.' The implications of this rule are obviously wide and debatable. The former Commission took the view that advertising must be accepted as the sole support of broadcasting, and that commercial stations ordinarily had a claim to preference over stations run by particular group interests; in fact, its interpretation of public interest did not differ perceptibly from that of the commer-

cial broadcasters themselves. None the less, as a public body it found itself compelled to evolve some standard of public interest; and from this standard the quality of the programmes themselves could hardly be excluded — notwithstanding that the law expressly denied (and denies) to the Commission the power of censorship. When two or more stations are rival claimants for power or wave-length assignments, the question of what they have been doing in the past cannot very well be ignored. Situations of that sort are constantly arising. Again, when any scheme of reallocation is adopted for the general improvement of conditions, the same issue will arise among stations threatened with displacement. The most conspicuous case of this sort occurred in 1928, when the old Commission was arranging the forty cleared channels now devoted to network broadcasting. No less than 164 stations were affected, of which 81 incurred adverse action, 62 being deleted altogether.

Although the Commission has no power of censorship and no positive concern with programme content or quality, it is compelled from time to time to act in a negative sense by deciding what is *not* in the public interest, or which of two conflicting types of offering is the less so. The law itself stipulates that the Commission may make no regulation 'which shall interfere with the right of free speech by means of radio communication' and immediately adds that 'no person within the jurisdiction of the United States shall utter any obscene, indecent, or profane language by means of radio communication.' The Commission, in the first instance, has to interpret these terms; but it has sometimes been compelled — in a negative sense — to go a good deal further.

There was, for example, the case of the doctor who ran a radio station in conjunction with a private hospital.

The radio station gave out medical advice to unseen individuals who requested it, in the course of which advice they would be referred to the doctor's hospital or recommended to use the doctor's preparations. There was the similar case of the gentleman who ran a cancer hospital, and used his radio station not only to exploit his 'cure,' his theories, and his merchandise, but to make bitter attacks upon various individuals and associations with whom he had personal differences. There was the case of the two stations in the same town whose owners indulged in a continuous campaign of personal abuse, freely exchanging charges of perjury, libel, and slander. There was the case of the gentleman who wanted to be mayor, and used the greater part of twelve hours a day to promote his candidacy, his merchandise, and his opinions of the opposition, eking it all out with phonograph records and programmes rebroadcast from other stations without their consent. There was the case of Judge Rutherford, leader of the sect known as Jehovah's Witnesses, whose inspiration led him to outspoken abuse of the 'international bankers,' the people of Israel, and the clergy of all other denominations. 'The facts show,' he used to say, 'that the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, and Jews are supporting and serving the League of Nations, which is the Devil's scheme.' All church organizations were charitably dismissed as 'servants of the Devil' and, with the other categories, 'a wicked conspiracy formed by Satan.' Along with the League of Nations, the British Empire was singled out for special castigation, identified with the beast of Revelations, and doomed to all the penalties with which the learned gentleman was so familiar. The preacher was not suppressed by the Radio Commission; on the contrary, it was he, when the network stations decided not to take his money for more broadcasts,

who came to the Commission complaining bitterly of persecution.

Such cases — and there are many more of them — show how inevitably the licensing power is brought into relation with the actual conduct of broadcasting; and the connection has been clearly affirmed and upheld by the courts. Persons and stations whose programme material has been regarded by the Commission as 'not in the public interest' have sometimes argued that the situation amounted to censorship. The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, to which these cases go, made the following ruling in 1931: (a) broadcasting is 'impressed with a public interest'; (b) the burden of establishing that a renewal of his license is in the public interest lies on the applicant; (c) 'the Commission, in passing on applications for renewal, must consider the character and quality of service to be rendered'; (d) an applicant's past conduct is relevant; (e) refusal of a renewal on the ground that public interest would not be served thereby is not censorship. Censorship, the Court stated, would arise only in case of scrutiny of the proposed material prior to its release. Similarly, the Supreme Court in 1933 specifically included 'the scope, character, and quality of services' within the purview of the Radio Commission.

III

Mr. Henry Bellows, until recently a vice president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, argues in a recent *Harper's* article that this is censorship in fact, whatever the law may say. Defining censorship as 'any limitation not applicable in like measure to those forms of publication which we regard as essentially free,' he contends that radio 'is censored by the Federal Communications Commission, despite the law, through interference with pro-

gramme quality and content, made possible by the threat of refusal to renew licenses; it is censored by the broadcasters themselves because, owing to the limitation of facilities, they cannot do otherwise.' He then proceeds to condemn the policy of the Commission as an 'extralegal activity' which had better be abandoned.

Now, aside from the question as to whether the Commission does act extralegally, — a point on which the opinion of the judges themselves contradicts that of Mr. Bellows, — the difference between the power of the Commission and that of the broadcasters is too wide to be thus slurred over. The broadcasters, by their own admission, regularly scrutinize material in advance of its broadcasting. They have been known to refuse their facilities to speakers who declined to submit manuscripts in advance, or to delete expressions objected to. The Commission does, and can do, nothing of the sort; and the cases in which it has actually refused a license renewal have been relatively flagrant and few. Mr. Bellows might as well contend that, since periodicals may be sued for libel after publication, the power of the judges over the press is equal to that of the editors.

To speak frankly, there is a much stronger motive than logic behind this weak-kneed argument. That motive is fear. The broadcasters have had a real scare in the past twelve months. Not only has the Communications Commission taken a much more positive view of public interest in broadcast programmes than did its predecessor; the Federal Trade Commission has organized a special survey of radio advertising, and the two organizations, together with the Food and Drug Administration, are actively coöperating. The case which probably has done most to put the fear of government into the broadcasters is that of Marmola.

This preparation — an alleged fat reducer — has achieved the distinction of interesting no less than four government departments, on and off, for six years. It was condemned as dangerous to health by the Federal Trade Commission in 1929; but the manufacturers fought the case through to the Supreme Court, and succeeded in upsetting the Commission's 'cease and desist' order. The Supreme Court agreed that 'the preparation is one which cannot be used generally with safety to physical health except under medical direction and advice'; but the Trade Commission Act refers to 'unfair methods of competition' and there was no proof of injury to competitors. It was merely the public that was being imperiled! That is why the Trade Commission is now urging Congress to amend the act so as to include 'unfair or deceptive acts or practices in commerce'; and it is much to be hoped that Congress will accede to the request. Meanwhile the Post Office Department had barred the stuff from the mails; but it continued on sale in drugstores — and then it went on the air. At this the Communications Commission summoned twenty-one stations to appear before it and prove that their operations were in the public interest. Most of them, afraid that they might lose their licenses, promptly dropped the programme in question. And it is this sort of action by the Commission that Mr. Bellows and the advertising fraternity specifically denounce as 'censorship.' They want to see the Commission definitely barred from using the licensing power in any way to control programmes before it goes any farther.

IV

Now it must be clearly borne in mind that whatever influence the Commission may have or acquire over programmes is bound to be of a negative or retrospective character. The Com-

mission may have some power to decide what *comes off* the air; but the only people who have the power to decide what *goes on* the air are the broadcasters. This power, however, is not called censorship; it is called 'editorial discretion.'

The analogy with publishing is to-day the favorite one of the broadcasters. It was emphatically invoked, for instance, last January when the Republican Party claimed equal radio time and coverage to that given the President for his message to Congress. In some respects the analogy is valid; but it is subject to one important qualification. A writer, finding his message rejected by all the editors and all the publishers, can, if he has money, print and publish it himself; but a would-be broadcaster, refused facilities by the station licensees, has no access to the air whatever, and money cannot help him. 'Freedom of speech' in the case of printed matter is possible only because of the freedom and elasticity of publication. 'Freedom of speech' on the air, where such conditions do not and cannot obtain, means not the unlimited right of all and sundry to address the public, but impartial standards of selection impartially applied. Radio time and facilities are absolutely limited; the position of those in control of them is therefore fundamentally different from that of editors and publishers, and their responsibility far graver.

In response to increasing public and Congressional interest, and to hints which were not always gentle from the Communications Commission, the past year has witnessed a marked improvement in the average quality of commercial programmes. Both major networks announced changes of policy enforcing stricter standards, particularly in respect of children's programmes, the duration of sales talks, and, as Columbia delicately phrased it, 'advertising which describes graphically or repellently any internal bodily

functions, symptomatic results of internal disturbances, or matters which are generally not considered acceptable topics in social groups.' Whether this improvement would have come about so generally, or so soon, had there been no power at all behind the Commissioners' observations is a question we need not discuss.

The principal networks have not only shown themselves responsive to advancing standards of public taste in commercial programmes; they have spent, and are spending, very large sums in public service beyond what considerations of mere expediency would necessitate. It is necessary, however, to point out that these systems comprise less than 200 stations out of 620. It is true that they include a majority of the most powerful stations on a majority of the best channels, but their standards cannot be taken as applying to anything like the whole of broadcasting. Further, the control exercised by the National and Columbia systems, or other chains, in respect of noncommercial programmes is much less in both extent and degree than their control of advertising contracts. Network stations are under no compulsion to follow the lead of the basic stations as regards sustaining programmes. And, apart from all network systems, there are 265 stations with no affiliation whatever. These are mostly low- or medium-power stations catering to local markets, and they constitute the most difficult element in the problem of programme control.

Two elements of that problem have so far defied all attempts at solution, and demand special consideration; these are the question of news and the question of education.

The service of 'up-to-the-minute' news is on the face of it a natural function of radio. So natural is it that even in the United States the service has grown rapidly, in spite of the most

determined endeavors to check it. Some writers now forecast the total displacement of the newspaper by the radio as a purveyor of 'spot news' — though the experience of other countries does not support this doleful prediction. But the majority of newspaper managers have always regarded broadcasting as their natural enemy. They see it simply as a rival competitor for the advertiser's dollar — and so, over a large field, it is. Press advertising has lost nowhere near as much as radio advertising has gained, and in many cases the two have advanced together; but there are always enough contracts for which the local newspaper and the local radio station compete to maintain the feeling of hostility. This attitude has been carried over to the news service itself. The newspapers — in this case with little real evidence — regard radio news as a threat to circulation, and they have taken energetic and effective measures to restrict it. The news-gathering organizations contended that their news was their property — a view which the courts upheld — and could be released for broadcasting only with their consent and on their terms. The end of a long struggle was apparently reached in March 1934, when the Press-Radio agreement was concluded between the Associated Press, United Press, and International News services, their affiliated newspaper proprietors, and the broadcasting networks. The agreement laid down very stringent limitations on the amount of news that might be broadcast, the time at which it might be broadcast (so as not to anticipate the morning and evening newspaper editions), and the use of newspaper-owned broadcasting stations.

The resulting radio news service was beyond question stale and inadequate, and the public voiced its discontent. Enterprising stations set out to form their own news services, gathering the

news independently in the United States and establishing connections with important foreign agencies. The foremost of these ventures, the Trans-radio Press Service, has proved a powerful competitor of the Press-Radio system, giving fresher and better news free of arbitrary restrictions, and has rapidly gained subscribers from coast to coast. The control of the press over radio news has been challenged, and there have been important defections. The United Press and the International News Service now sell their news reports direct to advertisers, and the news thus enters, along with crooners and jazz bands, the field of commercial sponsorship.

The resentment of the newspapers toward this new development is perhaps warranted on other than commercial grounds. Whether or not it be true, as the Inland Press Association recently alleged, that 'advertisers are now so intermingling advertising and propaganda with news that the value of the news is lost,' it may well be doubted whether the broadcasting of news should be in any way under the control, or even under the sponsorship, of commercial advertisers. On the other hand, the rapid growth in newspaper ownership of broadcasting stations is not without its dangers. There are at this writing 125 stations owned by or affiliated with newspapers; and the number is being added to in consequence of the recent decision of the Scripps-Howard chain to enter the broadcasting field. While some of this development may indicate a mere insurance policy in view of possible future developments, and while a good deal of it certainly represents a desire to retain circulation by up-to-date publicity, the resulting atmosphere of chaos and competition in news broadcasting can hardly be deemed consistent with the public interest. It is noteworthy that the California Newspaper Publishers

Association, with 350 members, has lent its support to the principle of government ownership and operation of the radio.

V

While the news problem, in its present phase at any rate, affects mainly the commercial sphere of broadcasting, that of education lies mainly outside it. There have been some genuinely educational enterprises under commercial sponsorship, such as the school broadcasts conducted since 1928 by the California Standard Oil Company; but the bulk of radio education is, and obviously should be, a nonprofit activity. The proportion of radio time and facilities devoted to noncommercial ends has been hotly contested during the past three years; and it is not only the professional educators who are contesting it. The Women's National Radio Committee — an intergroup organization claiming to speak for 17,000,000 women — is a new force in the field; and, if one may judge by recent motion-picture history, it is a force to be reckoned with. The officials themselves (to Mr. Bellows's discomfiture) have not been silent. Judge Eugene Sykes, who carried over his chairmanship from the old Commission to the new, told the industry in May 1934 that 'our broadcasters are giving the most interesting and diversified programmes, but changes are needed. They have not carried the educational features they should, and there has been no national coöperation.' Twelve months later his successor, the Honorable Anning S. Prall, — formerly a member of the New York City Board of Education, — told a representative gathering of reform organizations: 'You have my assurance now that we are ready to coöperate fully with you and contribute as far as possible to the final and complete development of a definite, practical, and workable plan

for the extension, expansion, and modernizing of education by means of radio broadcasting.' This is by no means the only assurance that has come from the present Commission.

The obstacles to progress have been, and still are, formidable. One of the most serious has been already alluded to; it arises from the very nature of the existing system. Participation of nonprofit activities in commercial broadcasting exists at the discretion of the station owners. The two principal systems, on their own initiative, have contributed very much that is valuable, and they have also made generous donations of time to independent groups. But they have no means of compelling their associated network stations to rebroadcast noncommercial material; the associated stations may, and mostly do, sell their time independently when it is not claimed for network advertising, and of course the large number of unaffiliated stations are outside the scope of these nationwide services altogether. That is why educational opinion veered largely toward schemes for legislative action.

The one definite proposal backed by many — but by no means all — reform groups was that Congress should set aside a certain percentage of all radio facilities for allocation by the government to nonprofit organizations (including itself). This was urged, in and out of Congress, to such effect that the legislature instructed the new Communications Commission to hold hearings as soon as it was established. The hearings were duly held in the fall of 1934. The educators made a rather poor showing, the commercial broadcasters a very good one. The Commission reported (in the present writer's opinion, wisely) against the proposal; but it indicated that this negative verdict would not be its last word on the matter. 'The Commission feels, in particular, that broadcasting has a much

more important part in the educational programme of the country than has yet been found for it. We expect actively to assist in the determination of the rightful place of broadcasting in education and to see that it is used in that place. . . . It is our firm intention to assist the nonprofit organizations to obtain the fullest opportunities for expression. Every sound, sensible, and practical plan for the betterment of the broadcast structure will be speedily effected.' These are strong words.

The proposal to which an increasing body of opinion is now tending is one formulated originally by the personnel director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and since adopted and expanded by the National Committee on Education by Radio. In essence, the suggestion is that the United States itself establish and maintain a limited number of publicly owned and controlled broadcasting stations 'to supplement but not to supplant the present private system, and to make available to American listeners programmes free from advertising, presenting entertainment and information to promote public welfare.' The operation of such stations, as regards programme material, would be vested in a series of publicly appointed boards comprising persons selected solely according to their qualifications, experience, and eminence in their respective fields; and the reëxamination of the broadcast band now being conducted by the Commission gives ground for hoping that a limited number of cleared channels could be secured with comparatively slight disturbance to private interests. The details of the scheme — which, by the way, corresponds in essentials to the one just adopted by the Australian Commonwealth in a similar situation — are obviously adjustable, provided the cardinal principle is secured. That principle — for which, whatever happens, the fight will surely

continue, to an ultimate victory — is that there be some sphere of the national life in which cultural ends are not subordinated to the demands of immediate monetary gain, and that in that sphere public service be conducted by persons directly and officially responsible to the chosen representatives of the public.

So far, the battle for broadcasting reform has aroused singularly little interest in the Atlantic States. There would appear to be two publics, one of which cares little what it hears, while the other does not listen. The great educational institutions of the East have scarcely noticed the existence, let alone considered the possibilities, of broadcasting; and the fight has been waged by the Middle and the Far West — by Illinois, Ohio, Wyoming, California — during many years of actual experiment and experience, much of it very bitter. But the issue is a national one, and the task of evolving, and then applying, an adequate conception of the public interest in this sphere deserves far more attention than it has yet received. It matters as much to the East as to the West whether we let our people drift into a materialistic inertia, steadily ripening for the chauvinist and the demagogue, or whether we make a deliberate effort to guide them to the true democracy that is theirs as soon as they are fit for it.

While there is much to be said, on technical grounds, for the contention that broadcasting should be a public monopoly with central control and decentralized operation, — and while that may in fact prove the ultimate solution, — American opinion is certainly not yet ripe for serious consideration of such a change. But meanwhile the proposal for a limited and experimental public service under public auspices deserves a friendly consideration — both by the Congress and by the public whose interest is at stake.

DECAY IN THE LANGUAGE

BY LORD DUNSANY

To every complaint that one may utter about bad language one usually gets the answer, 'A language must grow.' This is particularly true when we have some new invention every year or so, needing a new name, but it is of vital importance that we should be able to distinguish between growth and decay. For the difference between growth and decay in language there is fortunately a convenient test, and that test is meaning, the purpose for which language was originally invented. The decay that is affecting our language is taking place among adjectives; so much so that many of these necessary things have already died. One cannot prove that an adjective is dead merely because in so many hundred pages it never appears; the proof is when the need of that particular adjective arises and it is not used, a noun being thrown in to take its place, as a sheet of paper may stop a hole in a window in the absence of a pane of glass.

If you read of 'a strange man in an expensive car,' that is no proof that other adjectives equally suitable are dead; but if you read of 'a mystery man in a luxury car' that proves that the adjectives 'mysterious' and 'luxurious' have decayed away, for no one would otherwise use this lumber of nouns. There is, of course, no lack of meaning in 'a mystery man in a luxury car'; only a lack of grace. I imagine that hundreds of things had names among savages a thousand years before

those graces appeared by which the Romans, for instance, built their sentences; and I think that the deepness of the German forests, which the legions did not easily penetrate, is probably responsible for the German tendency to use heaps of nouns to this day, a clumsiness unknown in France and Italy.

When meaning disappears from modern sentences is the moment that a third noun is added to the heap, or even an honest adjective; as for instance, if we were to write 'a great luxury man,' it would not be quite clear whether we were intending a man who lived in great luxury or whether a luxury man of large size. If instead of the adjective 'great' we have yet another noun, the confusion is liable to be even worse. There are no landmarks to guide one through this confusion, for in a single copy of the *Times* I read two advertisements: the first of them spoke of 'best position seats' — obviously the hyphen, which was not there, should be imagined between the first word and the second; but there are no rules for this clumsy game, because the other advertisement spoke of a 'great equality myth,' and in that case the hyphen had to be understood between the second word and the third.

It may not be quite clear to my readers why the hyphen should have come in each case where I have said that it should; but I have had the ad-

vantage of reading the context, and have worked it out in that way. The alternative to reading the context is to know exactly which of several ambiguities the writer intends with his row of nouns, and for this purpose you must obviously know just what he intends to say. Does not this mean that in the language of jumbled nouns you can only say what everyone knows already? Then the writer with something new to say will not be understood, even when he has got a hearing.

Two years ago, when a large body of Canadian writers visited London, I pointed out to them at a meeting in the Mansion House some of the symptoms of this decay, and the direction in which it was progressing. I pointed out that instead of speaking of the English Eleven, which was playing cricket then against the Australians, they spoke of the England Eleven, evidently finding some quality in the noun that they could not perceive in the adjective; and I added that they spoke of the captain of this team as the England Eleven Captain, and that his selection was liable to be described as England Eleven Captain Selection, and that any difficulty in this selection might be written of nowadays as an England Eleven Captain Selection Difficulty. I then warned this gathering of writers that, if they did not all exert themselves to put some check upon this particular decay, the time would come when people would be writing of an England Eleven Captain Selection Difficulty Rumor. I hope that this day has not yet come, but we are hovering upon the brink of it, and the careful investigator may very likely be able to discover in modern writers a case of six nouns jostling each other, like lost railway trucks without couplings bumping each other noisily on a hill.

Let us not look down towards what our language is coming to, for the drop

is too giddy and we may lose our heads, but let us look up to the heights from which we have fallen and, by reading good writers of a few decades ago, see how far we have slithered in a very short time. Those writers, if writing of the affairs of to-day, would have to learn a few new words, like 'radio-gram' and the noun 'aerial,' though they could teach us how to pronounce the latter word correctly; on the other hand, a translation of any of their writings into the language that I am complaining of would show how much we have lost. The opening lines of *Paradise Lost* might go, in prose, to-day something like this: 'Of the first man disobedience and the forbidden tree fruit, whose death taste brought on world mortality — Milton was thirty-six years old when he wrote this — and our all woe, sing, Heaven muse, who on the Horeb or Sinai mystery top inspired, etc., etc.' It is surely apposite to point out that we think a lot of ourselves and of our age and may well wish to tell other ages about it; but, if we lose our adjectives, our writings will be no more able to explain ourselves to the future than a wall would endure which was built of rows of bricks without mortar. The bricks themselves are deteriorating (if we liken nouns to bricks), as well as the construction of the sentences.

Take the word 'weather': it was well enough understood by our ancestors, and had a big share in shaping our destinies; but nowadays the word is never used without being propped up and supported by the ridiculous word 'conditions.' It makes me think of an old wall supported by a broom or a disused cupboard or the ruins of a rusty perambulator; yet you cannot harm a wall by propping it up with absurdities, whereas you can harm a word by such odds and ends. A people that has never seen the word 'weather' used without that old clothes-prop

leaning against it will soon be unable to recognize it when the rubbish is cleared away; and so a fine word will be lost to a people that surely has need of it. Or can anybody show me a case where the words 'weather conditions' have ever been written by anyone in which the plain honest word 'weather' did not say all that was needed? I will maintain that in one per cent of all the cases in which the words 'weather conditions' are used the word 'weather' is equally good alone, and that in ninety-nine per cent of these cases it is better, leaving none at all in which the word 'conditions' does not waste printer's ink.

A dead adjective that I lament perhaps more than any other is the word 'hostile,' the disappearance of which throws the word 'enemy' from its place to do the work of the lost adjective. You read no more of the enemy's troops or the enemy's position; it would be the 'enemy troops' and the 'enemy position'; and such a line as Kipling's, —

When the guns of the enemy wheel into line,

would no longer be written. One has only to read any history of any war prior to the Great War to see how a certain splendor has now been lost from such narratives by the disappearance of the enemy himself, his presence being denoted only by this false adjective, doing work that does not properly belong to it.

And then we have the form of sentence nowadays which rather resembles a wall with a bicycle wheel built into it, or a plum pudding in which a watch and chain has been included in the baking. For instance, such a sentence as 'Lord Dunsany has sent an article to the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*' would seem a bit bald to the ultra-modern writer. He would rather say, 'Lord Dunsany has sent an article — he was born when Queen Victoria was on the throne — to the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.' The meaning is not hidden here, but it is jerky; it is the kind of thing to read in a motor going fast on a bad road, or in a swaying railway-carriage, whence the style probably originated.

CHAMPAGNE

BY THEODORA LAROCQUE CODMAN

I

THE little car took to French gasoline, an expensive taste, with such ecstatic enthusiasm that there was no holding her, and before we knew it we had traveled two thirds of the way from Havre to Paris. It was still early, so we treated ourselves to a detour through Versailles, the only place I've ever seen where blue ironwork does n't seem to be imploring a coat of black paint, and stopped opposite Louis XIV in bronze for a long look at the pink palace. In spite of this delay, we reached our hotel by three o'clock. The rest of the afternoon was spent unpacking very thoroughly.

We were dining with the W.'s at eight. They are both painters, — of pictures, not houses, — and he is a wine lover as well, but what I admire and respect most in him is his mastery of the bicycle. He rides one about the streets of Paris, heedless of danger, dauntless and debonair. There is an *on dit* that once, when he was pedaling across the place Vendôme, a pigeon, terrified by the midday madness of American-laden Ritz-bound taxis, flew clumsily against him, injuring its wing and scratching his cheek. He dismounted, picked up the silly bird, and rode home, steering with one hand and carrying the pigeon in the other.

His apartment was on the top of a rearranged private house. Fortunately, there was a lift which moved upward in spasmodic jerks and eventu-

ally deposited us without mishap on the fifth-floor landing. Mrs. W. greeted us, and suggested that it might be cooler outdoors. We followed her to a terrace furnished with green wicker chairs and tables. It overlooked the vegetable garden of a clinic, where gardeners even at this late hour were weeding and doing all the odd things that gardeners like to do.

'How nice that vegetables should be willing to grow in the heart of Paris!' I exclaimed.

'Yes,' assented Mrs. W., 'they have a very soothing effect on me.'

No one mentioned Mr. W.'s absence, and Mrs. W., an exceptionally attractive person, remained quite calm — the proximity of the vegetables, no doubt — during the half-hour interval before he joined us.

I sat by him at dinner, but we hardly spoke. An army of decanters and bottles absorbed his attention. I found them pretty absorbing myself.

'That's why I was late for dinner,' he murmured, dreamily, waving his hand toward the array.

He had an agreeable profile, his skin was perfect, and his hair grew well about the temples.

I was thinking, 'You are the cleanest-looking person I have ever seen,' when he startled me by announcing: —

'I have n't used soap in twenty years.'

'What do you use?' I gasped.

'Nothing. I exercise and take showers. That's how to keep clean. Soap clogs the pores of one's skin. I exercise every day on the roof.'

'On the roof?'

'Yes, I have a place up there where I run. Round and round one way, then round and round the other. Very healthy. Now taste that wine. It's a white Volnay, quite unique. The Marquis d'Angerville makes a small quantity every year and he gave me a few bottles of the 1920.'

It was indeed delicious. There followed a Montrachet 1919, after which three red wines, all in decanters, were served: the first a Burgundy, Hospice de Beaune 1900, the second a Château Lafite 1874, and the third another Burgundy, Corton Clos du Roi 1923. We sipped, thought, swallowed, and discussed. Personally, I preferred the 1874 claret to the rest. With dessert we had a Perrier Jouët 1911, a great vintage in Champagne. This one had acquired with age a deep golden color, while losing nothing of its delicate yet permeating bouquet. Even the œnophile who turns up his nose ever so slightly at the best of sparkling wines (because the sparkle is artificially induced) must admit that Champagne is appropriate to more varied occasions than is any other wine, and that the very sparkle of which he complains often injects a welcome spirit of fun into naturally deadly entertainments.

Since the beginning of the eighteenth century, Champagne has been considered practically a synonym for the word 'gayety'—also the cause of most pleasantly ephemeral emotional disturbances. Monsieur André Simon tells us in his book on Champagne that, as early as 1721, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote:—

They sigh, not from the heart, but from the brain,
Vapours of vanity and strong Champagne.

Its use in England, however, as an enlivener was not general until after 1750. From then on its reputation spread, and to-day what is a dance, wedding, or christening without one of the great *bruts* or *natures*? That is, if one's host is feeling generous. It is indeed almost the only wine that may be used throughout a meal. An extra-dry or *sec* can be substituted with the fish course, and a *demi-sec* or dry—pretty sweet, from the American point of view—is excellent with dessert. The latter is the best type for Champagne cocktails, as the addition of bitters is not the sacrilege it would be with finer qualities—which leads me back to Perrier Jouët 1911, the point from which I started on this ramble. Its use as a dessert wine was an exception to the rule, 'a sweet Champagne with dessert,' an exception made because the wines preceding it at dinner had been so superb that nothing but a very great *brut* could have held its own among them.

After dinner, we had coffee and 1830 brandy, in a room full of blue glass and nasturtiums. Then we climbed a ladder to the roof, fifteen square feet of flat space surrounded by a brick wall high enough to support one's elbows. The night was warm and windy. A full moon hung low in the sky and away to the left Montmartre, crowned by the Sacré Cœur, assumed an illusive beauty in the soft white light. Banks of gray clouds rolled apart, disclosing bottomless blue-black depths of night, sprinkled with pale little stars. At times the moon was hidden. I glanced toward the Tour Eiffel, once ablaze with the impudent splendor of innumerable electric lights, now shrouded in darkness, and felt sorry for Monsieur Citroën.

II

Next morning, as usual, the telephone waked us. It was Monsieur

Bollinger. He was yearning for a breath of salt air, but wanted to show us his Champagne establishment before the call of the sea grew too strong. Would we come to Reims that afternoon?

We lunched at Foyot's, on a bottle of perfect Chablis, a long conversation with the best sommelier in Paris, and a little fish.

The trip to Reims was pleasant. I saw something I had never seen until that day: 'VIVE LE ROI' painted in large letters on walls and houses. It was rather exciting, and a relief from the monotony of LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ — DÉFENSE D'AFFICHER — and the many other things one reads on walls. In Reims we tried to visit the cathedral, but the doors were locked.

Monsieur Bollinger stopped for us at seven o'clock and drove us to a country inn, where we dined out of doors. He was younger than I had expected, looked American, but spoke English with the accent of those who have learned the language in England. He was brisk and alert, and one felt beneath his charming manners and gentle courtesy a quick impatience easy to arouse. His blue eyes sparkled with humor. Reddish hair hinted at Breton ancestry. A human dynamo of energy and vitality built on foundations of uncompromising integrity.

With a bottle of Bollinger '26, we discussed politics in general and the Croix de Feu in particular. It was the first I'd heard of them or of their remarkable leader, the Colonel de la Rocque. His career and army record led us back to the war.

More Champagne was brought. Charlie and Monsieur Bollinger had both flown at the front in '18. Common friends were unearthed. Before we'd finished coffee, a warm liking had been created by the bond of similar tastes.

'Come,' said Monsieur Bollinger, 'we will go and explore the trenches by moonlight.'

It was a soft clear night and the former front was near by. Within ten minutes we could distinguish the white chalk face of one of the much-disputed Monts de Champagne. We left the car and walked up a road that seventeen years ago would have taken one straight into the German lines. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass. Trenches cut deep in the clay soil, moistened by countless rains and moulded by countless feet, had been cast into a permanent monument to war.

We sat on the edge of a shell hole, silently listening for the echo of sounds that had once been familiar. The stillness hurt. A narrow strip of No Man's Land separated us from the German first lines. I wandered toward them. At every step one walked on pieces of metal lying where they had fallen so long ago. Surely a trick of moonlight must be responsible for that glint of steel ahead. I advanced reluctantly and, reaching the German trench, peered over its parapet. There, six feet below me, I saw a helmet. The paint had worn away in places and the exposed steel shone in the moonlight. Was it my imagination, or was the helmet rocking slightly as though recently flung to the ground? I turned and ran. Whispering voices and flying footsteps pursued me.

Charlie and Monsieur Bollinger, sitting where I had left them, looked reassuringly solid. They were talking earnestly, but paused for a second, surprised by my precipitate return, before continuing their conversation.

Charlie was saying, 'It's curious that the vintages of 1914, '15, '17, and '18 should have all turned out as well as they did with labor conditions what they were.'

'Not to speak of the bombardments,'

supplemented Monsieur Bollinger. 'Of course a lot of Champagne was lost in the actual cellars of Reims.'

'But I thought the Germans never got into them.'

'It was n't the Germans, madame. It was our own troops. They —'

'I remember,' Charlie broke in, 'there was a story at the time. Some men quartered in the cellars pulled out those wedges which prop up long stacks of bottles. In consequence whole sections collapsed, and the "caves" were knee-deep in Champagne.'

'Then why is there any at all left?' I wondered.

'A sound psychologist at G. H. Q. issued an order allowing each of these men his bottle of Champagne a day. From then on, it was considered bad form to exceed one's ration.'

Charlie looked at his watch. 'It's late. We ought to go.'

On the way back to Reims we passed a tank abandoned on a bank by the roadside. It stood out in sharp black relief against the whiteness of the Milky Way.

The following morning we slept late, so late, in fact, that it was necessary to visit the vineyards by car instead of on foot, which suited me much better. The vines were a nice healthy dark green with a robin's-egg-blue finish, the result of 'sulphating' to kill mildew. It was a good year, the grapes well developed for July, yet separated on their stems — a desirable state of affairs, I learned.

Monsieur Bollinger owned vineyards in the different districts from which various types of grapes are blended to make a fine well-balanced Champagne. We inspected them all before lunch. A billowing sea of vines, with here and there the head of a vigneron silhouetted against the horizon like some lonely swimmer.

We lunched for two hours — hors d'œuvres, two meat courses, cheese, a

superb raspberry ice cream, fruit, coffee, Cognac, and a lot of talk. There were four of us, including Monsieur Bollinger's cousin. First we had a magnum of still Cramant 1911 which was nectar. I pleaded with the partners to sell us a few cases, or bottles even, to take back to America. This, they infinitely regretted, was impossible, as, after we had consumed the present bottle, there would remain only eight in the world.

While absorbing our second magnum, a Bollinger *brut* 1915, they told me more about Cramant. It is one of the best districts of the Côte des Blancs, a region planted entirely with white grapes. The wines from the vineyards of this region lend to the finished product known as Champagne its delicate qualities of lightness and finesse. The black grapes grown at Aÿ, Bouzy, Sillery, give to the final *cuvée* or blend the lustier characteristics of full body and perfume. This was news to me, as I had no idea that a bottle of good Champagne contained wines from the different grapes of different districts, situated in the strictly limited Champagne area, all contributing their personalities to an harmonious whole.

'Please,' I begged, 'tell me more. Show me everything and tell me all about it in words of one syllable.'

'Very well,' agreed Monsieur Bollinger. 'We will devote the afternoon to an exhaustive tour through the *établissement* and cellars of the Maison Bollinger, but to do this we must hurry back to Aÿ.'

We hurried — so much that at no time were the four wheels of 'mon cousin's' heavy car all on the road at once.

'*Elle tient bien la route,*' said Monsieur Bollinger, who was driving.

'*Tant mieux,*' gasped 'mon cousin' briefly.

I remembered the words of a French soldier who once, on seeing me wince at

the sound of a shell whining overhead, tried to soothe my fears.

'Don't worry, mademoiselle,' he had said; 'you will not hear the whine of the shell that hits you.'

I hoped in a confused way that this might also apply to roadside trees.

Safely, if a little shaken, we reached Aÿ and, without waiting even to draw breath, began my first lesson in Champagne making — began conscientiously at the beginning, as represented by a building somewhat resembling a large cement-floored barn, where in the autumn at *vendange*, or picking time, the grapes are brought to be pressed. There was no activity here at the moment, but we saw how the juice is conveyed to casks, in which the first fermentation takes place. When this has been completed and the wines racked, those from different vineyards are skillfully blended or 'assembled' in such a manner as to correct their individual shortcomings. In the preparation of a vintage Champagne, this blend or *cuvée* is made up predominantly from the wines of a year in which nature has particularly favored the vines. For non-vintage and also for cheaper Champagnes, the blend of young wines is toned up with various types of older ones. Blending can be a fine art, and the judgment and experience of the individual Champagne house in the making of its *cuvées* largely determine the quality and the special characteristics of the finished product.

I had n't a doubt of it, but my mind was in a whirl. However, I had asked for information and ought not to complain because I was getting it. So I tried to concentrate.

The following spring the *vins de cuvées*, with the exception of those being held in reserve for future blendings, are bottled. To each bottle is added a small quantity of cane-sugar syrup. Firmly corked and wired, the bottles are then laid away on their sides in the

cellars for about four years. During this period the sugar causes a natural secondary fermentation in the bottle. This in turn produces the pleasing bubbles which actually bring out and enhance all the gay charming elements in a Champagne *de grande marque*.

We now, to my great relief, descended to the cellars. These differ from those of Reims in that they are excavated, while the latter are natural caves. Miles of dark corridor, dimly lit at distant intervals by low-powered electric bulbs; hundreds of thousands of bottles lining the walls; cobwebs festooned and matted to the ceiling; tracks laid along the earthen floor. A train of small trucks clattered round a curve toward us, rendered no less alarming for being man-pushed. Occasional gnomish figures worked crouching in shadowy corners, candles flickering at their elbows.

Instinctively I lowered my voice. 'Go on, and then what?' 'At the end of four years,' Monsieur Bollinger continued patiently, 'the bottles are placed neck downward in so-called *pupitres*, wooden racks, designed to hold them in this position. Here they remain for several months, the *remueur* giving each bottle a periodic twist of about a quarter turn which encourages the deposit to slide down the sides and into the neck, where it finally settles on the cork.' I now understood the solitary activities of the mole-like men we'd met from time to time.

'Eventually comes the *dégorgement*, or removal of the cork with its layer of adhering sediment, a delicate operation accomplished in one of two ways; in some establishments, by freezing the neck of the bottle, thereby making it possible to withdraw the cork together with the frozen lump of deposit; in others, by hand, which requires great manual dexterity.'

The damp, chilly mustiness of the cellars was giving me claustrophobia. In the distance a Romanesque arch

filled with light suggested that our tunnel opened out into an underground room of some sort. Such was the case. In fact, Monsieur Bollinger led us there, saying that he would rather show than describe the final operations performed on Champagne.

Several small groups of workers were busy with mysterious-looking contrivances. We watched the cork removing proceed with rhythmic precision. The wine, still in its original bottle, should now be crystal clear and completely dry, all the sugar having been used up in the process of fermentation. One little old man had specialized for years in verifying this fact. Before being recorked and wired, each bottle receives a small dose of *liqueur d'expédition*, the amount depending on whether the Champagne is to be offered as a *brut*, extra-dry, *sec*, *demi-sec*, and so forth. For a *brut*, only a very small quantity is added, and for the sweeter types correspondingly more. A large dose of *liqueur* may mask the imperfections of an indifferent blend; a *brut*, however, must stand on its own intrinsic merits.

We saw all this done before going on to the labeling department. Here, in large airy rooms aboveground, women — usually the wives, mothers, and sisters of vigneron, or cellar workers — predominate. Each woman has her allotted task. One pastes on the labels and passes the bottle on to another, who neatly presses tinfoil about its neck and shoulders. It is then wrapped in tissue paper, usually colored, before being finally popped into a straw *paillon*. From now on, men again take

charge. There is a carpenter shop where scores of cases are made daily. We stood surrounded by mountain peaks of these new white cases, all packed and nailed up, their addresses clearly printed on sides and lids in shiny black paint. They were going to England, Spain, America, Japan, and the Straits Settlements, there to be unpacked by hands of many races, white, black, yellow, brown.

The personally conducted tour was over. I knew all I could learn in one day about Champagne. The moral to the story was this: only good grapes, carefully picked and sorted at the right time, then properly pressed and fermented, make good wine. Good wine makes good Champagne only when watched over and nursed by experts.

In 1928, a very great year, the best grapes sold for twelve francs a kilo. It takes two kilos to make one bottle of Champagne. Add six years' worth of time and labor to these initial twenty-four francs, and the cost of production per bottle mounts to a pretty price. Our government pays sparkling Champagne the doubtful compliment of taxing it at the rate of over \$17 a case, so, what with one thing and another, it is not surprising that a really fine Champagne is necessarily an expensive drink.

It was after four o'clock, and physically exhausted, if mentally stimulated, I accepted with thanks Monsieur Bollinger's offer of a bite and a swallow before starting on our homeward journey. The swallow turned out to be a last large bottle of Champagne.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE NEW DEAL

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

UNFORTUNATELY the depression and the recovery concern, not the abstractions of economics and politics, but people, the behavior and prospects of existent and future American citizens.

It is not the CCC that matters; it is the boys in the camp. It was not the AAA that was good or bad, beneficial or harmful; it was what the AAA did to the American people, the farmer, the manufacturer, the laborer, the consumer. It is not the budget that should excite our interest; it is the effect that high taxes will have upon the present generation and its grandchildren.

In an effort to diagnose the current condition of the American as a person, it is essential that slogans and captions be avoided, that the improvisations of publicists be recognized as designed to deceive as often as to describe. Such phrases as the New Deal or the Raw Deal, the Abundant Life or the Money Changers, add little to an understanding of the problems that confront the American people. They are evidences only of partisanship which shift from time to time with astonishing facility.

Our politicians, who pride themselves on their loyalty to the people, are often careless of human values. They usually think and act only in the interest of a particular, articulate coterie that applies political pressure for

some special legislation. The *Congressional Record*, for instance, reads more like the minutes of a body of representatives of special interests than a parliament functioning for the whole people of the United States. There are Congressmen that represent potatoes and Senators that represent silver; there are Congressmen that speak for the American Federation of Labor and Senators that speak for the American Legion.

Few ever rise to ask, What is happening to the American people? What is being done to-day that will affect the lives, the thinking, the social characteristics of our children and grandchildren? In this '*Après moi le déluge*' attitude of our representatives lies perhaps the greatest peril besetting the American people. This country will continue to exist after the Roosevelt Administration has ceased to be more than history; it is therefore impossible longer to ignore what it has done to us as human beings. We can survive without potatoes, but what are we to be without character?

II

The recovery period can no more be isolated from the American history that preceded it than a man can be psychologically divorced from his ancestors. Had there been no depression, there would have been no recovery. But,

more important than that, neither the depression nor the recovery could have plagued us had there been no boom. The recovery exists, and acts as it does, because the way had been paved for it.

Human beings behave as they do during the recovery because, during the boom and the depression, disobedience and disrespect for law, for parents, for teachers, for leadership, for everything that is robust and strong and vital and worthy of permanence, were being propagated.

The Roman holiday of the boom in morals, as in economics, must be paid for. We have forgotten the flapper, but flapperdom will plague us for another generation or two. We are beginning to forget Ponzi and Florida booms and all the other manifestations of mental syncopation, but we continue to pay for them.

During the recovery, we built roads and attempted to rebuild some industries, but little has been done to rebuild character, to strengthen the family, to restore respect for authority. Even Professor Tugwell has discovered this weakness in our system, for in his famous California speech he cried, 'Discipline is our only lack.' The depression and the recovery have emphasized the necessity for money, for the mere possession of material security; the danger is that when again material security is assured, we shall, as a people, have nothing else.

Prohibition broke down respect for law. It was fashionable to bootleg; it was heroic to drink a forbidden cocktail. Prohibition was a particularly evil institution, not only because it caused lawbreaking to be justified, but because it permitted the lawbreaker to be accepted as a gentleman. Here commenced an attitude toward the law which, in the Roosevelt Administration, reached a height of contempt. For whereas, during the boom, drink-

ing forbidden whiskey was done in the best families, during the recovery it became the style to attack the Constitution.

The law, upon respect for which depends the very existence of the country, becomes trivial when Congress passes measures in the hope and anticipation of a Supreme Court repudiation. A supine and characterless legislature undermines public confidence in itself, and therefore in the law of which it is the parent. Congress must have heard the relief of the nation at its adjournment last summer; yet it was not shocked into sensitiveness.

The generation which is now beginning to feel the oats of maturity has little respect for our national lawmakers. It knows no great figures in Congress, although there is occasionally some praise for Borah, Glass, and Norris. Most of Congress is ungrammatical, pedestrian, small. Youth is disillusioned about these men who should be its leaders; they cannot lead because they are too susceptible to pressure groups. They follow haphazardly — and the young people of the country not only are unled, but they have no respect for leadership. It's all a racket, they say.

III

And, curiously enough, they are right. It is all a racket. Everything seems to have a racket. Education is a racket. Youth knows that many colleges do not educate and that many professors are not educated. They know that courses have become easy, even trifling. An elective system has been expanded until in many universities students take trivial subjects to make up the necessary number of points without regard to the cultural value of the course. They know that in many state universities the system of marking has been brought down so that the

class average will pass no matter how low that average may be. During the depression, many students continued at colleges only because there were no jobs and a college was preferable to a CCC camp. This is also true in high schools and public schools. As Nicholas Murray Butler once said:—

The school becomes an obstacle to education when it subordinates or neglects discipline, when it endeavors to substitute elaborate paraphernalia for the very simple instrumentalities of true education, and when by the glorification of various mystical methods of teaching it prevents the direct imparting of knowledge and discipline by strong personality, which is education's surest instrument of effectiveness.

The political professor, having once achieved some distinction as a scholar, has discovered in the Foundations and the government a profitable racket. Washington these days is full of scholars who multiply statistics on everything, but add little to the solution of practical problems. These professors send forth mimeographed statements of their views concerning everything under the sun, for their personal significance depends not upon achievement but upon the cumulative effect of newspaper copy. There can be little question that the group popularly known as the Brain Trust, and the current group, offensively termed the 'Hot Dogs,' hurt themselves by this mad craving for publicity.

Too often do young men and women come to believe that publicity alone is the path to greatness, and that the fogey who actually plugs away at a job unheard and unsung is a stupid dodderer who fails to understand his time. The publicity hunt among the Washington professors during the past three or four years has been a distressing spectacle of waning dignity and public morals. It is a racket.

Business has been subjected to rackets in an astonishing manner. Not

only must it submit to the labor racket, which is often little short of blackmail, and to the pressure of government, which often substitutes political careerism for national interests, but to racketeering organizations within itself.

Business men are constantly complaining of the large number of futile and useless organizations to which they must belong because they dare not refuse to continue to pay dues. Every business man is called upon to join organizations representing not only his industry, but collateral associations to exploit every idea he favors and every scheme he opposes. Men solicit funds to preach doctrines that they claim will solve problems and they attack so-called subversive movements many of which are magnified to justify the expenditures of terrifically active offices. A business man recently told me that the cost of these associations was almost prohibitive, yet he dared not refuse to join each new one lest his attitude be misunderstood by his associates.

Just as many workers pay dues and high initiation fees to unions because they are afraid not to, so business and industry contribute to this racket of futility. It was bad enough during the boom, when business could afford to pay; it became a veritable canker under the codes. Not only did business have to submit for two years to a law which the Supreme Court eventually declared unconstitutional, but it had to pay for Code Authorities, code lawyers, code experts, code statisticians, until the racket in the code was a greater nuisance than the code itself.

I have heard men refer to their legitimate business and jobs as rackets. Citizens look upon their representatives as engaged in a racket. The families of Congressmen who act as secretaries and clerks are regarded by their neighbors as benefiting by a racket.

From the standpoint of national morals, the racket is a menace, because it involves not only a disregard for the law, but a general assumption that anything goes. Parents permit and even encourage their daughters to exhibit themselves in racketeering *fiestas* in the hope of a movie contract. Anything goes.

IV

The huge increase in government jobs is as much political racketeering as relief. The Civil Service was ignored; salaries were assigned without regard to the current market for similar work; thousands were employed doing nothing useful at a comfortable salary. To such as these, real work will always be irksome, because they will rarely be paid as well for doing something as they were for doing nothing. Furthermore, too many citizens have reached the unfortunate conclusion that the government owes them a living. Louis Howe says it is not a living that the government owes, but an opportunity for a living. He speaks as the President's secretary and a government official, and not as a relief worker.

In every city it is evident that men and women resist real employment because they can live on the government. In some of the Middle-Western and Northwestern agricultural states, although thousands were on relief, there was a shortage of hands for the crops. In large cities there is a shortage of domestic employees in spite of a devastating relief roll. Even in staid old New England townships, men and women look forward to living on the town not only as a legal right but as an end to be anticipated. The popular Townsend Plan is only a publicized political manifestation of this tendency.

The dignity of working for a living and for the social advantages of success has been subordinated to a novel theory of the right to a livelihood, even

if that right induces laziness, profligacy, and national bankruptcy.

Now the question may be asked, 'Would you have these poor people starve?' To which Mr. Roosevelt might reply, 'That would mean a revolution.' It is obvious that this dread of revolution has been used by political organizers to cajole otherwise thoughtful citizens into agreeing to the acceptance of a state-managed sociology. They would have us believe that the only way to correct unemployment and to prevent starvation is to sacrifice respect for law and personal dignity. The recovery found no other method, and the process of social demoralization continues.

The scramble of politicians for public funds for their districts, the bartering of votes for patronage and relief money, attacks directly the dignity of government and of national leadership, and if in a measure such tactics do lessen unemployment, they break down the force and even the value of government. What a tragedy it is, then, that this loss of dignity, this debasing of officialdom, has not succeeded in reducing unemployment sufficiently to solve, at any rate, the only problem which seemed to justify the sacrifice!

V

The extravagance of government is not unusual in this country. 'Bigness' is a characteristic of the land, and all our governments do their business on a vast scale. The new municipal buildings and courthouses and 'million-dollar high schools' which dot cities all over this land mark an era of civic extravagance which gained its competitive momentum during the boom and ended only when the stock market popped in 1929. The extravagance of the boom seemed to have, in the minds of the myopic, this justification: there was plenty of money — why not use it

for civic purposes? The fact that few seemed to 'pay as you go' was also characteristic of a people who believed that prosperity could only manifest itself by eternal indebtedness.

Extravagance was the keynote of the boom. Iowa farmers left their work to live like barons in Los Angeles. Cloak and suit manufacturers in New York left their machines and models to build enormous skyscrapers. Bond salesmen turned even cooks and kitchen maids into prospective millionaires.

The depression, it was hoped, would sober the nation. Men would realize that eternal credit is, like perpetual motion, a fallacy that inevitably must reach an end. Surely, after such a blow, the Federal Government, the states and municipalities, and private individuals would calm their souls and rest from living beyond their means. Hunger drove some to jump out of windows, but most men realized that a million on paper is hardly worth the paper it is written on unless with it comes the satisfaction of security from financial loss and social disaster.

There were many who cursed the depression, and therefore Mr. Roosevelt was elected President, but few mature persons sought a return to the fictions and mirages of the boom. Yet that is exactly what the recovery sought and failed to attain. The hope of another boom, another period of wealth suddenly gained without working for it, produced in a dangerously large number of Americans a psychological alteration: personal independence, an essential American characteristic, lost its meaning for them.

The recovery sought to restore the boom by a hocus-pocus process called 'priming the pump.' This, it is said, an English economist invented for his own country, which rejected it. The theory was that, if the government spent enough money to get production moving, the boom would return.

Here we have an astonishing paradox—namely, that when the government, to restore the boom, spent money beyond its income, the value of all money depreciated. 'Priming the pump,' then, instead of restoring the boom by increasing extravagance, only served to frighten honest, hard-working, thrifty citizens into phobias concerning the value of their earnings, whereas the new loafing population, which had begun to live on government as a habit, struck for higher pay because the prices of goods had increased. A banker said to me that, since the government was going to take everything away from him, the only course left was to spend everything as rapidly as possible. At the same time workers on relief in many cities struck because they were dissatisfied with the form and content of the charity they were receiving from the government.

Extravagance is still extravagance, whether you call it 'credit expansion,' or 'the abundant life,' or 'the equalization of society.' It amounts to encouraging a thriftless system in which no provision is made for a rainy day, on the assumption that when it pours the government will provide. My banker friend and the WPA workers had developed the same conception of life—namely, that thrift has no future; ultimately the government gets your money and wastes it.

From the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to the recovery, thrift was as American as it still is Scotch. During the recovery, thrift has become taboo. It is almost unpatriotic to fail to spend; to many it has become utterly futile to save. When the new Federal tax bill passed Congress, New Yorkers entered upon a spending spree equal to the maddest days of the boom. Department stores reported wonderful sales; new night clubs opened; the theatrical season started with a characteristic bang. The stock market showed peak

prices without justification in terms of earnings.

Yet, taxes will have to be paid, and if money is only spent, and not nurtured by reinvestment, the end must inevitably be diminished spending and increased distress. A thriftless society can only lead to economic and moral bankruptcy.

VI

The real menace to the future of the country in this manifestation of the boom and the recovery is that the immature generation of the period reaches manhood with a grandiose conception of man's needs for mere living. This is best expressed in the 'white collar' attitude of American youth, the unwillingness of young people to do whatever is available for bread, but to insist upon some particular 'white collar' work, even 'boon-dogging.'

Alvin Johnson wrote in 1934: 'The nation's youth are warned that there is no real place for them; as they emerge into manhood and womanhood they have to force themselves into overcrowded employment, displacing the generation of their parents while that generation still embodies valuable productive power and while its needs are perhaps greater than ever.'

Yet industry complains that it is unable to find skilled labor to replace the men who have disappeared or who have grown inefficient during the depression. In several industries, schools have been founded to train apprentices, with results that are far from satisfactory. Youth is in many respects justified in its complaint that it was born at the wrong time, but too few young people seem to be willing to take the bit in their teeth and start where the work is hardest.

It must be admitted that the recovery faced many dilemmas. For instance, if it had said courageously to high-school boys, 'There is no use try-

ing to be bond salesmen and saxophone players; the time has come for you to use common sense and become plumbers' apprentices,' there would have been trouble; for the plumbers' union limits the number of apprentices to keep the price of plumbing absurdly high. And that is true in many other trades.

So the boys who want to wear white collars now wear khaki shirts in CCC camps and play at work which can more effectively be done by machines. They complain bitterly that there are no chances left for a young man; yet industrialists complain that young men nowadays make slow and incompetent workers.

VII

The recovery, seeking to restore the boom, which is very different from merely ending the depression, feared most of all the checks and balances placed upon the Executive under our system of law. An emergency was declared, and was nationally accepted. In terms of the emergency, Congress delegated to the President permissive powers of vast dimensions. Until the Supreme Court denied the right of Congress to delegate limitless powers, the President of the United States was virtually a dictator with no one to gainsay him but the lone voice of the late Huey Long in Congress.

The demand for wide permissive powers was the definite manifestation of a vast impatience. 'How deep are the sources of your indignation?' Professor Tugwell asked. '. . . Or do they lie deeper, so that your wrath may sustain a genuine reconstruction of American life?' This impatience would not have reached such an extraordinary pitch were it not that these young gentlemen were products of an era of disrespect for the law and for the constitutional processes of our country.

In many of the younger generation, the current instability and prospective hopelessness encourage an admiration, and in some even a worship, of other countries and other ways of life. To many there can be no end to pessimism except in the abandonment of democratic processes. They are impatient for that end to come. If a bureaucracy will bring stability, then they favor such bureaucracies.

But they are not alone in their impatience. Lord Hewart of Bury, Lord Chief Justice of England, wrote a book in 1929 entitled *The New Despotism*, in which he describes exactly the same form of impatience in his country. He says:—

‘It is possible, no doubt, that the public official who decides questions in pursuance of the powers given to his department does act, or persuades himself that he acts, on some general rules or principles. But, if so, they are entirely unknown to anybody outside the department, and of what value is a so-called law of which nobody has any knowledge?’

Now, is that not exactly how this country responded to rules and regulations, and hearings and trials, and inquisitions under the recovery? The difference, however, between England and the United States is that so many of us can still laugh at impatient officials and the British take them seriously.

Again Lord Hewart says: ‘How is it to be expected that a party against whom a decision has been given in a hole-and-corner fashion, and without any grounds being specified, should believe that he has had justice? Even the party in whose favor a dispute is decided must, in such circumstances, be tempted to look upon the result as a piece of luck.’

And that was exactly what happened in most code decisions and labor hearings and similar extrajudicial preoccupa-

tions of young impatience — except that to impatience was added the racket, the association between politics and the evasion of the law.

The impatience of the young recovery exponents was naturally stimulated by the American system of presidential elections. They started in March 1933, and they were to restore the boom by the spring of 1936. A bare three years was theirs to remake the American political, social, and economic system — a bare three years during which the abundant life was to replace work and thrift. It was a brave and daring impatience, for, in spite of the wholehearted support of the leaders of organized labor and the timid support of the more assertive industrialists, most Americans were in time too befuddled to do more than evade the regulations of the recovery. Some lawyers earned fees in the process, but anyone with any candor will admit that the NRA was as dead as a dodo when General Johnson left it and that the Schechter Decision was more an obituary than a deathblow. It was a further example of the disregard of law and disrespect for government while the law still stood.

The nervousness of the impatience never really carried over to any large elements among the people. Labor never followed either the government or the radical labor leaders into fields foreign to American experience. The farmer accepted the subsidies of the AAA as he had accepted Hoover subsidies, but it never occurred to him that a change in the form of government or even of the economic system was in any way associated with these checks. The business man found himself in confusion until the market place became sufficiently active to consume his principal attentions; whereupon he deserted politics for profits, unless he was one of the few who looked far ahead. Even the unemployed on relief have in no way responded to the

promptings of impatience — as long as relief has not stopped.

In a word, what have the excitement, the impatience, the class irritability, the stressing of economic groupings, accomplished? Primarily, they have definitely raised the question of the form of government in the United States. The talk wherever one goes is over questions of the Constitution, the powers of the President, the Supreme Court, States' rights, regional differences, Fascism — what sort of government we are to have in the future. And it is my observation that, whereas Germany may love Hitler and Italy may pride itself on its Mussolini, the American people still adhere to a Congress which they no longer honor and respect and to a Supreme Court which has taken away their processing checks.

That, perhaps, is the real strength of this country — namely, that just as no one started a revolution because of the depression, so will no one abolish the Supreme Court because it opposes the recovery. Even those who live on recovery checks say that the extravagance of the government is awful, 'but we might as well have it as anyone else.'

VIII

Certain characteristics of the recovery will inevitably leave a mark upon the rising generation. Ugliest of all these characteristics is the lack of principle among the New Dealers and their opponents. It was not until Ogden Mills made a speech attacking the New Deal that any Republican said a word in opposition, although many might have spoken in Congress. Business men saw their industries being hampered and imperiled by inexperience and experimentalism, yet they sat about Washington helping to keep alive the NRA which they hated. Clergymen jumped on each new band wagon, the most recent one being in

support of the Constitution. Editors gave the New Deal a honeymoon period, as though what was wrong after the honeymoon was not wrong during it. And so it went.

This opportunism, this careerism, is unfortunate, particularly when university professors and clergymen are concerned. They, at least, are paid to be decent men. And again, as one travels about the United States, skepticism of professorial and clerical wisdom grows more evident, particularly as a weariness with politics and talk — endless talk — becomes more apparent.

During the boom, the captains of industry developed the habit of talking pontifically for publication. Much that they said was ghost-written and intellectually beneath contempt. During the depression nearly all of them were silent, because they had other things to think about, and really because many of them had been sobered into shame. The recovery let loose, again, a plethora of wisdom, first in support of the NRA and then in opposition to it; first in support of the New Deal, and then in support of the Liberty League. It is a sorry and discouraging performance, because it lacks in dignity and strength of character.

This country is unfortunate in that 'His Majesty's Loyal Opposition' really has no place. Under the British parliamentary system, the rôle of the opposition is recognized not only as constitutional but as essential to the proper functioning of the state. In the United States, the opposition is invariably personal, from which most decent men shrink. Debate even in the Senate is on such a low level because it too easily deals with commonplace personal affairs rather than with principles, with sectionalism rather than with national interest.

'The opposition' is not a fully understood institution even in Congress, and among the people, these days, it is vari-

ously described as consisting of Communists, Fascists, or paid propagandists of the Liberty League. Few of the impatient leaders of the recovery are willing to recognize that in a democratic state 'the opposition' is as essential as life itself. Those who disagree with the impatient ones are enemies, chiselers, monopolists.

Just as, in economics, thrift has departed, so, in human relations, dignity has gone by the board. During the early days of the depression, men avoided relief as offensive to dignity, and then, during the recovery, they demanded relief as a right. Dependence may be unavoidable or inevitable, but it is never dignified.

The loss of dignity in the mass has been reflected by a similar loss of dignity among the great. Instead of supporting the tone of the mass, the leadership of the nation has played down to the greatest common denominator. Take, for instance, the various share-the-wealth proposals, the Townsend Plan, the lunatic ideas that come out of Los Angeles and St. Paul, the schemes for pegging the prices of agricultural commodities and silver, the insistence of the Federal Government that cities and towns spend money, the low quality of political debate, Congressional emphasis on the soldiers' bonus, the declining standards of public education — one sees evidences of leadership not only bowing low before the multitude, but actually bending its knee to the least intelligent.

Youth is quickly conscious of fraud and froth among its mentors. As one travels about the United States, the most obvious reaction is the cynicism of the current younger generation. Agnosticism is applied not only to religion but to everything. Young people will tell you that they would not defend their own country; that all they want is a bit of fun in life; that government is a racket which they would like to get into

for what it is worth. The pacifist youth objects to war because munition makers make money out of it, but many an R.O.T.C. patriot says that he joins so that he can be an officer and not a private in the next war.

But there are other attitudes. Communism in Russia is a political and economic system; some elements among American youth, however, turn to Communism as a release from pessimism. I recently sat with a young woman of college years who extolled Soviet Russia, while I argued standards of living. She admitted the higher standard of living in the United States, but almost shouted at me: 'I can do without beefsteaks if only I can find something useful to do.'

And that is not Communism. It is a search for activity. It is a denunciation of futility. It is a protest against the pessimism of the generation.

A boy who in 1929 was sixteen, and unable to get a job, is now approaching 23, and he still has not earned his day's bread. He has been kept by his parents, by his town, or by one of the Federal relief agencies. He has passed out of youth into manhood without the thrill and passion of doing something for himself. In my youth such a boy might black boots or sell newspapers and still go to college. To-day he goes to a CCC camp or does nothing.

Nothing to do — nothing to hope to do — nothing to look forward to. What can we expect of such a generation?

IX

Yet, there is so much to do — and there is the rub. Industry faces a lack of skilled workers who used to be imported from European countries. In spite of the machine, a world of important human activity is open to young people. A new form of apprenticeship is coming into existence in the schools which are being established for trained

workers. Perhaps the greatest lack in industry to-day is trained foremen. Subsistence farming has not altogether failed, and as one travels the countryside one sees young men who are raising food for newly created families. Even out of the CCC camps comes a new interest in forestry and woodcraft which can be turned to good account under private enterprise.

In the cities, with their turmoil of conflicting ideas and purposes, in the colleges where disillusioned youth sits upon its haunches, frightened men face a frightening future. But, curiously, among the workers who have suffered most, and the farmers who have suffered longest, there is ample evidence of hope, not so much for economic revival, as for the persistence of simple individual virtues. The high cost of food-stuffs and the increasing cost of taxes have undoubtedly set simple folks to thinking. I have met farmers in many states who raise the question of taxes in every conversation, and workers are becoming insistent upon a larger weekly pay envelope even if it means more hours of work. The company unions speak of that. High prices and taxes are realities to simple folks.

Taxes will be high for a long time in the United States. They will increase every year for a generation. They will

eat into the income of those who work and those who accept charity.

Taxes cannot be bluffed away — you pay them and swear. They reduce earnings; they reduce the allowance for food; they reduce the allowance for amusement. Men may spend profligately to-day to cheat the tax collector, but he will catch up with spendthrift and hoarder, with the hard worker and the shiftless. He will put his indelible mark upon each one of us. When the cost of taxes affects every stratum of American society, this country will awaken to an understanding of the evils of a vast part of the nation living on the government.

Perhaps the young man in Fargo, North Dakota, who wanted to work day and night to make a future for himself and his family, while his wife wondered why he could not limit his activities to a nine-to-five task, gave me a cue to the future: —

‘This country won’t go to the devil. When it comes back, I want to be on top where I can do something and be somebody.’

That sentiment is what made the country before the depression. And that sentiment is still there to be used in building up a land ravaged by the social effects of the depression on the character of its citizens.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SPEAKING OF WIVES

THE gentleman in the house next to ours had beaten his wife the night before. He should have known better. He and the lady were both Europeans, with only the faintest trace of Indian blood — not *stenga Malayu*, as the natives of Java term the half-caste population. Playing bridge on the verandah, we had restrained ourselves with difficulty during the operation, for his house was only just beyond our garden wall. There is no glass in the windows in the tropics, and sound filters through wooden shutters as well as air. We could hear not only the stifled screams and sobbing, but also the blows of the whip and certain unlovely sounds of satisfaction.

Consequently I was still indignant when Sari came in to make the beds, in her eyes a light familiar in another hemisphere when sensational disclosures concerning a neighbor are about to be made.

'Did you hear it last night, the *tuan* next door whipping the *n'onya*?' she asked with a triumphant smile.

'I certainly did. What do you suppose he did it for?'

'Probably she was naughty.'

'Naughty! A man should n't beat his wife just because she's naughty.'

'Of course, *N'onya*. Husbands always beat their wives when they deserve it.'

'Does Hani whip you?'

'Oh yes, when I am naughty. What should he do?'

This was too much for me, and indeed Sari was so much a child that a good spanking might well suggest itself as a convenient discipline when, as sometimes happened, she became a domestic tyrant.

'What would an American *n'onya* do if her husband should beat her?' Sari pursued the subject.

'She would probably divorce him. At least a good many would.'

'Oh yes, divorce. But divorce is costly.

A Malayu man must pay five guilders for one, or often more.'

'It costs lots more than that in America.'

Sari laughed. American lavishness was to her a thing you hear about but can't imagine, like the distance to the remote stars.

'Yes,' she said, 'the people of the *n'onya*'s land are very rich. And yet a *tuan* has only one wife at a time.'

'Does a Malayu woman like it when her husband marries a second woman?'

Sari considered this a little.

'She does n't always like it,' she said, 'but after a little she grows used to it. When there is much labor four hands or six are better than two. Out in the *padi* fields the work would kill one wife, but two or three or four can do it with ease. As they work they talk together — that is pleasant. Even in the town it's easier with two. The young new wife does most of the work. So the old wife usually does n't mind very much. But my mama had a *sudara* —'

Sari was on her knees washing the tile floor with evil-smelling carbol water, prolonging the task as much as possible in order to satisfy her curiosity about the ways of foreigners as well as her feminine taste for gossip. At the memory of her mama's *sudara* (a Malay's *sudaras* are usually his sisters, but may also be his cousins and his aunts) she wrung out her cloth and settled comfortably on her heels to tell the tale.

'My mama's *sudara* was getting a little old. Her husband was the head man of Masari *kampong* — a rich man. One day he told her he was going to marry another woman — a young girl from Tanah Abang — on the next Friday. My mama's *sudara* was a quiet woman. She never screamed or threw things. She was just quiet, but she was angry. She would n't speak to her husband and she refused to go to the girl's *kampong* to celebrate the marriage.

'Then came Saturday, the day after the marriage. The husband had not yet

brought his new wife home to Masari. My mama's *sudara* rose early and walked many miles across the city, to old Batavia where there lived a *nenek* [old woman — translatable by "granny"] whom she knew to be wise in many things. And she got a little package from the *nenek*, and tucked it away in her belt.'

'What was in the package?'

'Something you can hardly see, but if you put it in a person's food he dies. Not at once. Later, weeks later. See, *N'onya*, my mama's *sudara* did not wish the new wife to live in the house with her.' Hitching over a little nearer my chair, she said softly, '*N'onya*, what the *nenek* put into the little package and gave to my mama's *sudara* was whiskers — the whiskers of a tiger, the great *matchan* of the jungle — chopped fine — so fine you could hardly see them. If you eat chopped tiger's whiskers, sharp like fine glass, they at last make holes in your stomach and you die.'

'What a very bad old woman your mama's *sudara* was!'

'No, *N'onya*. As it turned out, she was n't wicked at all. When she reached her husband's house in Masari *kampong*, no one was there, and she was very tired. She sat in the doorway to rest and to refresh herself with betel nut, waiting for strength to come back into her before going to the river for water and doing the evening tasks.

'And while my mama's *sudara* was sitting there in the doorway, the new wife came up from the river carrying a *tempat* of water in each hand. She said *tabel* to my mama's *sudara*, but she got no answer. She went past her into the house and put down the *tempats* of water. Then she took a brush and swept out the house, and she whisked the mosquitoes out of the bed curtains — for the husband of these two was a rich man and had good beds like a white man's. Then she went to the charcoal basket and brought fuel and made a fire in the brazier, and she cooked rice and fish. When it was done she brought a plate of it to my mama's *sudara*, sitting in the door.

'It was pleasant to sit in the doorway and eat fresh-cooked food another had made, and to cool her hands in water another had carried up from the river.

'And when the husband of these two

came home the old wife was no longer angry at all. When the new wife went out on the path to greet the husband, she herself went to the brazier, still burning from the rice steaming, and she dropped on the coals the little package of the whiskers of the *matchan* which she had bought with all her money from the *nenek* in old Batavia.'

Sari dipped her cloth once more into the carbol water and turned again to the washing of the tiles.

'*Tida apa*,' she said, shrugging her slender shoulders in their pretty flowered jacket, 'it's no matter. One wife or two, beating them or not — it's just a matter of the custom of the country.'

THE MAN WHO FLEW

MR. WEEKS could see that the people in the church-supper room were already seated at the tables, so he hurried in and took the only empty place. He said hello to the man at his left, but Mr. Harper was so occupied with dashing at his little Edith with a napkin that a few minutes passed before he turned to say, 'How do you do, Weeks,' and went on eating.

Mr. Weeks was becoming so troubled about something that had lately happened to him that it was not two minutes before he was talking about it. 'It's a strange thing, you know,' he said, laying down his fork, 'nobody would have laughed louder at the idea than I would have three months ago. And I'm ready to laugh at it now, too, if I can get it put to the test and proved nonsense. I've thought of seeing a doctor, but I don't know that flying is quite in a doctor's line.'

Here he stopped, because his audience had snatched his child's spoon from her and was scraping mayonnaise off the front of her dress. Mr. Weeks looked at her and thought that she was a child in whom doubtless the flesh outweighed the spirit. The father fed her the contents of the spoon, frowned, and turned back to Mr. Weeks. 'I interrupted you,' he said. 'Go on.' To that encouragement Weeks said, 'All right,' and went to eating his beans in silence. But the spirit was strong upon him. 'It's a thing I should think the scientists might look into with profit,' he

said at last, 'and I'd feel better about it if somebody would look into it.'

He then dropped into a silence, as he often did of late in the middle of a conversation. It was because he could see as clear as day at these times how he had come down the steps from Reeves' Sons one day in September, two months ago, thinking that thirty-eight marks a time when you can no longer be a promising young man, for it is time you kept your promise. And just then he had sprung off the step he had at that second been standing on, and let himself gently through the air to the street door.

The feeling of depression was gone from him. He had gone clapping with hard heels through the still streets to the house on Spring Street where he rented an upstairs room. He had thought for a minute as he passed the door of the woman downstairs that he would knock and tell her what had just happened to him; but he knew she was a very literal-minded woman who would be sure to give all the arguments she had ever heard for and against the possibility of flying, until he would wish he had never knocked. So, with a little leap, he had made his way through the air to the upper landing.

But, though on that first evening he had for some reason dreaded the woman's logic, Mr. Weeks was not the man to let his flying remain unexamined. He brought the subject of it to mind only in broad daylight, when he might subject it to clear reason untouched by the feeling that often came with night. He had first whittled the story down to its bare facts, then had told it one day to a man at Reeves' Sons. But the office had been so busy that day that Mr. Weeks doubted if the man had really taken in the word 'fly' at all. And so it had gone on ever since. This thing that had happened to him, that he had thought would either shake the world of science or mark him off as queer, had had no effect at all. It was, he said to himself, as if all the men he told also flew in secret, or as if deafness struck them as soon as he spoke.

The people were getting up from the table. Now Mr. Weeks had never thought of the minister of the church as one who could tell you the color of a man's soul, or know a hawk from a handsaw, and yet

when fat Mr. Cratty came up to him with hand extended Mr. Weeks saw his chance to talk, and took it.

'I'm quite ready,' he said, 'to admit that this flying is only in my own mind. I don't blame you if you think so. Let it be proved to be a mental stunt of mine and I'll laugh with you and drop the subject for good. I don't want to stand out as queer, but that's exactly what I'm heading for. Yet before I can be called queer it must be proved that this flight can't satisfy anyone else of its reality. If it's a fake, let's prove it. I'm ready to answer questions from a whole college of scientific men and not shift one iota from what I have said all along about the happenings of the last two months.' Mr. Cratty had just seized another of his people by the hand, and Mr. Weeks was checked.

The minister would never come back to the subject again, nor would Harper the lawyer. Weeks laughed a little when he thought that another new thing had crept in under the sun, and that was selective deafness. He stood there now, not listening to the talk, but looking vacantly at the children screaming and chasing each other at the dark end of the room. Edith Harper was among them. Mr. Weeks had thought idly at supper of her solidity, and he now nodded to Mr. Cratty and the other man, and walked straight to the child. There was more than one way to skin a cat, he thought.

'Want a piggy-back, Edith?' he asked. She looked at her feet. 'No,' she said.

'Come, I'll give you a nice piggy. Here, get up on that bench.'

The girl then climbed up on the bench and clutched Mr. Weeks about the neck, pressing her knees at the same time into his sides. He gave a little spring as usual, walked a few steps, and gave the same kind of little spring again. But his feet did not come off the floor.

'Where's your coat?' he asked the child. He buttoned the coat around her and went with her on his back to the door, where he tried to leap from the sill. But even the outdoor air made no difference. The wind was high and tatters of cloud raced across the moon. He walked down over the brown grass, stopping every now and then to give a little leap. Edith would giggle, and hug

tighter. 'Ten times and out,' he said to himself, but he must have tried twelve for good measure. He always came down quite heavily. It was not as it had been so many times lately when the air had borne him up and he had swum in it. He let Edith down, and they went in together; her mother was already waiting to take her home.

Mr. Weeks's teeth had begun to chatter. He put on his coat and started home. While he was on the way, the clouds that had been racing low all the evening broke into rain that swept in sheets across the roads. He pulled up his coat collar and walked faster, because he was chilled, and besides for several days now he had had a sharp pain under the fourth rib when he breathed, and a wetting would do him no good. The wind and rain exhausted him so that he could hardly get up the stairs to his room. There he made himself some tea on his alcohol lamp in the hope it would stop him from shaking. Then he went to bed, where the woman from downstairs found him the next day shouting and throwing his arms about, and in three days he was dead. But he had not been taken unprepared; his epitaph was in his pocket.

The woman sent for his only relative, a second cousin, who came to arrange for the funeral. He found, in looking over the belongings of the deceased, four or five books which were neither interesting nor valuable, a few clean shirts, and, in the pocket of a rumpled coat, a small notebook on the first page of which was Mr. Weeks's epitaph. The cousin could not read it easily, and called the woman from downstairs to see what she could make of it. She attacked it with the air of a connoisseur of manuscripts, but the *g*'s and *f*'s and *j*'s were all made alike and she was a little daunted at first. She finally figured it out to read like this: —

HERE LIES
ARTHUR WEEKS
SON OF
SOFIA GRAVES
AND
JORIS WEEKS
Born March 10, 1897
Died —
He Flew

This last gave them both some trouble. The woman said she knew Mr. Weeks

would never have thought he could spare the price of an airplane trip even of the shortest, and besides he had always worked all day and been home at night, and, now she came to think of it, he had once said that he never had gone up in an airplane and did n't need to. The cousin said, supposing Mr. Weeks *had* been in a plane, what was there so very remarkable in that? He was for leaving out the end entirely.

When, after the funeral, the cousin had to leave for home, the business of arranging for a small headstone was turned over to Mr. Cratty the minister. But by the time the slip of notebook paper had come to him the woman downstairs had drawn an arrow that pointed to the end of the epitaph and had made a note which said, 'Very doubtful,' and gave reasons.

Mr. Cratty quite rightly said that a gravestone is no place for anything that is at all doubtful, and when he copied out the epitaph for the stonecutter he changed the end to 'Asleep in Jesus' — and so it was cut into the stone.

ORGY BY AIR

THERE are people, sometimes annoying to our sterner intellectual moods, who use a great many general terms and catch phrases without assuming the least responsibility for their meaning; others, hardly less annoying, continually press us to define any word more ambitious than the common name of a common thing, and will not let us talk of society, state, religion, or justice without demanding an analysis of each.

I am sure that a considerable number of people will at once have a sense of what I mean when I speak of modern music. Not those intransigent people who use the phrase solely as a term of opprobrium and horror, who cannot tolerate any music after Brahms; anyone who does not regard Stravinsky and Sibelius as among the greatest of our contemporaries is hereby solemnly warned away from the group I should like to address. I have in mind a largely inarticulate but faithful company of concertgoers who in recent years have been subjected to increasing familiarity with a species of composition that by force of experience has come to assume an ill-

defined but definitely felt shape and character in their minds. We who belong to this company cannot give an account of modern music in musical terms; we are restricted to the common language of literary description. We speak not as critics or scholars, but as listeners interested enough in what they undergo to attempt an unpretentious psychological record of their experiences.

The kind of composition we think of as modern may be a symphony or a quartet, but more probably it will be a tone poem, or a ballet score. A 'programme' may be attached to it, but whatever the composer may have used as the source of his inspiration, or whatever scene he invites us to contemplate as the music evolves, the mere sounds of themselves will intrinsically give off suggestions of their own; and it is these that we should like to describe if we can, for they after all constitute the music.

The first phase of a composition of the sort I have in mind has, it may be said, nothing to do with music as music, with the art as art; and it is a mere flippancy to mention it at all. But art is not insulated from trivial circumstance, or divorced from the accidents of life. After all, *music* is only a small part of the total experience of going to a concert. This experience definitely begins with the rumble of the subway, the lurch of the surface car, or the mounting debt indicated by the taximeter. It goes on with the bustle and expectancy of watching players drift in and take their places on the stage, hearing the instruments go through their random and discordant preliminaries, waiting for the conductor to make his entrance.

The first overt sign that a new composition is to be played, other than the information in the programme book, is the influx on the stage of large reinforcements of players. They are all armed with the more bizarre and formidable weapons of auditory assault. The xylophone, left discreetly covered with green felt during the polite Mozart or Haydn with which the programme begins, is exposed naked to the eye, its polished nickel underpinnings glittering malignantly in the light. The menial appointed to play it makes a few preliminary glissandos, a dull hollow brilliance of tone hovering in suggestion between the ring of metal and the clipper-clap of wood.

Impeccably clad but relentless-looking virtuosos of the trumpet, with their long, barbaric tubes of brass held under their arms like half-drawn swords ready for an instant quarrel of honor, crowd in to be ready for the next emergence of the conductor. Three or four competent and athletic knights of the tambourine, castanets, and cymbals take their places on the elevated back row of the orchestra; snare drums and bass drums are lightly thudded, ready for the attack.

The stage of a sudden looks very crowded, and the possibilities of noise implicit in the augmented field batteries of the musical art dawn upon the imagination with a thrill of something like terror. The listener braces himself to put up with the worst that he can hear, and to come through as little scathed as possible. Some of the possibilities of surprise are lost; the show is a giveaway, for one can see the full extent of the ordeal prepared for him. But if the composer cannot hope to work a surprise on the audience, he loses none of the force of suspense. He can still keep his listeners wondering when the full potentiality of din will have been extracted, when the exploitation of sheer noise will have reached its peak, the ultimate beyond which it cannot go and remain perceptible to human sense organs.

Sometimes the composer begins at once with a vigorous fanfare, and lets his hearers have immediately a taste of the volume of sound which he has at his command. But more often the first purely musical phase of the composition may be described as wistfully sensuous. It begins with slight scamperings of the flute to unexpected terminal points on the scale; acid and dissatisfied breathings of muted trumpets; tremblings of the strings. Common chords are suggested only to be glided away from in favor of chords which are rapidly becoming no less common. Little starts of melody and fits of tunefulness are allowed to begin, then hastily withdrawn when they seem on the point of perhaps undistinguished but respectable careers. The psychological suggestion is of a dreamy and self-indulgent young man, with large hazel eyes and down on his chin, disturbed by faint amatory impulses which he mistakes for tragic passion, and frustrated by im-

maturity and want of robustness, which he mistakes for the hostile disposition of the universe, forever bent on bringing the hero, the artist, and the lover to inexorable defeat. During this phase curious properties of sound are exploited, which no doubt the musician could describe in auditory terms, but which the untechnical listener can only describe in the language of his humble psychology.

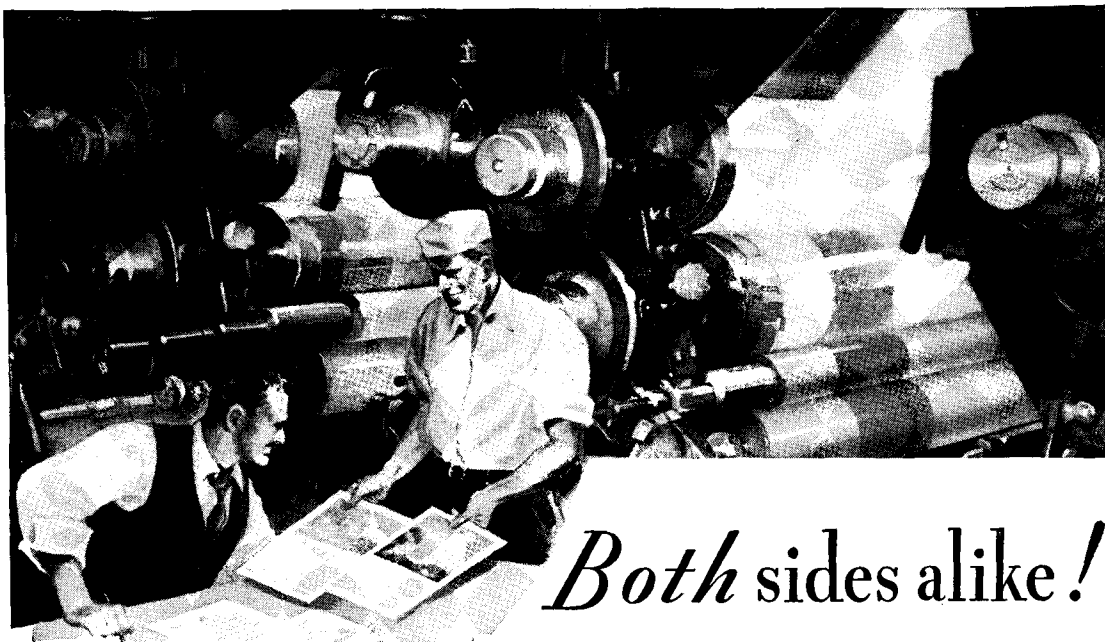
The luscious and the honeyed in orchestral tones are intermixed with the faintly painful; little discords and minor barbarities of noise are played on much as a boy with a loose tooth wiggles it and works it with his tongue, extracting little shoots of ecstatic pain, frightening for the horrible abysses they suggest, but all the while comfortably under control. One can always stop wiggling the loose tooth, or perhaps it will come out and can be put in a box on the cupboard shelf; but the listener is not always sure that the composer has his impulses under control, that he will not keep right on going after the ambiguously painful in the realm of sound has been exploited long enough. Faint lewdnesses, for which the young man with down on his chin applauds himself as an abandoned rake, are also suggested by this phase of the music. Subdued blats of the trumpets, fat and oily workings of the bass clarinet or bassoon, are useful for this purpose. The imagination is encouraged to play with visions of houris, peris, nymphs, satyrs, and other emblems of the sensual. But the suggestions of this first phase are never very decisive; they play about in an ambiguous realm, content with the wistfully defeated in place of the tragic, and the feebly indulgent in place of the joyous.

The most characteristic phase of modern music, of course, is the orgiastic. The young man with the downy chin, one is aware, is suddenly becoming a different creature. Can it be? The thought is incredible; but listen, it must be so! These rattlings of the snare drum, these quickenings of pace throughout the whole orchestra, these agitations, syncopations, stabs of silver tone from the triangle, glissandos of harp and xylophone, are transforming the decadent and sophisticated youth into a ruthless barbarian, thumping his feet and waving his arms in some primitive dance of obscene

or cruel rites. Music, we see, has charms to make the soothed breast savage. The noise is on us now, and no escaping. We are going to get it, and get it hard. The fact that it is applied with sophisticated ingenuity leads us to marvel but not to approve. Two or three batteries of drums are going full tilt. The competent technician of the cymbals looks excited. With precise motions, instinct with the arcana and mystery of his craft, he seizes a drumstick and beats a shimmering tattoo of sound on the suspended circumference of brass. The molecules of the tortured metal vibrate and scream to a climax that strikes the tympanum of the ear like the crack of a whip. A solid thump on the bass drum splashes a large blob of voluminous noise through the hall; it quivers physically up and down the solar plexus. The party is getting rough. Pretty soon we'll be breaking furniture.

The trouble is that orgies are a good deal alike. Once the furniture begins to go you can't tell this week's party from last week's. Chair legs all break in much the same way. And even the best musical idea (we somehow feel that this is not one of the best) ceases to gain in point and impressiveness after it has been repeated a certain number of times in mounting degrees of crescendo. We get it, we get it; now please be a little quieter. Well, all right; we can live through one more still louder demonstration, but you really must stop sometime!

We are relieved, on the whole, when the orgiastic phase comes to an end; even glad to welcome a few reminiscences of the young man with the downy chin, perspiring still from his effort to be a savage, but less disturbing in his natural character of an effete young artist or frustrated lover of inconclusive visions. Of course, we may be put through the orgy again before the piece is over. Two modes of conclusion are possible: we may fade out quietly with the young man in a languorous and defeated dream, or we may be worked up a second time, and even more excruciatingly, to the pinnacle of dissonance raised to the n th power of fortissimo. We hope that the quieter termination may be granted us; but we will hold out to the bitter end, for we do not believe in closing the ears of the understanding to what our contemporaries have to compose for us.



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The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE analysis of the very serious breakdown in the merit system of Federal employment by Mr. Lawrence Sullivan in the February *Atlantic* drew instant and national response. There is hardly a newspaper of large consequence in the country that did not comment on it editorially and in no uncertain terms.

On January 30 the President released a statement that there is 'no question of government of broader effect than the maintenance and extension of the merit system,' and to bear out his words the new army of 3600 clerks required by the bonus distribution was made subject to Civil Service regulations.

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THE European experiences of **Patience** and her brothers (p. 257) have by no means been confined to France. They moved from country to country with their father as he covered photographic assignments for British and American newspapers. The two years they spent in Moscow gave them intimate impressions of the Soviet experiment. They arrived in Berlin just in time to witness Hitler's accession to power. For several years they lived the life of the typical German school child, trudging off each morning, booted and with leather knapsacks, to a German public school. Their father writes, 'When I announced to the children that the *Atlantic* was going to print their story, they sat bolt upright in their three-in-a-row beds. After the unanimous outcry of joy, Patience inquired, cautiously, "Is the *Atlantic* a good paper?"' Next month the *Atlantic* will publish the comments of the trio upon the Nazi scene.

A Manhattan lawyer, for forty years **George W. Alger** (p. 269) has interested himself in civic affairs. He drafted the New York Employers' Liability Act; he is responsible for amendments to the child-labor laws; at the invitation of Governor Smith he investigated the management of the state prisons, and during Governor Roosevelt's administration he helped to frame the law of parole now enforced in New York.

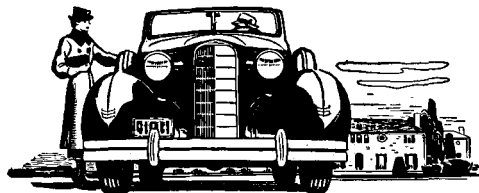
Essayist second to none in America, **Agnes Repplier** (p. 279) commemorates the second millennium of a great Roman poet. What American poet will be so remembered in the year 3936?

One does n't need to have smothered in a feather bed in order to enjoy the situation so well sketched by **Wilson Follett** (p. 288), a situation that is rightly part of every Sentimental Journey.

Riley E. Elgen's misgivings about the future of the railroads (p. 298) arise from his experience of thirty-two years in financing, constructing, operating, and managing railroad property. He has served on the Interstate Commerce Commission and was for a considerable time chairman of the Public Utilities Commission of the District of Columbia.

The *Atlantic's* quest for poetry brings together the characteristic work of three American authors: **Robert Hillyer** (p. 307), author of eight volumes of verse and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1934; **Josephine W. Johnson** (p. 308), whose short stories and whose first novel, *Now in November* (also a Pulitzer Prize book), mark her as one of the most skillful and sensitive of our younger writers; and **David McCord** (p. 309), a New Englander by adoption whose poetical humor has frequently tickled the *New Yorker*.

For fifteen years **Madame France Pastorelli** (p. 310) has been an invalid; for the past four she has been confined to her bed. At an early age she showed rare genius as a pianist, and she made the most of a long and careful training under the direction of Professor Vincent d'Indy, whose favorite pupil she was. Then, the second year after her marriage, came the first attack of that heart trouble which was to reduce her to such courageous bondage. This and the following paper, to appear in our April issue, will form part of Madame Pastorelli's book, *The Glorious Bondage of Illness*, which has been translated from the French by 'A. D.' and will be published in the United States this spring.



A THIRTY-YEAR HERITAGE OF QUALITY
IS BACK OF
the Royal Family of Motordom

It takes only a moment to write glowingly about motor car quality—but it has taken three decades to produce the unmistakable proof of quality which a Cadillac product reveals in every mile it runs.

Perhaps the closest approach to an explanation of the greater sense of well being which is enjoyed by the owner of a car from the Royal Family of Motordom, is found in the fact that Cadillac has never lowered its shield.

Others have had their ups and downs—gravitated from one class to another—

catered to current caprice—sought larger markets by compromise—but Cadillac has held fast.

It is literally true that each year's Cadillac has surpassed its predecessor—it is literally true that the current cars in the Royal Family of Motordom are closer to perfection than any which have gone before.

Cadillac has remained steadfast—only signalizing the greatest year in its history by starting its prices at the lowest point since the single-cylinder days.

<i>La Salle</i>	. . .	\$1175
<i>Cadillac</i>	. . .	\$1645
<i>Fleetwood</i>	. . .	\$2445

Prices list at Detroit, and subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Available on G.M.A.C.'s new 6% Time Payments.

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RIDE STABILIZER • PEAK-LOAD GENERATOR • TRIPLE-RANGE CHOKE

P R O D U C T S O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S

The COLUMN

Johnson O'Connor (p. 318) is director of the Human Engineering Laboratory at Stevens Institute of Technology. For years he has been studying young minds in the making; the conclusions which he has reached will, we believe, offer fresh understanding to all problem parents.

After fighting a losing battle on their Oregon ranch, **Elizabeth C. Forrest** (p. 326) and her young husband determined on a new start. To Wainwright, Alaska, they went as government teachers for the Eskimos. Their nearest white neighbors were a hundred miles away, a predicament which became somewhat hazardous when, as Mrs. Forrest described in the February *Atlantic*, the Stork was Expected at Point Barrow.

Now in his twenty-fourth year, **John Cheever** (p. 331) makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic* with a chronicle very telling in its delineation of young America at the crossroads.

A small town, so said Earnest Elmo Calkins in the February *Atlantic*, is practically heaven on earth. **Constance Cassady** (p. 344), who had to live in one, thinks differently.

Professor of Economics at Smith College, **William Orton** (p. 351) has followed the development and the large implications of radio with a watchful eye. In a recent statement Sayre M. Ramsdell, vice president of the Philco Radio and Television Corporation, made this sensible observation: 'Freedom of the press was attained in America only after years of struggle. The problem now facing America is freedom of the air.'

Neither radio nor the public can wait for the issue to be decided by a policy of drift.'

Those whose business it is to use words know how alive they are and how easily they can be corrupted by barbarians. **Lord Dunsany** (p. 360) declares war on a form of corruption increasingly noticeable in our headlines of to-day. We hope Lord Dunsany's next barrage will be aimed at those who endeavor to convert nouns into active verbs: i.e., 'I contacted a most attractive blonde in Hollywood.'

Theodora Larocque Codman (p. 363) is an American disciple of George Saintsbury. Her husband, Charles Codman, is a wine consultant for a large Boston importing firm. Mrs. Codman has accompanied him on frequent trips (the first was in 1924) to the chateaux, the vineyards, and the cellars of France — expeditions which have been delightfully recorded in her book, *Was It a Holiday?* An oenophile in good standing, she gathers her material from tasty and authoritative sources.

Month by month **George E. Sokolsky** (p. 369) travels through the United States, talking to thousands of people, listening in turn to every shade of opinion, and observing those changes in our national mood and character, changes which he believes are in large part the aftereffects of the New Deal.

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Attention, please!

J. Frederick Essary is an accomplished commentator, and it is seldom that he is guilty of a flat error. We regret a mistaken statement of his on page 98 of the January issue, in his article entitled 'An X-Ray

Poets Please Come Forward!

THE Editors believe that there are a good many poets in hiding among the *Atlantic* readers. To tempt them into the open it is proposed that an informal Rhyming Contest be held in these columns. The rules are simple: The candidate is asked to write a stanza of not less than six lines in which a rhyme or rhymes must be found for 'chrysanthemum,' with which word the second line must end. Candidates are limited to three tries. All manuscripts must be submitted to the Contributors' Column, The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, on or before April 20, 1936. To the poet whose verses best fulfill the requirements we shall award a crisp ten-dollar bill. A subscription to

the *Atlantic* will be conferred upon the runner-up, should his lines be worthy of honorable mention.

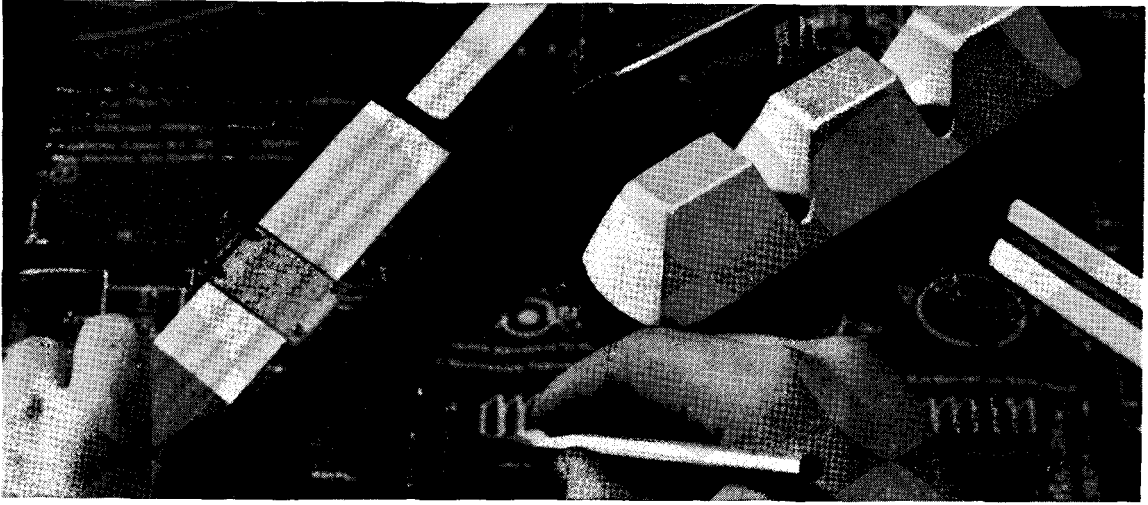
The prize winner and the also-rans (if they be fast enough) will be published in the Contributors' Column for the June issue.

By way of demonstration we publish these sample verses which were written for the Column by Theodore Morrison: —

The parson mumbles to his cues,
He wears a small chrysanthemum,
His flock sit patiently in pews
And secretly this anthem 'um:

We're here to help you praise the Lord,
But oh, my hat! we're awful bored.

TRIBUTE TO CERTAIN SKEPTICS



NO EXTRAS were rushed to the streets on that February day, fifty years ago, when Charles Martin Hall discovered the commercial process for making Aluminum.

Engineers called no meetings to deliberate on ways and means of utilizing this newcomer to the great family of metals.

Yet it was the engineers, the architects, the designers, who gave Aluminum its first opportunities; their continual challenge and their co-operation made possible the present universal usefulness of Aluminum.

In the beginning, Hall and his associates had the quite understandable hope that they needed only to offer metal to a waiting world at greatly reduced prices, and forthwith there would emerge Aluminum bridges, railroad trains, and whatnot.

Feverishly they worked up their production to the then amazing figure of a ton of ingot-metal a day. But, to their astonishment, nobody wanted as much as a ton of these ingots at any price!

Engineers were interested, but humanly skeptical. And why not? They had command of familiar metals in convenient forms, such as sheets and tubes, rods and wire. Granting all the advantages of Aluminum, it was available only in the form of ingots, a highly inconvenient form of metal from which to build a railroad train.

It was this normal human reaction that forced the

infant Aluminum industry, quite against its will, to invest in costly machinery, and to set up rolling mills, foundries, and fabricating plants for turning Aluminum into the usable forms in which other metals were available.

Now the engineer had something to work with. Here and there a bold pioneer screwed up his courage and began to specify Aluminum for some new use. Others in the profession followed suit. Presently new forms, new shapes, and new and still better characteristics began to be called for.

The engineers were setting the pace!

Their challenge stimulated the development of a versatile range of strong Aluminum alloys; also new forms of Aluminum, such as Alclad sheet; and new and attractive finishes, such as Alumilite. Capabilities were developed in Aluminum that had never been demanded of other common metals.

To solve problems arising out of the widening use of Aluminum, and to anticipate future engineering requirements, this company, as one factor in the Aluminum industry, established Research Laboratories and a Development Division.

That assistance is no less than is due the engineering profession. For it is because of the progressiveness of engineers and designers that Aluminum is now being used for the bridges and railroad trains visioned by the founders of the industry, in the first flush of their enthusiasm.

The COLUMN

of the Campaign,' in which he states that Hudson County, New Jersey, went Republican.

William H. Kelly, Democratic State Chairman of New Jersey, writes calling our attention to the fact, which is that Hudson County last November polled the greatest Democratic majority in its history, giving the Democratic candidates a lead of approximately 135,000 votes over the Republican candidates. This tremendous vote definitely establishes Hudson County as the greatest Democratic stronghold in the country.

One way to cross the bar.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the Contributors' Column of the January *Atlantic*, the question is asked, 'What would you have done had you been "Stephen Dirck"?'

There is more than one way of setting one's house in order. This is how my friend did it.

She did not know she was to have just a little more than two months before she was to die, but she did know she was going to die in a short while. There was no doubt, no hope, no question whatever of the outcome. She was a nurse; she knew. It was at Eastertime that difficulty in breathing, as she went about her executive work, sent her to her doctor, who just one year previously had removed a malignant growth. At that time she knew the diagnosis and the chances of recurrence, but then there was hope, and the possibility of years more of life. So she had gone back to her work and to the full enjoyment of her social life, determined to fill whatever remained of time with friendship and service. Only a few of her friends knew what was hanging over her, for she saw no reason to add this grief and worry to the burdens of those she loved.

To me, who had been a friend since we were both children and who had been through many vivid experiences with her, she wrote the facts at the time of the operation. As soon as she was able to travel she came to me in another city for a month and together we faced the situation. Then she went back to her work with her 'flag at the top of the mast,' as she wrote. During the summer I was with her for two weeks at her vacation home. Full of energy and fun, she threw herself into all the activities of her gay group of friends, and not one guessed that she knew that this might be her last vacation with them. Then came eight months of full life until that day when the X-rays told her and her doctor that the lungs were invaded by the disease and normal life and everyday thinking stopped. Following a short period in hospital for some temporary relieving treatment she came back to me, for there was some important business to attend to about a dependent relative. After that was completed, again together we took the facts out and talked them over and made final plans. A friend took her back to her home, using, as when she came, wheel chair and Pullman drawing-room. One week was long enough for her to give instructions about giving away all her possessions and to make final arrangements with her lawyer. There were gay little parties in her rooms too all that week.

There was to be a week in the hospital before coming back to me. The night before she went to the hospital several of her friends took her for a drive, to places she had known and loved all her life. They all knew it was a last visit, but not a word was said about it. She held up the whole group with her jokes and courage. So too in the hospital, where friends flocked to see her, there was no sadness, at least inside her room. She was the strong one, making things as easy as possible for the friends who would never see her again. It was at this time she wrote: 'The apartment is finished, nothing more left, and I feel so naked with no belongings except those in two bags and a small trunk. It's rather wonderful. I've sublet the apartment and sold the car, had my insurance policies refunded, done all my business, and now there is just one thing left, the only important thing — to get to you, and I'm going to be there soon. After that nothing matters — whatever plans you make for me will be right. I won't have to think, or plan, or worry, or be concerned about anything.'

We had four weeks together after she was brought back to me. For three of them it was possible to take her out into the garden, and for long hours she lay on a cot under the trees. Over and over she said, 'Heaven could n't be any lovelier than this,' and every night, 'Another happy day,' and when she was told that the doctor had said she need not go to a hospital for the end: 'What have I done to deserve all this?' Never was there a word of complaint or self-pity. Once she asked me casually if I did n't think she was much weaker. We both knew it was the case, but I said, 'That is one of the things that it will be easier for me if you don't say.' Quick as a flash she looked me in the eyes and said, 'All right, I won't again,' and she never did.

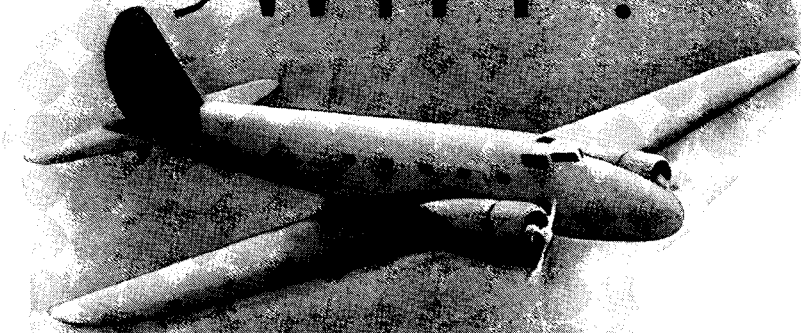
She had planned the giving away of everything she had brought with her and worked out all the final details, like lists of people to be notified, and was anxious only for fear that someone or something that would make things easier had slipped her mind.

Friends from all over the country had surrounded her with evidences of their love. Cheerful letters, books, flowers, and gifts, all of which she acknowledged herself up to the last week. During the final few days, as she was slipping away from all thoughts of any kind, I said to her once as she roused a little from a mercifully drugged sleep, 'Dear, do you feel all the loving thoughts that are surrounding you?' She opened her eyes, the strain left her face as a smile spread over it and she whispered, 'And how!' and slid again into the depths.

The man who wrote 'I Set My House in Order' did n't have to face a fact, just a possibility. He excuses his crankiness because he was 'played out' and 'suffering acutely.' My friend was breathing daily with a smaller and smaller portion of her lungs and with increasing choking. She did n't want pity or 'doleful tenderness.' She did not 'slump limply on the sympathy of others.' She let a few share her burden with her, and between them they carried it easily and gayly, and to one friend she gave unforgettable final weeks of happiness and the joy of giving her what she called 'sanctuary.' Would anyone wish to be denied such a privilege?

A. B.

AS SILENT AS IT'S SWIFT!



UNITED'S planes, with new, improved sound-proofing, are now quieter than ever before, and offer real club car comfort with three-mile-a-minute speed



AIR TRAVEL NEWS! Newly sound-proofed under the direction of leading acoustical engineers, United's planes are shown by test to be unsurpassed in quietness. Here is an engineer reading the Decibel Recorder to test the quietness of United's newly sound-proofed planes.

★ Time was when you had to talk above the drone of motors when you wanted to converse with fellow passengers aloft. But travelers in these *quieter*, luxuriously re-appointed air liners of United chat enjoyably with the interesting, congenial people who fly these days.

New discoveries in the science of sound-proofing airplane cabins now enable United to match with *quiet comfort* the famous speed of its big planes—speed that has made United fastest between the East and most Pacific Coast cities.

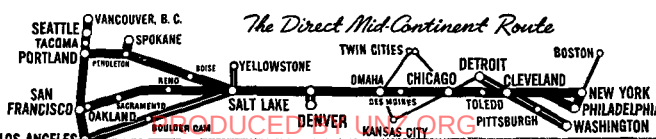
You enjoy this real club car

comfort and 3-mile-a-minute speed on all United flights—on its 2600-mile coast-to-coast overnight flights as well as on its scenic daylight trips. You enjoy also the many niceties of service that are offered: an attractive stewardess on every plane; delicious chicken dinners aloft; unexcelled station facilities at every stop. You are treated as a “guest of the line”!

Then, of course, there's the variety and grandeur of scenery along United's pioneer, direct Mid-Continent Route. Many experienced travelers call it the finest in the world.

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The COLUMN

Readers who recall with pleasure the two installments of Juanita Harrison's travel journal, published in the *Atlantic* under the title 'My Great, Wide, Beautiful World,' will take interest in these excerpts from a letter of Miss Harrison's which came to us early in the new year. Miss Harrison is at present living in a tent on the beach at Waikiki. Her travel diary will appear in book form this spring.

Dear Atlantic, —

I do not like to read diaries unless it is very snappy and short. I hope you have enjoyed publishing mine. I have enjoyed every penny of what I have spent of the fee and I am going very slow and careful. I am living a perfect Beachcomber's life. I work just two hours on Wed. A.M. and 2 on Sat. A.M. and my only desire is to shake off those 4. It keep me from being a real Beachcomber but the money won't last forever.

I write most of the time am glad that I enjoy it. You would pitch it in the wastebasket. Last Sunday week I sat down and wrote my Christmas in China and took it into the Advertiser asked them if they accepted articles. They came to my tent several times to get some photos and only found me Friday so the article will be in Sunday's paper.

The neighbor children have been just wonderful to my Tent they look on it as an untouchable beautiful toy. I will have a white Christmas tree for them.

I am taking you at your word if I Came to Boston there would be Friends. I'll never be in Boston as I'll never be smart enough to earn the money to come but would like to have some Boston Friends. I have just finished getting off letters and Hawaiian cards to 50 People in different countries thanking them for their kindness and there are many more that I misplaced.

Thank you for the poems that was before my article 'Death Rides from the Sunset' and 'Girl Child.'

JUANITA HARRISON
Honolulu, Hawaii

Ludwig Lewisohn's article, 'Jews in Trouble,' which appeared in the January issue, has occasioned considerable comment. To the Editors it seems not a little strange that there should be so much internal friction among those who are striving for a common objective. By way of illustration we quote certain pertinent paragraphs from a reply to Mr. Lewisohn prepared by Rabbi Irving Frederick Reichert, of the Congregational Emanu-El, San Francisco, California.

The current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains an article by Ludwig Lewisohn entitled 'Jews in Trouble' in which Mr. Lewisohn has seen fit to wheel the sick Jewish member of our world society into the clinic of public opinion and subject him to another painful literary vivisection. By the adroit use of that literary skill and verbal dexterity which has deservedly placed him in the front ranks of American

authors, Mr. Lewisohn manages to convey the impression — even more, the conviction — that he is a certified spokesman for American Jewry and is enunciating opinions in which the overwhelming majority of his fellow Jews vociferously concur.

Speaking as a Reform rabbi, and voicing the convictions of organized Reform Judaism in America as expressed again and again in its official bodies, the Central Conference of American Rabbis and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, I repudiate Mr. Lewisohn's gratuitous assumption that most Reform Jews consider themselves Jewish nationals, and I reject his Zionist political philosophy. Our political nationalism is American. We deny that Israel is a nation in any modern sense of the term, but a socio-religious community only, sharing a common continuity with Jews in all the countries of the world. I do not believe that as American Jews our political salvation lies in Palestine. On the contrary, I denounce this secularism which seems to dominate the thinking of so many nationalist Jews as alien to the historic traditions of Israel. I believe firmly that this new heresy is irrelevant, misleading, and that it is fraught with grave danger to our position in the Western world.

I charge Mr. Lewisohn with having unfairly presented the position of the American Jew to the American people. I accuse Mr. Lewisohn of sabotaging that Jewish unity of which he speaks by forcing Reform rabbis who are in sympathy with Palestine into a position where they are compelled publicly to re-debate the issue of Zionism. I accuse Mr. Lewisohn of injuring the Zionist movement by provoking a controversy over Zionism when all of us, Zionists and non-Zionists alike, Reform, Conservative, Orthodox, and unsynagogued, should be straining our constant and united efforts toward making Palestine increasingly available as a refuge for our persecuted brethren.

This letter from a noted German skier now serving as an instructor in this country is characteristic of the comments which have come to Mr. Donald Moffat in appreciation of his article, 'Mr. Pennyfeather on Skiing.'

Dear Mr. Moffat:

With great interest, satisfaction and joy I have read in *Atlantic* about Mr. Pennyfeather on skiing.

You spoke the words, which I try to say all the time since I am here. Unfortunately (or fortunately for the public) I have not the gift to write so cleverly as you do. I am surprised about your knowledge concerning European and American skiing questions.

I might tell you that I am one of Hannes Schneider's chief-instructors and that I was teaching at St. Anton for six years. Now I try to organize and to teach our Arlberg method over here. Probably you have seen my name in the New York papers.

I would be very glad to make one day your personal acquaintance. The end of January I shall be back at Peckett's and in the meantime I work at Altman & Co., New York.

OTTO LANG
Peckett's-on-Sugar-Hill
Franconia, New Hampshire